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The RING

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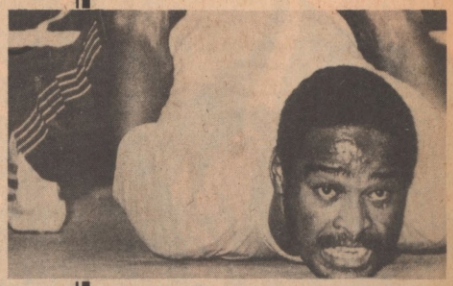

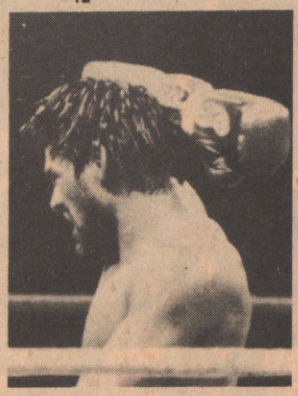

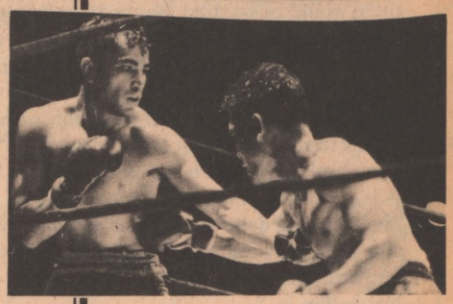

RINGSIDE

SOME RANDOM THOUGHTS ON A HOT summer's day when applying one's seat to the seat of a chair is enough of a challenge, forget about applying thoughts to paper:

Why are boxers always second-class citizens, at least in the eyes of the media? If three or four people perish at a racetrack, it will get some play in the paper, usually below shipping news. If a track and field star is killed in an accident or by the errant throw of a discus, it will usually get a mention somewhere in the agate type of a paper. But let a poor fighter get hurt, let alone killed, and it not only becomes instant headlines, but also the cause for proposed legislation by do-gooders.

Reminds us of the fictitious Ann Landers letter we once composed in a lighter moment: "Dear Ann, I have a problem. I have two brothers. One brother is a boxer, and the other was put to death in the electric chair for murder. My mother died from insanity when I was three years old. My two sisters are prostitutes, and my father sells narcotics to high school students. Recently I met a girl who was just released from a reformatory where she served time for smothering her illegitimate child. I want to marry her. My problem is if I marry this girl, should I tell her about my brother who is a boxer?"

Why can't writers and announcers differentiate between a split decision and a majority decision? A split decision comes when two of the three officials cast their decisions for one boxer and the other official votes for his opponent; a majority decision comes when two of the three officials give their votes to one of the two combatants and the third votes for a draw. Now that's not so difficult is it? Or maybe it is and that's why very few of the so-called "experts" can distinguish between the two.

Why is there continued agitation for a Federal Boxing Commission? Especially when there would be no need for one if the houses of the local commissions were in order? And, if the abovementioned reason isn't enough, the White House itself has taken to writing those who express a preference for "possible Federal regulation of boxing" with a short note which reads "Your suggestion has been given careful attention, but the administration does not believe that the Federal government should become involved in the regulation of boxing at this time." The form letter sent out by the White House goes on to state: "The troublesome problems (which you point out) are best solved by the standardization of state laws." It is up to the *states* to standardize their laws—which has been our contention all along. Much can be done toward this end and we intend to ride shotgun on all state commissions and the legislation which emanates from their local capitols to make certain that boxing is standardized. Then, and only then, would a Federal—or National—commission make sense. Not before.

BERT RANDOLPH SUGAR

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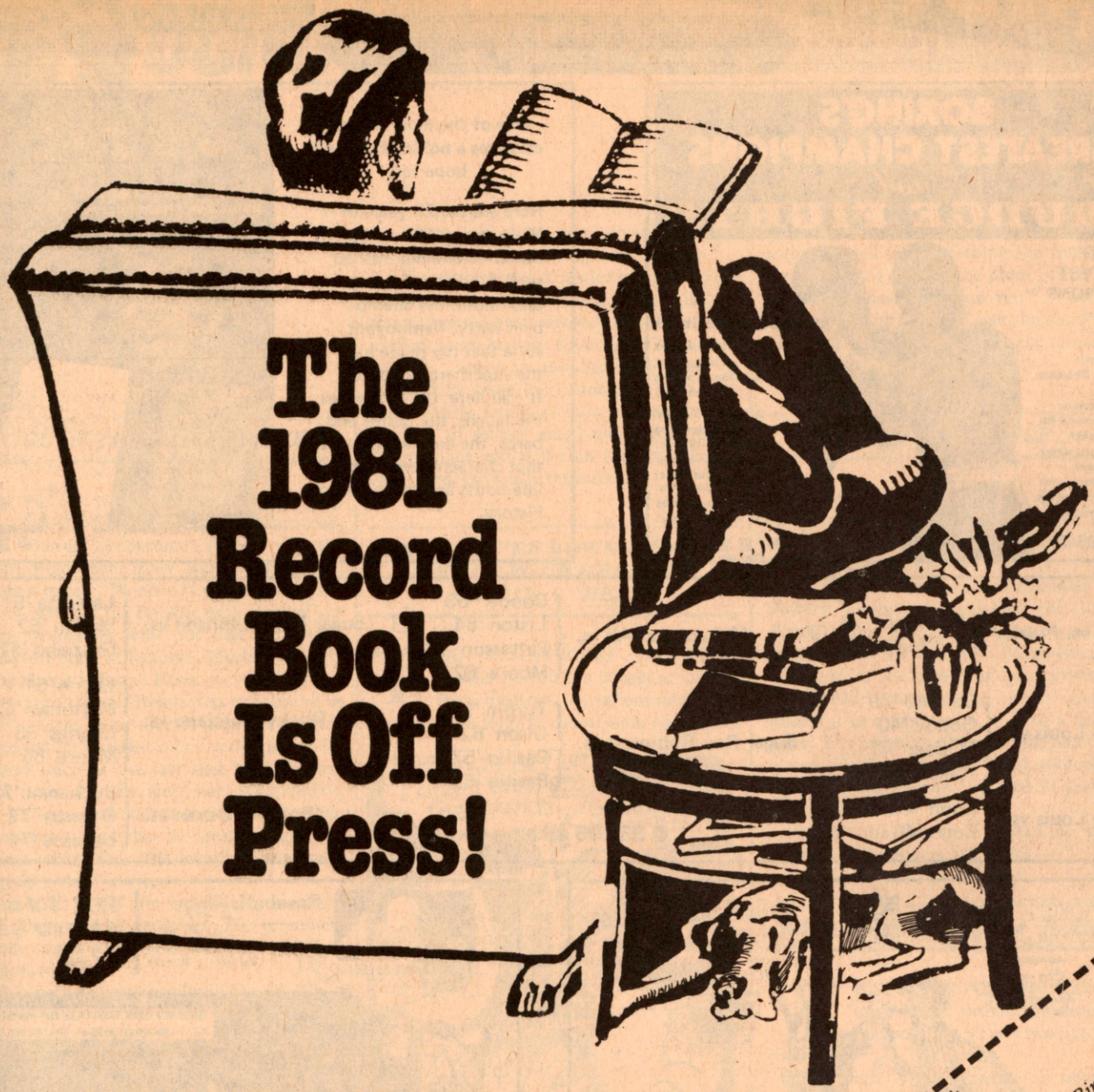

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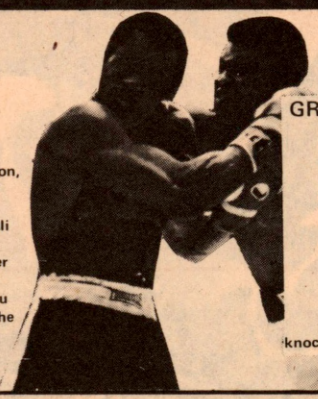

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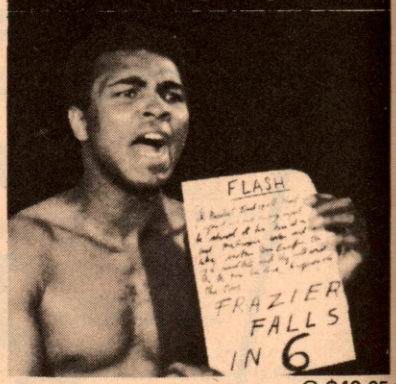

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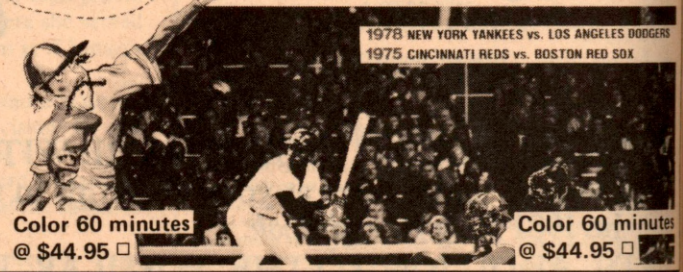

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ROUND ONE

FOUL OF THE MONTH AWARD

STEVIE WHETSTONE, A 14-1 FLYweight fighting out of Homestead, Florida, has become a favorite with the Miami Beach fight fancy. But, unfortunately, the man called "Wonder" by some of his followers, was not the favorite with some of the beach promoters who put him in against Renaldo Roque of Pahokee, Florida, recently at the Sheraton Beach Hotel.

For even though Roque was announced as "110", there were several indicators which suggested he weighed more, much more. Indicators such as the fact that his shoulders were noticeably broader than Whetstone's, that his legs, neck and waist were thicker than Whetstone's, and that he looked larger and heavier than the 108-pound Whetstone—some 20 pounds heavier.

But what about the weigh-in, you might ask? There was *no* weigh-in. The promoters merely matched up the two and ascribed weights to them.

"It's just an honesty thing," said Whetstone's trainer. "We just tell them our weights and that's it."

But that's not it. Another Miami trainer claims that "none of my fighters have ever weighed in here either," referring to his fighters appearing on cards at the Sheraton Beach Hotel. Sure, there is a small bathroom scale off the main arena, but few fighters, if any, have ever used it.

And even though Whetstone's trainer challenged Roque to get on the scales, his trainer wouldn't do so unless the promoter told him to, but the promoter didn't want to get involved.

Well, what about the commission getting involved? Ah, there's the rub. There is no commission overseeing the fights, the fighters or their safety. For the Sheraton fights do not fall under the jurisdiction of the Miami Beach Boxing Commission or the newly-formed City of Miami Boxing Commission, being in an unincorporated area of the Beach. And, therefore, one of the most populous states in the union, without a state athletic commission, can do nothing to stop such outrages.

Before the scales of justice bring down the curtain on boxing in Miami Beach, isn't it about time someone saw to it that there was a unified state boxing commission? Or, will boxing's future in the Sunshine State be weighed by some local promoters who have conveniently found a crack in the local authorities of several small municipal boxing commissions and will ruin the sport for all concerned, especially the boxers?

WHEN YOU'RE DOWN AND OUT, LIFT UP YOUR HEAD AND SHOUT. . . "HELP"

THE RESURFACING OF (FRED) Nosher Powell as a jouster at some of those medieval recreations now being staged in the English countryside for tourists

has also caused a sudden recreation of Nosher Powell stories.

One of those has Powell, who spent the best, and worst, years of his career—which seemed to be the same years—as a participant in the walk-out bouts for promoter Jack Solomons at London's Harringay Arena, in against Johnny Williams. This time in the Midlands. Promised an extra bob or two if he'd "try," Powell promptly went out and took three or four stiff jabs and fell down. As the count began toll, Powell opened one of his eyes and gazed up at the referee, who upon seeing Powell was something less than paralyzed, shouted down at the prone boxer, "Get up . . . He hasn't hit you yet." Powell, assured of a comfy resting spot, hollered back, "No, but he was bloody well going to . . ."

YOU ONLY DIE TWICE . . .

IF MEXICAN JOE RIVERS HAD BEEN alive he would have rolled over in his grave. At least, that's how Samuel Goldwyn would have phrased it.

Recently the San Francisco *Examiner* ran a flowery obituary chronicling the life of Rivers, whom they said had just passed away in the City on the Bay. Meanwhile, the *Chronicle*, in the person of sportswriter Jack Fiske, had examined the report—and dismissed it as a fabrication, at best, a hoax, at worst. For in reality, the man who had participated in the famous "Double-knockout" fight with Ad Wolgast had died 24 years ago on June 25, 1957.

Perhaps the Examiner's headline should have read "Joe Rivers *Still* Dead . . ."

BARTENDER'S TRIVIA CORNER

WHAT BOXER BOXED 202 CONSECutive bouts without appearing in the same city for any two fights in a row?

Last Month's Trivia Question: In what bantamweight championship bout did both boxers compete barefooted?

Answer: On May 2, 1954 in Bangkok, Thailand, Jimmy Carruthers of Australia defended his title against Chamrern Songkitrat of Thailand in one of the most unusual championship bouts in modern history. The bout was scheduled for only twelve rounds, an oddity in itself, and was held outdoors despite a tropical rainstorm that started hours before the fight and increased in intensity as the bout progressed. Due to the extremely slippery conditions, both boxers requested and received permission to compete barefooted. Bulbs from the overhead lighting system crashed to the canvas every now and then and forced temporary halts while the ring was swept clear. Carruthers, however, stepped on glass in the eleventh round and cut his foot.

FINALLY HEARING BELLS

MAURICE HOPE MAY HAVE LOST his WBC junior middleweight title May 23rd, but the weekend was not a total loss, for less than 24 hours after giving up the crown to Wilfred Benitez, who knocked out Hope in the 12th round of the championship bout, Maurice gained a wife. He and Patricia DeFreites, a fellow Londoner, were wed in the *We've Only Just Begun* Wedding Chapel in Vegas—just four hours after Hope left a Las Vegas hospital. Benitez

had not only knocked the former titleholder senseless, he had also knocked out two teeth.

Well, the couple *looked* happy enough in the wedding snapshot, even though Hope refused to smile!

MATCHMAKER, MATCHMAKER . . . MAKE ME A COMMENTATOR

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN IS looking for a new matchmaker, now that Gil Clancy, who has held that position for the past three years, will become a full-time color commentator for CBS-TV, a position he has held on a part time basis for almost four years.

Said John F.X. Condon, President of the Garden's boxing division, "It is with deep regret that we are losing Gil Clancy's services and we wish him continued success in his new endeavor. His dedication to boxing at the Garden will be difficult to replace."

HERE A HAROLD, THERE A SMITH, EVERYWHERE A ROSSFIELDS . . .

ROSS FIELDS WAS A QUARTER-MILER on the American University track team and small-time nightclub operator in Washington, D.C. before he became known in the boxing world as "Harold Smith," the extravagant promoter who disappeared during the investigation of an alleged $21.3 million bank embezzlement. And now, after boxing's Smith has been unmasked and identified as Fields, the man has apparently decided to abandon his schizoid lifestyle and merge his two selves. He recently filed a petition in Los Angeles Superior Court recently to have his name legally changed to "Harold Rossfields Smith."

Smith has also been ordered to serve 40 consecutive weekends in jail as part of his Federal sentence for falsifying a passport application. Besides his weekend sabbaticals, Smith was placed on five years' probation and ordered by the Federal District judge to donate 1,500 hours to a charitable cause in a hospital setting.

Mr. Rossfields Smith still faces other legal problems, such as check forgery charges in North Carolina as well as still being considered as suspect in the alleged embezzlement of the Wells Fargo Bank scandal.

A name can only change so much.

HOW BACKWARDS CAN BOXING GET?

A "PALINDROME" IS DEFINED AS "a word, verse or sentence that is the same when read backward or forward." The most famous palindrome in history is one that was attributed to Napoleon when he first sighted his place of exile: "Able was I ere I saw Elba." Backwards that reads: "Able was I ere I saw Elba."

Baseball has had but four players in its entire history whose last names are spelled the same backward as well as forward: Eddie Kazak, Dick Nen, Toby Harrah and Truck Hannah. But boxing sees baseball's four and raises it three with no less than seven current boxers in the 1981 *Ring Record Book* possessing palindromic names (Johnny Aba, Teunts Kok, Minoru Ono, Den Oto, Arturo Salas, Jose Salas and Freddy Serres) and two former world's champions (Lauro Salas and Willie Pep).

What prompted this mental exercise was the recent revelation that many of the contracts for WBC championship fights call for the participants to use Mexican gloves manufactured by either "Reyes" or "Seyer", which is "Reyes" spelled backwards. And while this is not a true palindrome, in the classic definition, it is close enough to prompt our belief that Sr. Sulaiman's spelling of "gloves" backwards would be "Favoritism".

DOWN FOR THE COUNT

BESHORE, FREDDIE, 58, JUNE 1 IN Garden Grove, California. Beshore fought for the heavyweight title in 1950 against Ezzard Charles but was knocked out in the 14th round by the champion. He was also knocked out by both Rocky Marciano and Joe Louis the following year. He retired from his 12-year career in the ring in 1954 with a 35-15-2 record.

MONZON, SANTIAGO, 27, JUNE 10 in Madrid, Spain. The lightweight boxer had been in a coma since suffering a cerebral concussion in a bout against Garcia Requena at Tenerife 18 months earlier.

GREEN, JOHNNY, FORMER BANtamweight of the twenties and past President of Veteran Boxers Association Ring # 8 of New York City.

FREITAS, boxing historian from San Jose, Calif.

McINTYRE, HORACE, May 7, past Corresponding Secretary of VBA Ring # 21 of Brooklyn, N.Y.

BROWN, KID, 78, May 3 whose real name was Frank Migliore. A former battler from Jersey City, N.J. Kid Brown was a member of VBA Ring 34 of Monmouth County, N.J.

PUNCHLINES

SUGAR RAY LEONARD, WHEN TOLD that Duran had ended his seven-month exile from the ring to fight in a four-round exhibition in Madison Square Garden's Felt Forum: "Did he go the distance?"

Richard Gicetti, on Don King: "He's the best . . . the best con man I've ever known."

Peter Coutros, TV sportswriter, on the recent Renaldo Snipes-Eddie Mustafa Muhammad bore-snore: "Next time, better a bout with pneumonia."

E.J. GARY

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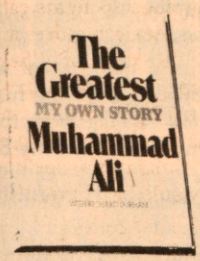

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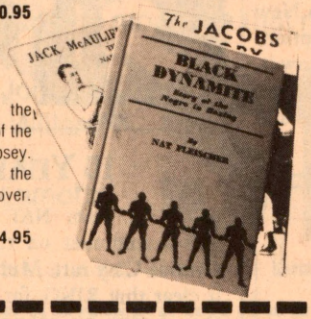

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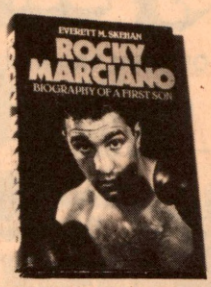

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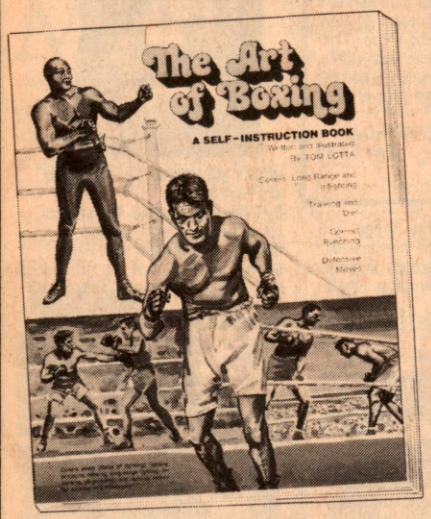

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BACK IN THE RING

45 YEARS AGO

AUGUST, 1936: "THE FALL OF THE Mighty" was the headline that accompanied the story of Joe Louis' defeat at the hands of Max Schmeling. According to Nat Fleischer it was a clear case of experience mastering youth: Schmeling knew what to do while Louis was bewildered. In pulling off what was described as THE upset in modern boxing, Schmeling used his right hand to explode the "Myth of the Superman". Eight full pages in this issue were devoted to covering this one fight, not to mention editorial and biographical information throughout the magazine.

In a feature story, Harry Grayson reported on Joe Humphreys' selection of the greatest all-time fighters. These included Young Griffo as the cleverest; Terry McGovern as the most vicious; Kid McCoy as the trickiest; and Battling Nelson as the most durable.

In his column, "Nat Fleischer Says," THE RING editor and publisher decried the scarcity of good club talent. Abie Feldman, a New York heavyweight was cited as an execption. The problem with boxing, as Fleischer saw it, was that the lack of talent prohibited fighters like Feldman from improving their skills and their drawing power.

30 YEARS AGO

AUGUST, 1951: JOE LOUIS, FRESH FROM HIS victory over Lee Savoid, was, according to editor Dan Daniel, assured of another shot at the heavyweight crown then worn by Ezzard Charles. Capturing as much interest as the fight itself was the introduction of the new technology of "Closed-Circuit" TV coverage. The International Boxing Club grossed something like $11,000 with a picture that was ". . . reproduced faithfully, but . . . fuzzy around the edges". Better coverage was promised for the upcoming Jake LaMotta-Bob Murphy battle.

Nat Fleisher said that Sugar Ray Robinson was a good will Ambassador for both boxing and the United States during his trip through Europe. There was also a feature on Mike Jacobs and the fulfillment of his prediction that television—rather then live audience revenues—held the financial future of the sport.

RING'S Fighter of the Month was Joe Louis on the basis of his one-sided victory over Savoid. Westbury Bascom, a lightheavy was mentioned as an up-and-coming prospect.

15 YEARS AGO

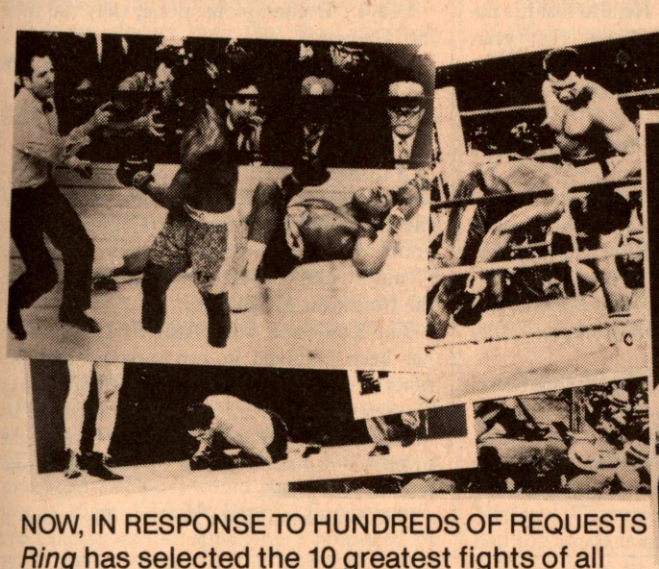
AUGUST, 1966: NAT FLEISCHER'S LEAD was a comment on the metamorphosis of Cassius Clay into Muhammed Ali. He made it clear that RING, for one, refused to accept the change by continuing to use *only* the name Cassius Clay. He pleaded that it was still not too late for the "Champ" to reconsider and "accept his country's call" to serve in Viet Nam.

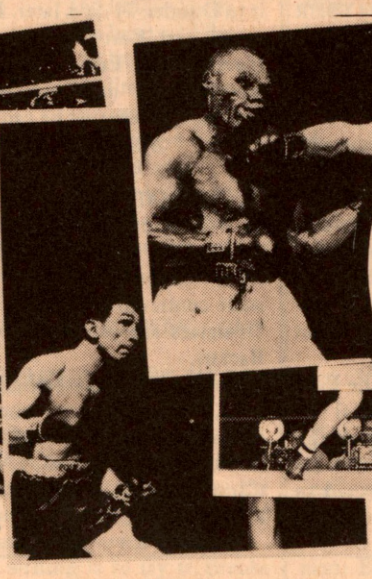
The big Ringside Report in this issue covered the "Clay"-Cooper fight in London. Cooper was soundly thrashed despite being in what Fleischer considered fine shape.

The gossip, too, centered around Clay. There was a prophecy that the next big fight would be between Cassius and Karl Mildenberger. (The fight came off in September of that year with Clay the victor by KO in 12.)

In an issue dominated by the controversial champion it was only fitting that he be chosen RING'S "Fighter of the Month." Jose Torres, featured in a photo lay-out, was runner-up for that honor.

THE TEN GREATEST FIGHT PHOTOS....





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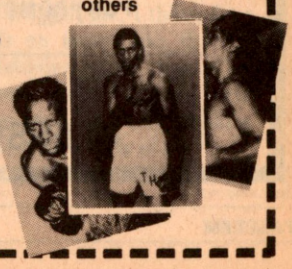

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COME OUT WRITING

THE "WORSTS" HAVE BEEN THEIR BEST

I AM A REGULAR READER OF YOUR magazine and a fight fan. Usually I find nothing to disagree with in your fine publication, but after reading your article on the "Worst" champions, I do.

Eugene Crique has no place among the "Worst" featherweight champions. It is true that he was only champion for 54 days, but he lost it to an excellent boxer, Johnny Dundee. He was a fine fighter, achieving a record of 94-13-8, with 40 KO's. He also won 52 of 55 fights over a 6-year period. This is an excellent record for a boxer, but it is no indication of the man, and what he endured.

He was a competent fighter before the First World War, winning the French national flyweight championship in 1912 by knocking out Rene Voiron. But a bullet smashed his jaw at Verdun. Crique was not expected to even survive, but did. When his jawbone was replaced with an artificial one, he was not expected to box again.

He fooled everyone, coming back to win all but three of his 55 bouts during a six year period. He was also a puncher, having been considered a stylist in 1912. He became French featherweight champion only to lose it to Dundee 54 days later. He also lost his national and European titles later that year. Nevertheless, Eugene Crique was a demonstration that man can overcome pain to become the best that he can be.

BRIAN FULLER, LAS VEGAS, NEV.

NO MATTER WHAT THE SO-CALLED Ring panel of experts with their sensationalism in writing of the Ring Magazine article, "Worst Champions" in the May, 1981, issue contrive, we Central New Yorkers and Upstaters are proud of our champion Billy Backus.

We firmly stand behind our good champion, a fine gentleman who brought us many exciting evenings of boxing with his aggressive style. The nephew of two time titleholder Carmen Basilio, Billy came to fight and was a credit to the sport.

Billy Backus' popularity was exemplified with the capacity throng that shared in his retirement dinner a few years back, a tribute to the man.

Surely, Ring Magazine could fill its pages with "up with boxing" articles instead of taking slams at deserving champions.

Leave our champions alone, they did their job. Do yours!

JIM LEO, SYRACUSE, N.Y.

TOUGH MEN ARE NO FAVORITES

PLEASE ACCEPT THE SINCERE APPRECiation of myself and other members of the Louisiana State Athletic Commission for your very interesting article regarding "Tough Man Contests" which appeared in the June issue of *The Ring*.

The Louisiana State Athletic Commission has been involved in two separate legal actions in our attempt to prohibit "Tough Man Contests". Unfortunately, the Court, in its infinite wisdom, saw fit to rule in favor of the promoter and allow one or more of these contests to take place.

The Louisiana State Athletic Commission

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has also caused Legislation to be introduced giving the Commission the authority to control any contests on which a decision is awarded as a result of bodily contact. Should this Legislation be passed into law, the Commission will have the authority to prohibit any contest that is not in the best interest of the participants, the fans and the general public.

It is our sincere hope that the Legislators will vote this Legislation into law.

JAMES A. STEVENSON
LOUISIANA STATE ATHLETIC COMMISSION
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

I WOULD LIKE TO COMMEND BERT Sugar's recent editorial calling for an end to the so-called "Tough Guy" contests which have recently infested our small towns and cities. Kudos to Bert also for going on national television to speak out against these atrocities.

The problems these events raise are many. They most certainly are *not* exhibitions of skill, as most any of the decent amateur or professional heavyweights (even Minnesota's own Scott LeDoux) would wipe the mat with any of these "Tough Guys". Furthermore, the Colosseum-like atmosphere produced by these fights bring to the surface certain human emotions better left repressed. "Tough Guy" contests are no better than dog fights or cock fights, in that the crowds are there to take pleasure in the suffering of another creature. This we don't need.

The worst problem involved here is the lack of accountability involved on the part of the promoters towards the men involved. Whatever precautions they may or may not take regarding the safety of their fighters, no one is FORCING them to take any precautions. Consequently, any safety factors invoked will be haphazard at best. This is not boxing, this is anarchy!

JESSE H. LYKKEN,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON HOW TO TURN BOXING INTO A SPORT

FIRST OF ALL, THE WBA AND WBC have got to merge. Many people just can't get into boxing when there are 25 divisions and champions, some called "Junior" and another "Super" or "Light". Moreover, there is a need for a new 180 lb. to 199 lb. division. Men simply weigh more than they did 100 years ago.

Next, adjust weights between divisions. Currently, there are only 6 lbs. between Flyweight and Bantamweight. Then only 4 lbs. to Junior Featherweight. You have 6 lbs. between Feather and Junior Lightweight and then only 5 lbs. to Lightweight. It's 7 lbs. from Welterweight to Junior Middleweight and then down to 6 lbs. to Middleweight. I suggest the following:

1. Heavyweight	200 and over
2. Cruiserweight	199 limit—19 lbs.
3. Lt. Heavyweight	180 limit—15 lbs.
4. Middleweight	165 limit—11 lbs.
5. Welterweight	154 limit—10 lbs.
6. Jr. Welterweight	144 limit—9 lbs.
7. Lightweight	135 limit—8 lbs.
8. Featherweight	127 limit—7 lbs.
9. Bantamweight	120 limit—6 lbs.
10. Flyweight	114 and under

And, finally, champions should fight only the number one contender. Is it fair for fighters to work their way to the top only to watch the champion give a shot to some guy that ranks 22 by *Ring* Magazine?

DON PIERSON, WEST HAVEN, CONN.

LET'S NOT FORGET THE VETS

I AM AN EX-BOXER, 77 YEARS OF AGE, and the 1925 New York State and National Junior AAU flyweight champion. I beat the National Champion, Harold Rollinson and had 149 amateur and professional fights.

My purpose in writing is to try to invoke among those in key places the intense need for a Boxers Retirement and Pension Fund. Or its equivalent. Every professional athlete is covered by some form of security—except the one who needs it most, the ex-boxer. The case of Joe Louis is a case in point; Mickey Walker is another, and there are many others not covered by retirement funds as are baseball, football, basketball and tennis players as well as golfers.

I hope this letter will inspire further motivation among the higher placed boxing figures and aid in the long overdue assistance to needy fighters well past their prime.

HARRY TRAUB, MARTINSBURG, W. VA.

THE DISAPPEARING DAVIS ACT

ONE OF THE MORE NOTICEABLE events—or non-events—this year is the disappearance of Howard Davis into the boxing woodwork. Could it be that Howard, like his Olympic counterparts (except Leonard) has realized his limitations as a pro and opted to fight clubbers only? It sure wouldn't surprise me.

I still can't understand how Davis got all that publicity and money in the paid ranks of boxing. Oh, he did win most decisions, but at least two of those—against Goins and Fernandez—were absolute gifts. He never once really impressed this writer.

The fact is, good hand speed is the only asset he has in the ring. He has no punching power at all, and more importantly, has no attitude or heart for the fight game. His style of fighting suggests—actually hollers—that he's only concerned with not getting hurt in the squared circle. Off his recent, listless performances against Vilomar Fernandez, Jim Watt and Johnny Lira, I have to think he's in it for the money only.

Davis had no business being made an instant millionaire just because he won an Olympic gold medal. Hungry, up-and-coming young fighters like John "The Heat" Verderosa, Rodolfo "El Gato" Gonzalez, Ray "Boom Boom" Mancini, Roberto Elizondo and others must look at Davis and do a slow burn. I predict he won't be in the fight game much longer.

STEPHEN FARHELD,
LOWER WATERFORD, VT

"YEAH" FOR SUGAR RAY

IN YOUR MAY, 1981 ISSUE I WAS VERY disturbed to read in the "Come Out Writing" section where an unrealistic writer (*Duran No! Leonard No!*) stated that Leonard was an embarrassment to the Boxing Profession. BULL! BULL! BULL! How can any person with a clear conscience say that? First of all, the fight in Montreal was not a test of either fighter's living up to anyone's expectations, but their own. They fought to the best of their ability and Leonard lost. Give Leonard an "A" for achievement in Montreal, He did try, as opposed to Duran's "Screw The Public" image in New Orleans! Let's put things in their proper perspective. Sugar is a courageous, intelligent boxer, and as for the narrow minded thoughts about Leonard ducking anybody, don't eat up publicity stunts like that! GOD BLESS SUGAR RAY LEONARD!

DAVID LEE, WASHINGTON D.C.

IF THE RING FITS, USE IT DEPT.

QUESTION: WHY ISN'T THERE A STANdard size ring for each division? For example, an eighteen-foot ring for, say, the middleweights and welters. One time these guys fight in a twenty-two foot ring and then the next time in a seventeen-foot ring. I realize politics plays a big role in this type of thing: the larger ring for the fleet boxer, the smaller ring for the slugger, etc. I think *Ring* should make stands on issues like this. It really affects the credibility of the sport. Can you imagine the Boston Celtics making their basket a little higher and their court a little longer to accommodate their style of play?

J.E. KANY, PALMDALE, CALIF.

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For sale (Robinson special): 8 x 10 autographed photos; program, Robinson-Basilio I; program, Robinson-Turpin II; autobiography, "Sugar Ray" (Anderson-Robinson); audio-cassette tape, radio broadcast, Robinson-La Motta VI. R.L. Tinsley, 1400 S. Joyce St. (C-1509), Arlington, Va. 22202. Tel. 703-920-8412.

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For sale: list of boxing books, magazines, autographed photos, address of boxers. Send for list. Shawn Murphy, 305 East St., Farmersville, Il. 62533.

Magazines, all in good condition: *Ring, World Boxing, Boxing Illustrated.* Paul S. Bartman, 423 May St., Pottsdown, Pa. 19464.

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HELP: Collegiate Boxing Club wishes to purchase automatic bell timer, boxing club jackets, and large trophy with plate(s). Please contact, with prices and

description, John J. Wilkinson, c/o Central Connecticut State College, Boxing Club, New Britain, Ct. 06050.

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Writer needs photos of old-time battle royal. Also good action pictures of kids' bouts taken before 1950. Contact John Stewart, 26 Stewart Lane, Middlebury, Vt. 05753. Include asking price.

Building complete boxing gym and need donations. Anything would help. Address-151 Hillside Rd., Sparta, N.J. 07871.

WANTED: posters, programs, ticket stubs for ranked fighters from 1970 to 1981. Send information to Bill Witkowski, 1192 5th St., Beaver, Pa. 15059.

All editions Ring Magazine wanted 1930-1940. Also *Black Dynamite Vol II* and *The Louis Legend* by Nat Fleischer. Paul Nichelson, 585 Sanchez, San Francisco, Ca. 94114.

Wanted: Madison Square Garden films of Tippy Larkin former Jr. Welterweight Champion. He fought about 20 main bouts in the Garden in the 1940's. Jim Corneleo, 59 Kennedy Drive, Lodi, N.J. 07644.

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Boxing Review, complete set wanted, especially issues concerning Stanly Ketchel. Also anything on Rocky Marciano—pictures, books, etc. Write Laurence Provenzano, 259-31 148th Rd., Rosedale, N.Y. 11422.

Information, photos, articles wanted on Sugar Ray Leonard. Write to Ken Bond, R.D. #3, Jockey St., Ballston Lake, N.Y. 12019.

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Buy, sell, trade boxing 16 mm. movies, cards, photos, pre-1965 *Ring Magazines,* gloves, buttons, tickets, books, posters, etc. *Want* records, cassette tapes by Don Dunphy; Harry Greb items. State price and condition. Don Hoffman, Box 283, Moss Beach, Ca. 94038.

WILL TRADE famous biographical book on John Paul II, Pope from Poland, de luxe edition (in English) for Ring Record Book or other record books (Everlast, Andrews, Post, Boxing News, etc. Dr. Jan Skotnicki, ul. Tuwima 30 m.5, 90-002 Lodz, Poland.

Sell 1950 Ring Record Book, great shape, $25, original 16 mm. BW film Louis-Walcott I, $15. Will *trade, buy, sell* boxing, weight lifting, physical culture books, also photographs, posters. Bob Decker, 17815 93 Rd., Place NE, Bothell, Wa. 98011.

Buy or trade *Ring Magazines* for the Feb. 1943 or the April 1946 *Ring Magazine.* Would like to buy *Ring Boxing* Encyclopedia for the year of 1943. George Estrada, 159 Nevada, S.F., Ca. 94110.

Selling 150 boxing magazines, mint: *World Boxing, International Boxing, Sports Illustrated, Boxing Illustrated, S.A. Boxing World,* others, 1964-present. News articles included. Asking $225. Send SSAE. Want super 8 Ali films. Rob Christensen, P.O. Box 561, Ferndale, Ca. 95536.

WANTED: Otto von Porat's *My Life in the Ring,* Norway, 1936; Victor Breyer's *Annuaire du Ring,* 1932-1937, Paris. Will pay reasonable prices. Bob Soderman, 200 S. Kenilworth, Mt. Prospect, Il. 60056.

Dedicated boxer, age 16, two years amateur experience, wishes to turn pro. Needs manager either in U.S. or Africa. Write Roy Ekembe, 19 Strandfield Close, Hull Place, Plumstead, London, S.E. 18, England.

Looking to trade or buy: Foreman vs. Frazier I and II, color, sound; Frazier vs. Ellis, color, Ali vs. Cooper II, sound. Contact Michael Joe McCain, 1411 Hellings Ave., Richmond, Ca. 94801.

For sale or trade: 1950's boxer exhibit cards, 32 per set (Marciano, Charles, Saddler, etc.)—$19.50. Also Hearns, Kenty championship programs for sale. Wanted: championship programs, posters, tickets. Bob Ryder, 29907 Rosebriar, St. Clair Shores, Mi. 48082.

NEED: American—Canada—Italia boxing programmes, photos, and information. HAVE: programmes, information here from Denmark. Write to Steen Jensen, Ved Kagsaa 63, 2730 Herlev, Denmark.

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INSIDE BO

MY OLD FRIEND JACK HURLEY, WHO died in seattle in 1975, and known as the "Dean of the Old-Time Fight Managers" was the most knowledgeable man I ever met in boxing. Jack told and taught me many things. He had powerful opinions on boxing commissions, the superficiality of fight judges, and the useless nuisances that politicians make of themselves after a match is announced. Jack was adamant on one subject, one he would argue long into the night: "There is no such thing as a foul in boxing."

This writer can remember Foul Proof Taylor when he invented his new protector and put on a demonstration in New York for the writers and ring officials. He didn't want just anyone to swing at him in the area of the groin. He wanted someone to step up and kick him there. Well, a guy named Mushy Jackson obliged. He reared back and kicked Foul Proof clean across the room, and right on his butt. We all thought Foul Proof was a goner, but lo and behold, he just got up from the floor, dusted himself off, and told us "It never hurt a bit". . .

Getting back to Jack Hurley, he was the greatest fight manager, trainer and promoter the business ever had. At least, in my humble opinion. Jack lived in the Olympic Hotel—Room 679—in Seattle, operated out of his pocket and kept his records and receipts in a shoe box under his bed. He had no "office overhead" nor did he live high off the hog. But Jack was a simple person who knew the boxing business inside and out. Hurley not only managed and trained his fighters, but he'd also promote the show on his own. They don't make 'em like Jack Hurley anymore—God rest his soul. Jack passed away, in his hotel room, in November of 1972 and is buried in his native Fargo, North Dakota.

It was out of Room 679 that Jack Hurley promoted the Floyd Patterson-Pete Rademacher heavyweight title fight. He personally sold $74,000 worth of tickets out of the $243,000 they took in. The room was just big enough to contain the bed, the steamer trunk, the footlocker for Jack's files and the desk on which his thirty-year-old Corona portable stood, where Hurley pounded out his publicity. It was from this room that Hurley made a

full-blown heavyweight contender out of middleweight Harry "Kid" Matthews as well as being the impetus for the Congressional investigation, which looked into the claim that Joey Maxim was avoiding a match with Matthews for the light heavyweight title. When Congress ruled in Hurley's favor, the truth came out—it was the heavyweight title, not the light heavyweight crown that Hurley was seeking. He got the "shot" against Rocky Marciano, with the winner to fight then-champion, Jersey Joe Walcott. The rest is history. Marciano flattened Matthews in the second round at Yankee Stadium and went on to become the king by flattening Walcott in Philadelphia. . .

Another Jack Hurley story this writer will never forget came out after the Harry Matthews-Rocky Marciano fight. I remember Jack telling me, "You know I made Harry Matthews. Actually, he was just a small-town boy. He didn't realize that he actually was not that good. I put him with the right opponents and developed him with my publicity campaign into a top heavyweight contender. Well, that night at Yankee Stadium, Harry boxed a helluva first round against Marciano. Between rounds, when Matthews looked around Yankee Stadium and saw all the lights from cigarettes and 45,000 folks out there, he realized he didn't belong there. He backed away from a left hook, reverted to "amateurism"—if there is such a word; but that is what Hurley said—and it was all over. The dream came to an end. And that was the end of Hurley—as far as developing a heavyweight contender went. Oh sure, Hurley had Boone Kirkman. But he never could make much out of the Renton, Washington dreadnaught. . .

In his heyday, Hurley managed Billy Petrolle, the Fargo Express, and Vince Foster, a fine welterweight who was killed in an auto crash at the peak of his career. He had moved out of Chicago to Seattle to manage Matthews. Veteran fight trainer, Lou Gross, one of the best in the business, now based in Miami Beach, learned the trade from Hurley, as have so many others in boxing. Jack Hurley was a teacher. He knew the fight game. And knew it well.

Damon Runyon, the great writer, once wrote "There are two honest managers in boxing. The one is Jack Hurley, and I can't remember the name of the other." That tells it all. Jack Hurley was my friend. I shall never forget him. I loved the man. . .

See you next month, keep punching!

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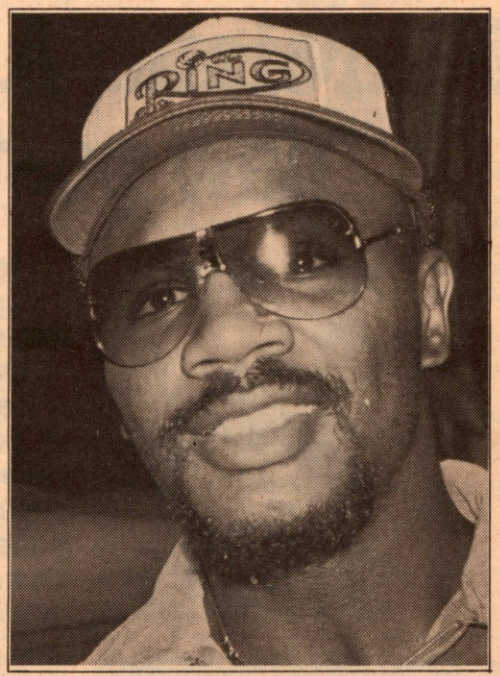

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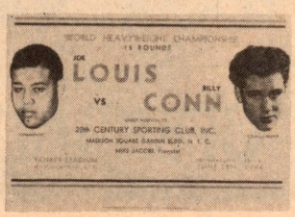

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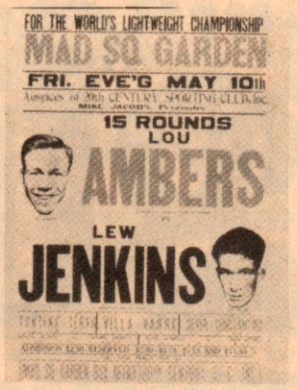

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VETERAN

THE INTERNATIONAL VETERAN BOXERS association Ladies Auxiliary held their seventh annual dinner and on Saturday, May 2, 1981, at Biase's Restaurant in Newark, N.J. This year they honored Jackie Lotz, Phil LaMotta, Pete Smith, Linda Mitchell and, yours truly, Charlie Spina, as the recipient of the Humanitarian Award in memory of Vince Handley. The Chief Deputy Commissioner of New Jersey State Athletic Commission and also the newly elected President of the United States Boxing Association, Robert W. Lee presented the awards. Those sitting on the dias that night beside the honorees were: Jo Handley, President of the Ladies Auxiliary IVBA, Tippy Larkin, Charlie Fusari, Billy Graham, Al Couture, Commissioner Robert W. Lee, Jim Balukevich and Harry Warren. Stu Levine was the emcee of the night's festivities.

An attandance of 300 were on hand that evening and among them were names like: Cal Cagni, Joe Martello, Rose and Solly Seeman, Ernie Ratner, Marvin Kohn, Tommy Roman, Frankie Sapone, Lou Meloro, Joe Mulli, Young Reo, Sonny Early, Manny Dizon, Sammy and Peggy Waters, "Sweetcakes" Brownlee, Johnny Orsini, Mickey Bellero, Pete Marsillo, Battling Odin, Audrey Jones, Paul Cortlyn, Barney Campbell, Johnny O'Keefe, Paul Venti, Willie Smith, Tommy Hawkes, Paul Miniai, Diana Wargo, Mike Handley, Henry Hascup, Vince Cala, Gene Goren, Wallace Cross, Pat Conte, Ray O'Leary, Chico and Alex Doyle, Rose and Harry Lewis, Frankie Bove and others too numerous to mention. This was a very nice affair, with all in attendance having a jolly time.

We salute James A. (Jimmy) Ambrose, Oldtime boxer, promoter and fight manager of yesteryear. Jimmy started his professional career as a flyweight at the early age of 14 years old, weighing all of 105 lbs. He fought men like Joe Shugrue and Banty Lewis, who were twenty pounds heavier than he was. After 35 fights he was given an opportunity in the twenties to promote boxing in the local armories. His first assignment was the 210nd Medical Regiment. This endeavor was so successful that he obtained four more armories to promote, namely: The 22nd Engineers,

BOXERS' BEAT

White Plains, Kingston and Newburgh Armories. Jimmy, in his promotions, featured and brought out such fighters as Paul Berlenbach, Jack Tilue, Joey LaGray and many other good boys. It was at this time he met his good friend the late Sam Taub. . .

After the armories closed, he turned to managing and worked with Lou Poster, Lou Volpe, Danny Joe Perez and also trained Ludwig Lightburn. At the present time he is 90 years old, living with his wife, Josephine, and taking it easy in the summer at his lovely house in the Hamptons, Long Island, where he is spending the winter months with his daughter and son-in-law in Maywood, N.J. *The Ring* salutes one of boxing's pioneers.

Norman Jones, secretary for the Leicester and District Ex-Boxers Association, does a great job for this group with its membership of over 250. The association would like to hear from ex-boxers in the United States and Canada. Contact: Norman Jones, 60 Dumbleton Ave., Leicester, England LE3 2EG.

Harry Warren will be traveling to Toronto, Canada, where he will be honored with the "Max Award" by the chairman of the Canadian Boxing Hall of Fame 10th Annual Banquet of Champions on October 30. The event will be held at the plush Hotel Toronto.

Adrian Bailey, The founder of the New Jersey Boxing Hall of Fame, recently underwent a serious operation and is now recuperating at the Jersey Shore Medical Center, Fitkins Hospital, 1945 Corlies Ave., Neptune, N.J. 07753. "God Speed" Adrian Bailey.

For three generations, the name Ray Lunny has been well known in boxing. Hailing from San Francisco, Ray Lunny I boxed in the Bay City's Mission district some 62 years ago and was a favorite club fighter in that area winning many fights. In 1934 Ray Lunny II became an amateur and, fighting under the CYO banner, became an instant star. He won Golden Gloves titles, boxed in national AAU tournaments and was considered one of the cleverest boxers of that era. By the time he turned pro in 1937, he was a well-seasoned fighter. Fighting under the management of the late Joey Fox, Lunny became an instant hit and went on to beat men like Verne Bybee, Guy Serean, Lew Feldman, Georgie Hansford, Charley Varre, Richie Fontaine, Geo Latka, Richie Lemos, Toby Vigil, Eddie Marcus, and fought losing battles with Chalky Wright and Lulu Constantino in close encounters. During WW II, Lunny entered the US Coast Guard. After a two-year hitch, he fought a few more bouts and retired in 1944. He later became the boxing instructor at Stanford University and held that post for 27 years. He also served as a licensed boxing official for the state of California. . . .

His son, Ray Lunny III, also had an enviable record as an amateur. In 1968 he won the Western Regional Olympic Trials Title at 112 lbs. Putting on weight he garnered the 126 lb. Golden Gloves laurels one year later, the National AAU 126 lb. Championship and, as a member of the US All-Star Team, traveled to Russia, where he beat the Soviet's best in two matches. Turning pro in 1970, Ray Lunny III, under his dad's wing, ran up a string of 25 victories before losing to Vilomar Fernandez. Ben Villaflor, who held the Jr. Lightweight crown was Lunny's foe in a Cow Palace attraction which wound up in a six-round technical draw, with many having Lunny ahead on their scorecards. Lunny got a title shot with Alfredo Escalera in San Juan, Puerto Rico, and was stopped in the 13th round due to a badly cut eye.

Today retired from boxing, Ray Lunny III is a member of the Burlingame Police Department. He is happily married and is the father of two boys. A Salute to the name Ray Lunny-I, II, III—three generations of boxing talent, two fighting for world championships, and all entered their mark into Boxing Record Books for all to read about.

Ex-Boxer's Associations are flourishing in Southern and Northern Ireland. Dennis Morrison, secretary of the Dublin group tells of his clubs activities, with Children's parties, help and assistance to needy ex-fighters, and an invitation to the ex-boxers to visit with the Lord Mayor of Dublin at his Mansion House residence. An association dance at the famed Garda Social Club and invitation extended to the members to the Gaity Theater in Dublin.

One person who does much to alleviate the distress of ex-boxers in need in Gary Duff, the son of promoter Mickey Duff of London. Gary, with his excellent collection of fight films, travels the country giving movie shows to aid the veterans. Gary is also a member of the London Ex-Boxer Association. Keep up the good work, Gary!

For the benefit of anyone from overseas or in this country who wishes to enter any items pertaining to veteran boxing news into *Veterans Boxer's Beat*, please send mail to either *Ring* Magazine, 120 W. 31st Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10001 or to Charlie Spina directly at 443 Thomas Ave., Lyndhurst, N.J. 07071.

—*CHARLIE SPINA*

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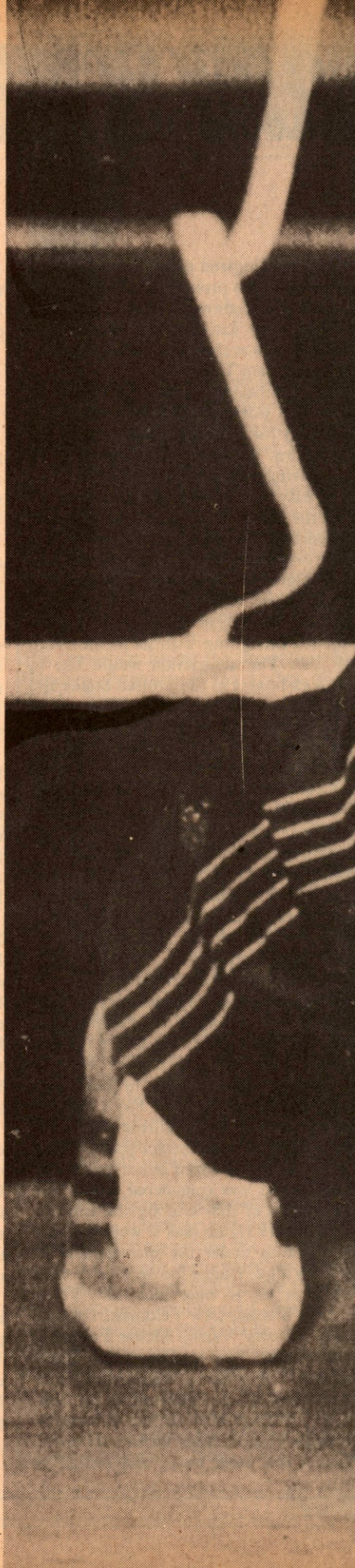
WILFRED BENITEZ: A MAN WHO HAS RISEN TO A HIGH STATION WITHOUT EVER HAVING TO TRAIN

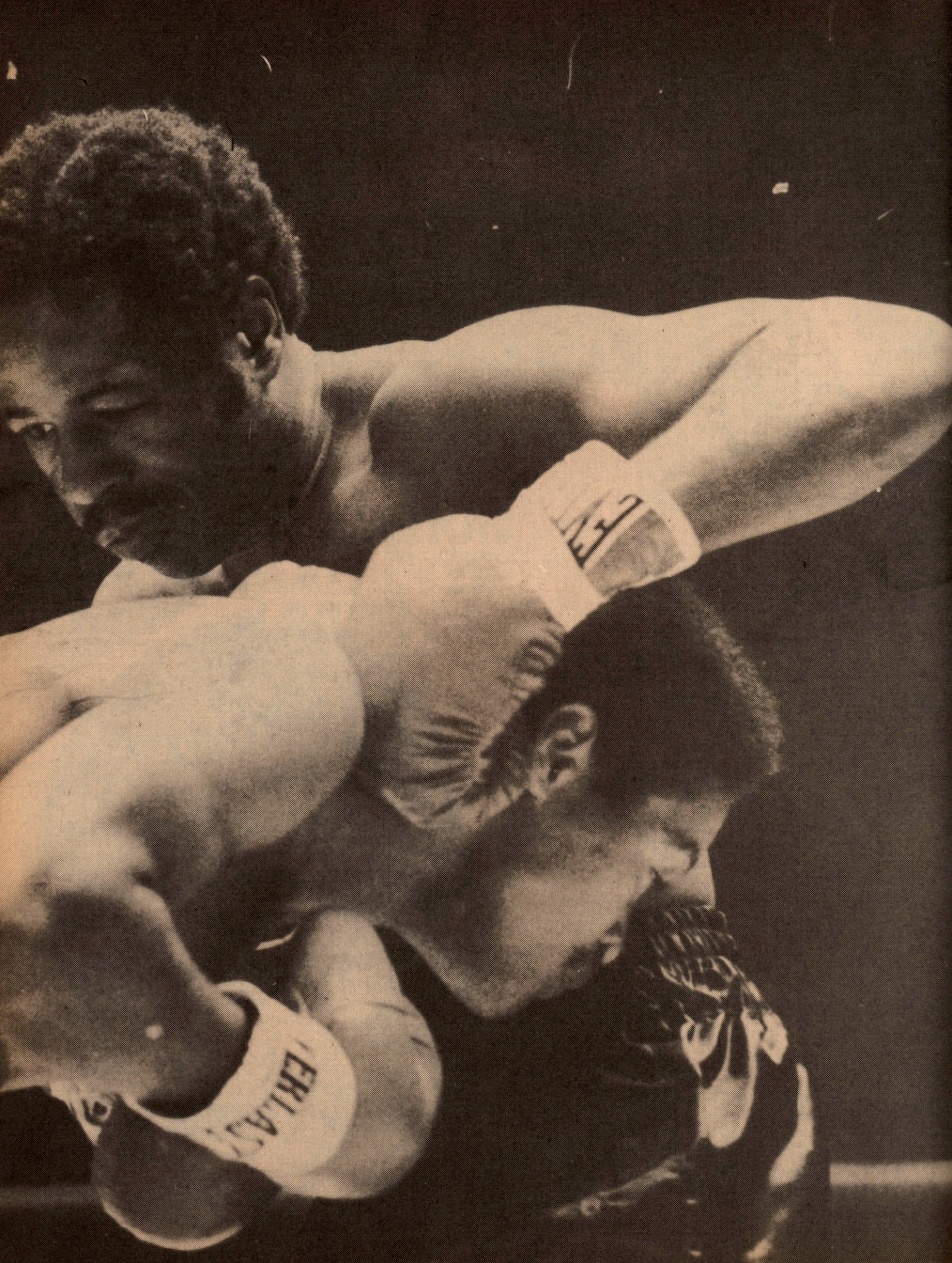
BY JOSE TORRES

WE WERE IN A NEW YORK HOTEL ROOM, the four of us, three men and a boy, talking about the youngster's future. When suddenly the boy screamed "Come on," to the oldest man in the clique. "Stop the jiving and fight." The boy assumed a boxer's stance and bit defiantly on his lower lip. "Come on," he insisted, now throwing a soft open-hand left jab without any intention of connecting with it. The man slowly took off his dark glasses, got rid of the wide-brimmed Spanish Sombrero, disposed of his sports jacket with unusual calmness and, with amazing aburptness, jumped the boy. They both landed on top of the bed, the man throwing taps and pushing the boy back, the youth kicking and slapping recklessly in a vain effort to defend himself. "Please, Pop," he cried in fast Spanish "I was just kidding. Come on, Dad stop!"

"Don't you mess with me," father Gregori said, faking authority and supressing a smile. "I'm the only man in the world who knows you're never in shape. You know I can beat you any time I want. "The eyes of his son, Wilfred Benetez, fresh from just attaining the world's junior middleweight crown traveled to the ceiling of the room, his face reflecting the image of a macho-man in pain. Only a father can talk that way to the youngest man ever to win three different divisional crowns. But obviously, those words had hit a sensitive spot in the 22-year-old's psyche. Wilfred moved his head up and down involuntarily as if to say "yes" to a hard, rude question. But just as soon as he perceived the change of mood in the room he let go with a broad infectious smile, designed to bring us back to our initial humorous disposition. Still, one could hear the echo of the words, ". . . you're never in shape . . . you're never in shape" reverberating against the walls of the champion's brain.

And it's true! Ever since supreme success first came his way, the Puerto Rican youth has been allergic to hard work. That was back on March 6, 1976, when—in a masterful display of boxing skills—the then-seventeen-year-old-boy, his face yet to receive its first shave, gave the more experienced and legendary Junior Welterweight king, Antonio (Kid Pambele) Cervantes, a boxing lesson. That was the first boxing crown won by the Puerto Rican marvel. Three years later, on January 14, 1979, at the age of 20, Wilfred scored an upset victory over World Boxing Association welterweight king Carlos Palomino in San Juan. Then, just last May 23, Wilfred fought





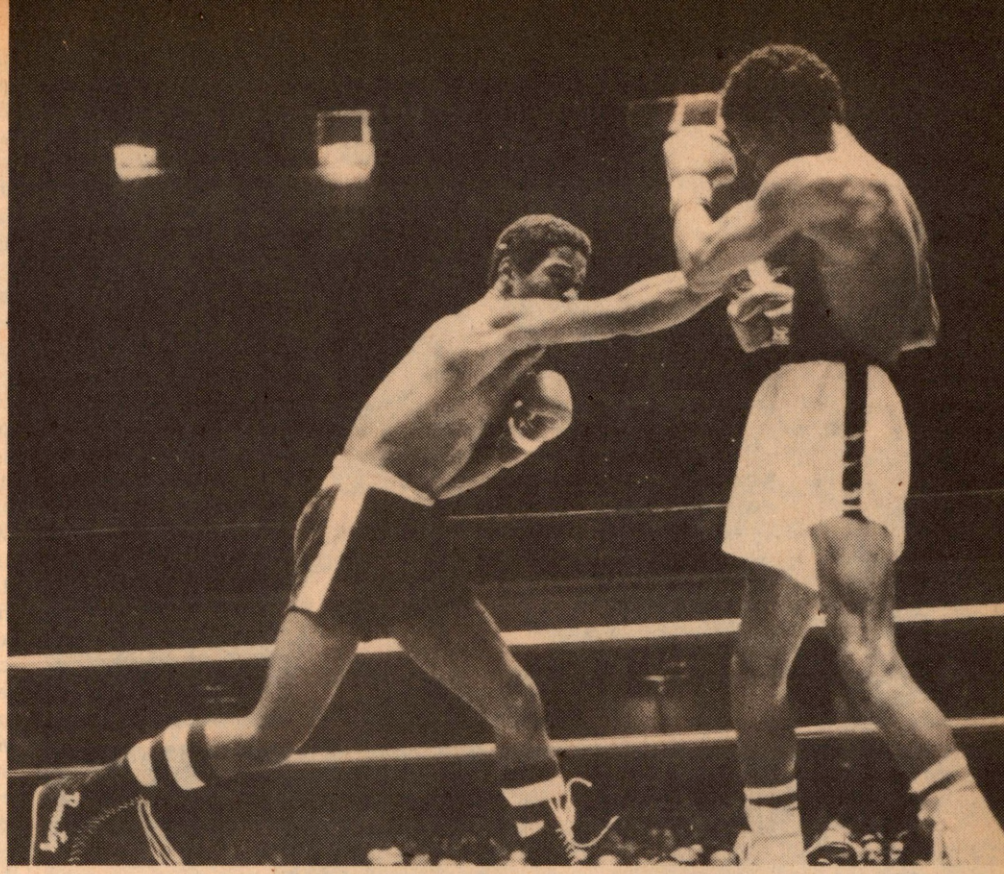
Junior Middleweight camp Maurice Hope. The Puerto Rican methodically destroyed the champ's will and desire, finally, in round 12, landing a thunderous right lead flush on Hope's jaw that separated Hope from his faculties and his crown even before he hit the canvas. It was such a devastating punch that more than a few of us started to pray instinctively. But, did Wilfred train properly for any of these fight.?

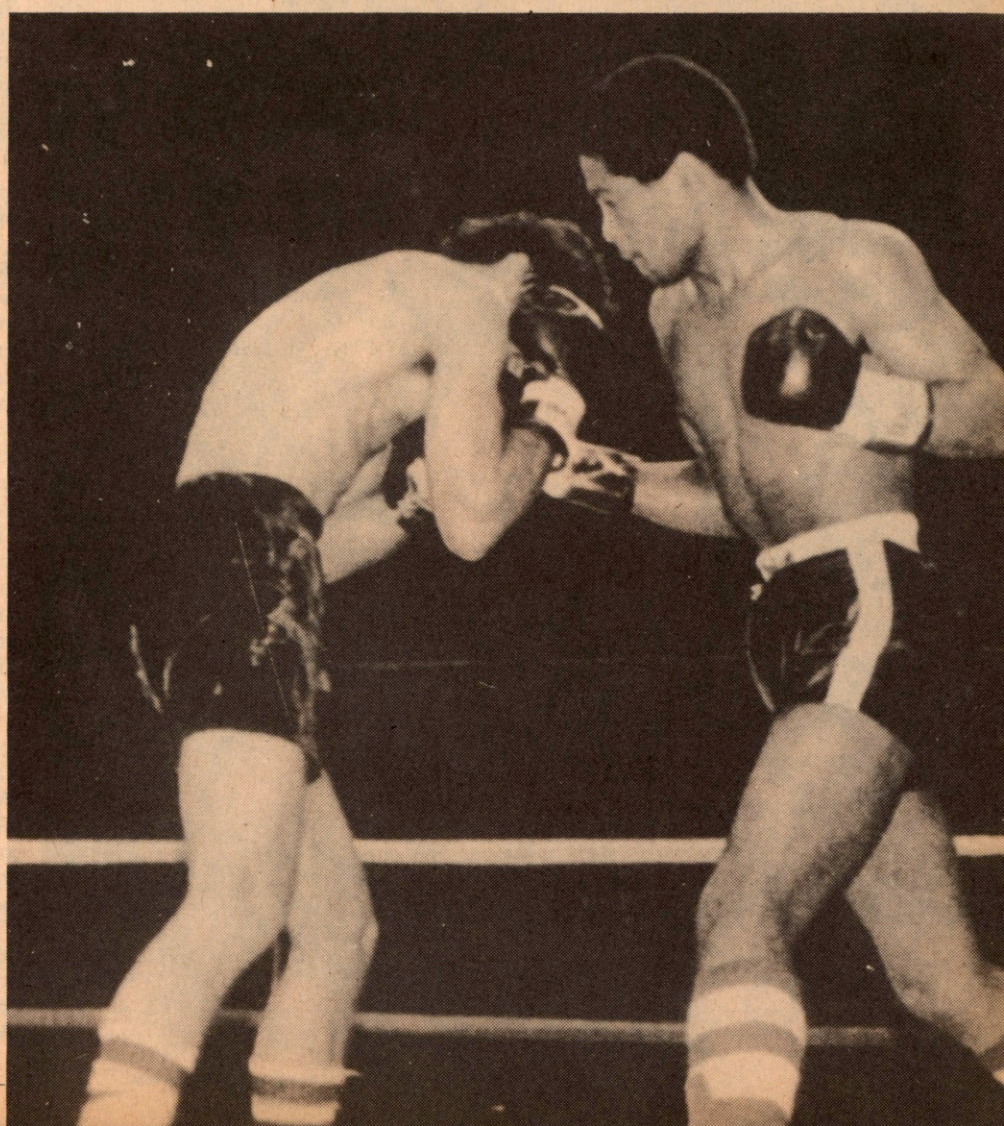
"To be honest," Wilfred told me recently, "I haven't trained more than two weeks for any fight even since I beat Kid Pambele." His words came out matter-of-factly, sounding more like a dignified boast than a regrettable confession. Of course, such words can be said by any champion who, insecure of his pugilistic greatness and unable to perceive satisfying adulation from the public, could be searching for sympathy if it were not for an increase in his own boxing stature. After all, ego is a constituent in a fighter's composition whose absence has never been recorded.

It sounds unbelievable that a fighter lacking appropriate physical preparation can, nevertheless, defeat champions. In fact, there is a theory that prevails throughout training camps and gymnasiums dealing with boxers who smoke, drink, use drugs, or exhibit sexy girls, as well as the ones who brag about not killing themselves in training to beat opponents. The theory holds that such fighters are gutless individuals who are really seeking, consciously or subconsciously, excuses and justification in the event an "unsuspected surprise" comes for these sort of prizefighters. They hide behind their pre-fight behavior which would free them from any guilt regarding their lack of courage, guts and valor.

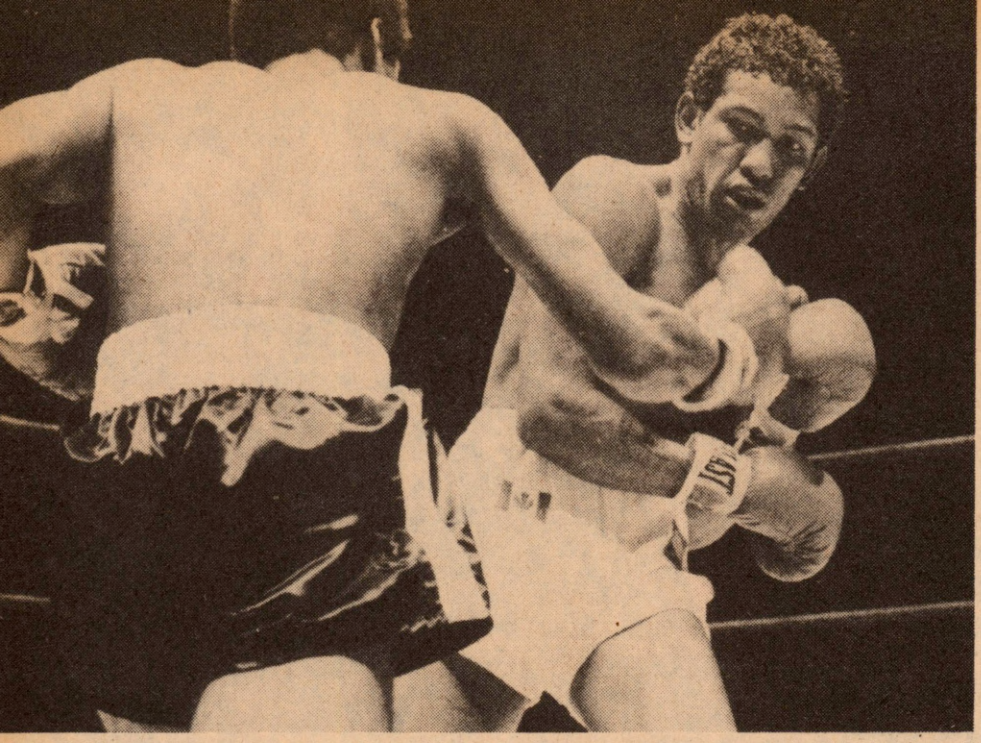
But in the case of Wilfred Benitez we may be dealing with something out of the ordinary —a pugilistic phenomenon! To get closer to the truth I spent four days in the company of Wilfred, his father Gregorio and the champion's bodyguard, Hector Santana, a Charley Chan-moustached Puerto Rican assigned by the government of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico to watch over their hero. They were in New York to see the Belmont stakes, to take part of the Annual Puerto Rican Day Parade and to be interviewed by *The Ring*.

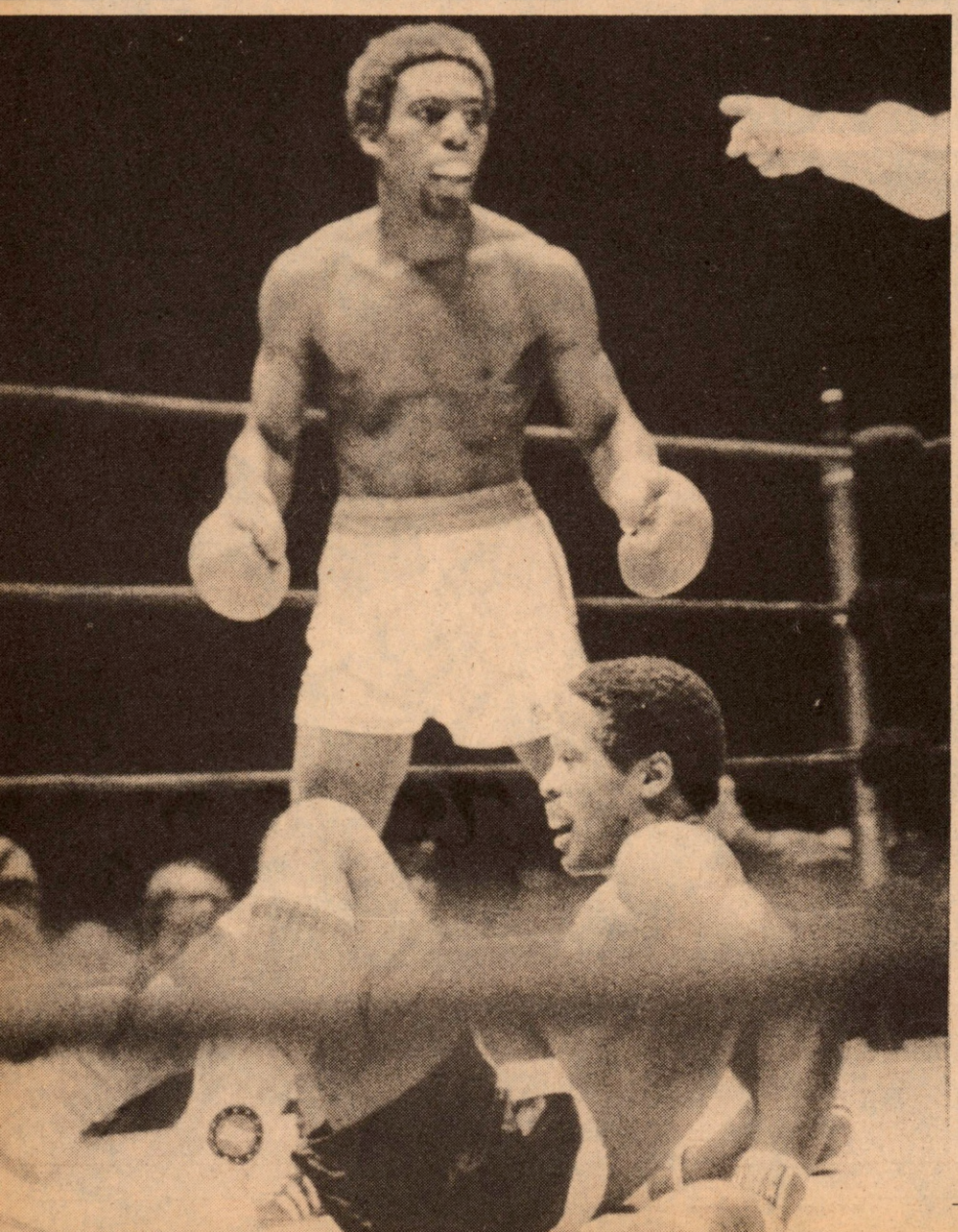
Wilfred has a young, handsome face that lacks smoothness. It has an abundance of boils and its left side is conspicuous by a long, inartistic scar that goes from the end of the nose to the jawbone—a cicatrix the champ intends to wipe out with plastic surgery once he quits the ring for good. ("In another 15 years," the champ says.) "It happened when I was a kid," Wilfred was quick to point out. "My face got tangled up in barbed wires with trying to catch another boy near my house." On top of his forehead, almost hidden by his black, short, kinky hair lies a small but deep crust obtained during his exciting but losing battle against Sugar Ray Leonard, an acciden-





Opposite: Ahead, Wilfred tangles with Harold Weston; picks his spot with Villa (above) and pokes one through Petronelli's defense.





tal butt that caused intense bleeding and, probably, played a relevant role in Benitez' first—and only—defeat. He loves diamond and gold chains, and to prove it wears plenty of these materials in watches and rings. He also feels comfortable wearing a white T-shirt with his name written in large blue letters on its left side—An advertisement father Gregorio detests. "It would be okay for me or for somebody else to expose my son's name to the world . . . but he himself . . . it looks tacky . . . absurd," Wilfred's father said.

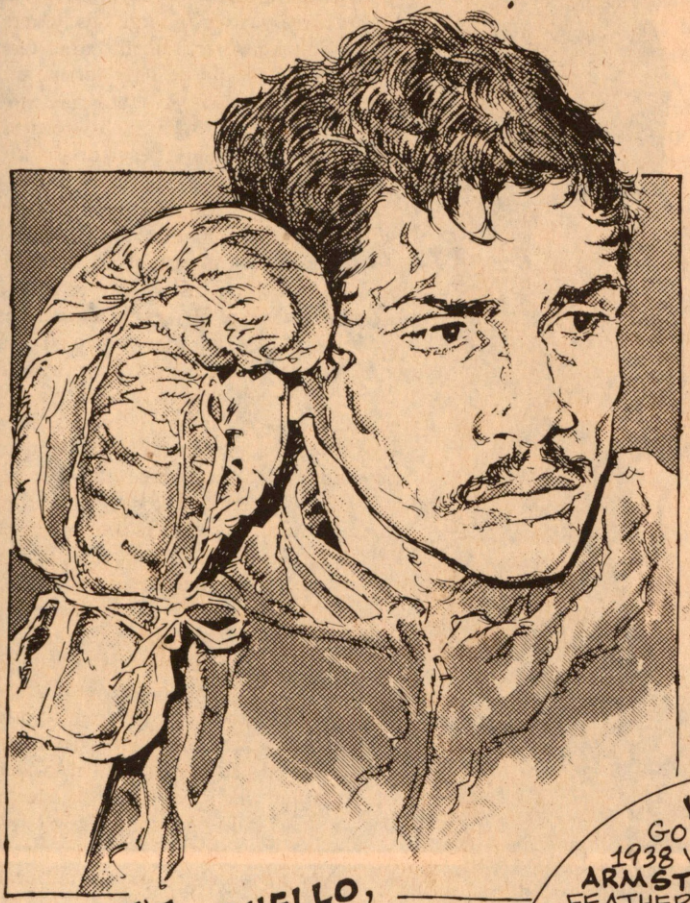
Wilfred is not a talker. He prefers not to initiate any conversation although he's never brief in responses. Opening statements seem to be reserved for humans of the female species, and even then his words are terse and spoken in whispers. He seems more cheerful with a fighter in a ring than with a girl insisting on having a long conversation with him. It may not be outrageous to think that Wilfred, induced by his father to fight at the early age of seven, has translated all his communicative energy into body language. His interviews with the media are, for the most part, inconsequential. And always economical. Unlike father Gregorio, whose sharpness and street intelligence impels him to elaborate on every answer—and who only needs one slap to make him talk and two dozen to shut him up—Wilfred is frugal in interlocution and brings laughs from his companions by grabbing one of them with a head-lock, by uttering boxing insults, or by barking like a dog when least expected. Wilfred also likes to pour ice water on Santana when his bodyguard is sleeping. "Or," Santana said pushing Wilfred to the side, "catching me in deep sleep and forcing a pillow over my face . . . almost suffocating me."

But by no means is this to imply that Wilfred is anything other than intelligent. It would be absolutely impossible for a man to behave the way Wilfred does inside the boxing ring and not be an extraordinary person. In fact, he is the best example of what a champion is all about. He's a boxing stylist who is called "the radar" because of his remarkable capacity to foresee punches before they are actually thrown; he has complete control of his emotions; and has a marvelous sense of timing. He knows when to intimidate an opponent and when to hurt him. And evidently he must be fully convinced that it's the conditioning of the brains and not the body that makes a fighter totally and perfectly fit for action. But father Gregorio is not entirely convinced of Wilfred's ways.

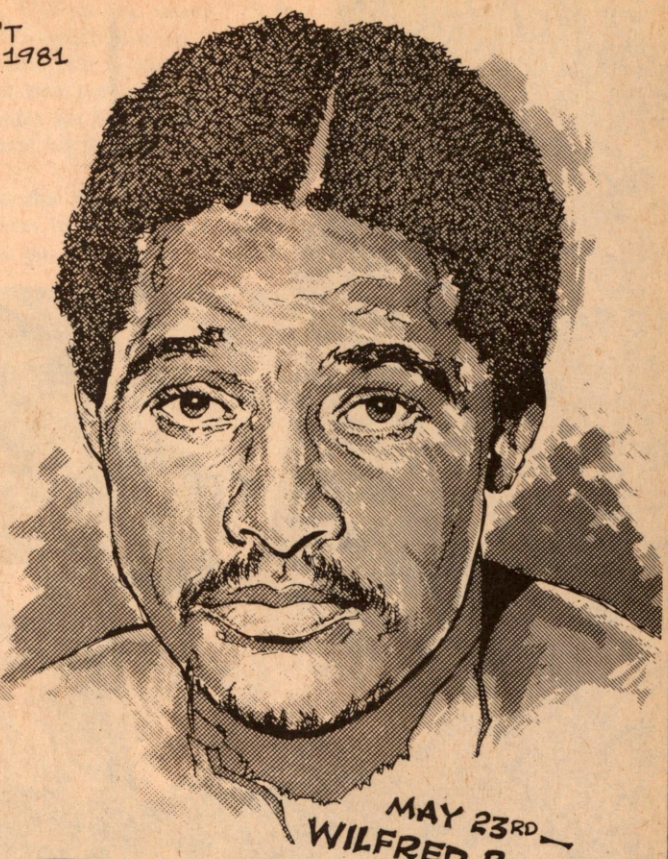
"The way he trained for Leonard should've been the lesson for my son to learn," said father Gregorio. "I predicted—publicly in *Ring*—that he couldn't beat Leonard. I knew Wilfred didn't have a chance. Why? he only trained nine days for the fight." Father Gregorio explained that his son Wilfred, youngest of eight children ("Four boys and four

Above: Chavez can "see what's coming". Left: Who me? Bruce Curry puts Benitez down for the first time in his pro career.

TRIPLE-CROWN WINNERS DON'T EXACTLY GROW ON TREES—BUT 1981 HAS PRODUCED TWO!



JUNE 20TH—ALEXIS ARGUELLO, EX-WBA FEATHER AND WBC JR. LIGHTWEIGHT KING, GRABBED WBC LIGHTWEIGHT HONORS.



MAY 23RD—WILFRED BENITEZ, FORMER BOSS OF THE JR. WELTER AND WELTER DIVISIONS, WON THE WBC JR. MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.

WE MUST GO 'WAY BACK TO 1938 WHEN **HENRY ARMSTRONG** RULED THE FEATHER, LIGHT AND WELTER RANKS—SIMULTANEOUSLY!

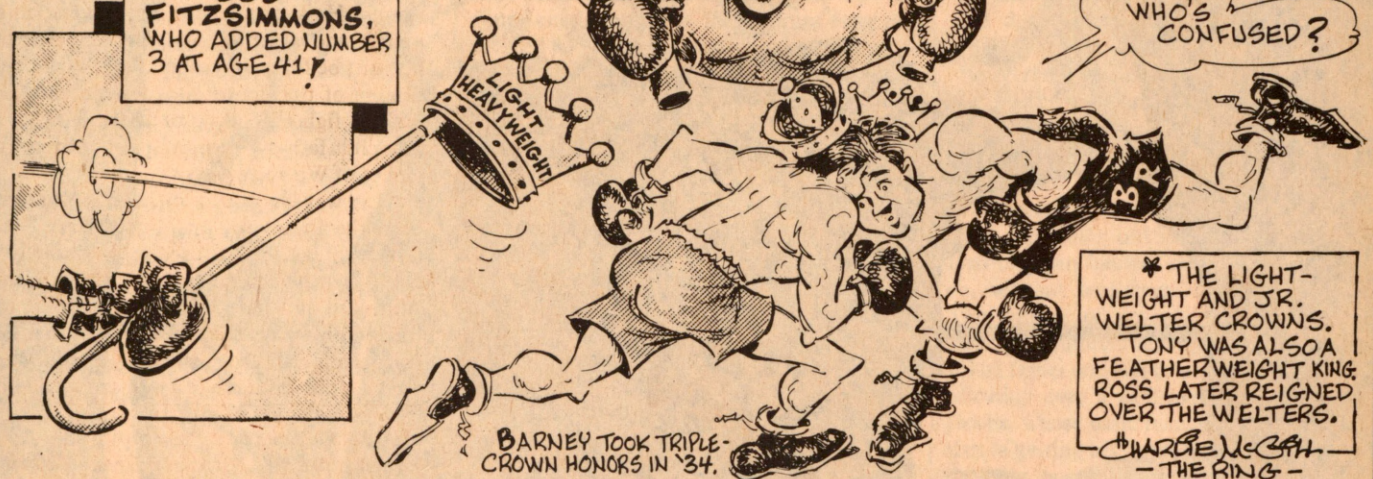
I'M BOXING'S ONE AND ONLY!

IN 1933, **BARNEY ROSS** WON 2* OF HIS 3 TITLES ON THE SAME NIGHT AGAINST **TONY CANZONERI,** PUGILISM'S OTHER TRIPLE-CROWN WINNER! (1931)

WHO'S CONFUSED?

1903

THE FIRST WAS ONE-TIME MIDDLE AND HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION **BOB FITZSIMMONS,** WHO ADDED NUMBER 3 AT AGE 41!

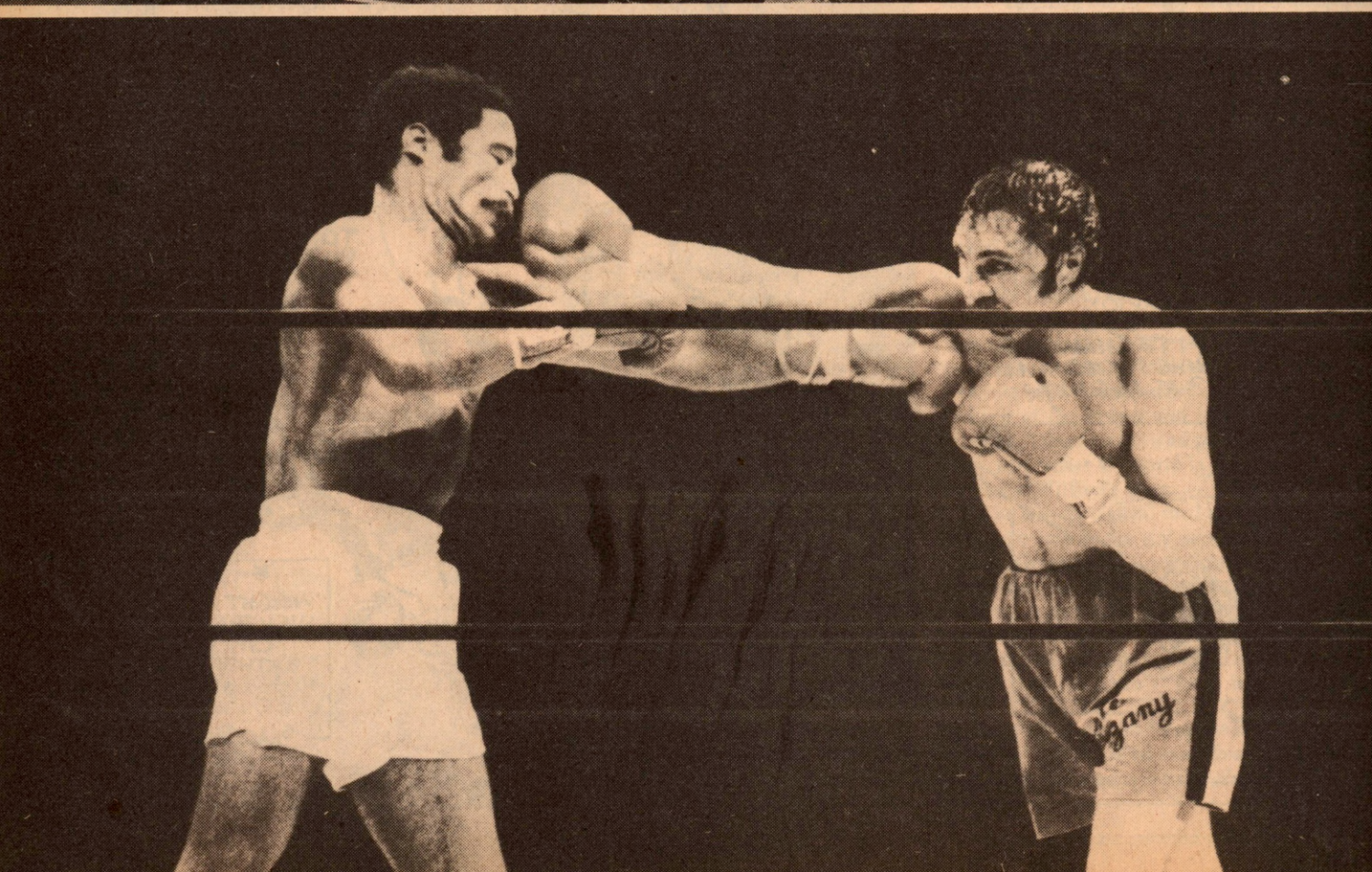


BARNEY TOOK TRIPLE-CROWN HONORS IN '34.

*THE LIGHTWEIGHT AND JR. WELTER CROWNS. TONY WAS ALSO A FEATHERWEIGHT KING. ROSS LATER REIGNED OVER THE WELTERS.

CHARLIE McGILL
—THE RING—

PLEASE



girls," said the proud father), was not physically fit to fight more than four rounds. "His training took place in San Juan discotheques—from 10 at night to 5 or 6 in the morning," Gregorio said. "He started training when he got to Las Vegas which was 11 days before fight time. And, even then, he used the first two days to rest up from the beatings he took in the island's discotheques. So, in effect, he only trained nine days for such an important bout."

"No," interrupted Wilfred. "I trained more. I think I worked out 10 days."

I put the three friends together and asked them to answer my questions with a number. How many rounds did Wilfred train for Weston in 1977 when they fought a draw in New York?

"Twelve days," they said in unison. I said, "And what about for Bruce Curry in 1977?" —When Wilfred was knocked down twice in one round, once again in another round and was out on his feet for most of the fight but still won a close decision.

"Seven days."

"For Curry, return bout?"—Easy win for Wilfred.

"Ten days."

"For Carlos Palomino?"—Won welterweight crown.

"Fifteen days."

"For Weston II?"—Father Gregorio was at the racetrack and when notified that his son was losing to Weston hurried to the fight, got to the ring in round 12 and was warned by the San Juan Boxing Commission for slapping his son abusively. Gregorio: "I just woke him up—and he won, didn't he?"

"One day."

"For Maurice Hope?"—Won Junior middleweight crown.

"Eleven days."

This, more than anything else, probably explains the obvious love-hate relationship between father Gregorio and Wilfred. One moment Gregorio tells the story of the day when in the heat of one argument Wilfred grabbed his father by the neck and began to press hard, worrying Gregorio some. "I grabbed him by the groin and wished I could pull his genitals off," said Gregorio. "And he was lucky that his mother had the gun. I would've blown his brains out." The next moment Wilfred grabs Gregorio from behind and starts kissing his father on the neck, saying, "I truly love this man."

But as long as Wilfred tries to impose his boxing ways on his father, friction will follow them everywhere. At 53, the 5'6" father Gregorio is a man with a phenomenal ability to select young men with championship potential. He's a trainer who influences discipline in his fighters by his personal example. He gets up every morning and runs a few miles. He trains in the gym every day. And he probably has the best stable of fighters in the world today. He is also the only person around Wilfred who can force the young champion to train. Some. Gregorio, driven to desperate measures, is even considering the establishment of a women's fan club for Wilfred, to be in attendance in the gym every day Wilfred is in training. "Only to watch him," Papa Benitez adds quickly. He believes that their presence alone can spur Wilfred on where nothing else will work. Gregorio also has a stable of horses and at one point almost left the training of humans to train the faster animals. The racetrack is now his hobby. And also where he gets some of his flavorful language.

"Wilfred is an untameable animal," said father Gregorio. "He likes to feel free and hates to be told what to do. One has to be careful in how to give Wilfred advice. Or an order. He thinks he knows it all." This attitude was immediately confirmed by the young champion when, in an abrupt move, he decided to ask me where the best men's clothing store was in New York. "Take me there," he said.

Wilfred wanted to be taken where "the most expensive stuff is." In twenty minutes he had spent over $3000 at an emporium on Seventh Avenue called Barney's. He went behind the counter to pick out belts and ties—bunches of them—and voted a tailor down who insisted the trousers were too big to be fixed. "I take it," Wilfred would say. "It's okay, I'll take it."

Wilfred is blessed with a very singular talent. He could be the greatest fighter in the world today. He is under contract with Jim Jacobs and Bill Cayton, two decent businessmen from New York whose honesty and know-how are whispered about constantly in the boxing community. They paid a good chunk of money to Gregorio to have Wilfred's services for six years. The contract now has three and a half years to go. Their association with the Cayton-Jacobs team was yet another blessing for the feuding Benitezes. His inability to control Wilfred once drove father Gregorio to the edge of his patience, convinced that he had had it with his son. The break was ignited by an accident: "I saw Wilfred in the company of this junkie," Gregorio said. "I went to the car, pulled the door open and I smashed his face very hard. "Father Gregorio then pulled out his .45 and this time there was no response from the youngster. Next Gregorio contacted Jacobs.

Hand to hand combat. Benitez vs. Chiaverini (above). "My arm is longer than your arm." Wilfred and Ranzany measure each other

"I don't interfere with his training, said Jacobs. "And he doesn't interfere with my managerial functions." That understanding has worked perfectly. One proof: Jacob was offered $750,000 to fight Thomas Hearns for the World Boxing Association Welterweight crown, and only $175,000 to fight Junior Middleweight king Hope. These numbers were previously unknown to the Benitezes. Had they but known, they would have chosen, without hesitation, Hearns over Hope. The culture of poverty, from whose roots most prizefighters emerge, would have provoked father and son to prefer immediate gratification over a well-conceived speculation. Jacobs, whose basic managerial function consists of getting his fighters the most money for the least possible risk, opted for Hope. He reasoned that a victory over Hope offered

Wilfred the opportunity to win another championship, which, in turn, would be immediately translatable into millions. Besides, although a good champion, Hope was not in the same league as Hearns. History tells us that Jacobs was absolutely correct!

But Wilfred remains an enigma. The young man still doesn't train properly and Gregorio is driven to distraction by his son's behavior outside the ring. Jacobs has resigned himself to live with the fact that his number-one fighter comes through each fight in victory. And that's the barometer by which Jacob makes the matches—a logic difficult to refute. Wilfred seems to win his most important fights with remarkable performances. The youngster defies reason. But for how long can the man who claims to have 15 more years left in the ring keep doing this?

"For the Leonard fight he suffered a broken nose in training," said Gregorio. "Every time he starts training for any fight he complains of sore hands and muscle pain. You know why?" Father Gregorio answers himself: "Because of lack of gym training. . . . Because his hands have become unaccustomed to making contact and his face unused as a result of being untouched. If he doesn't spar how the hell can he expect to harden his face." Gregorio's boxing philosophy contends that an untrained body and hands get tender, an unpunched face and body get soft and fragile. Not to mention the fact that Wilfred is not getting any younger.

I've begun to realize that I have to take care of myself," Wilfred told me. "I have to develop a structure and abide by it."

"Baloney," screamed bodyguard Santana from the corner. "You always make promises but never comply with them." Then, getting up from a chair Santana said to no one in particular, "Do you know how much better can this boy be if he just take care of business in a grown-up manner?"

"He knows it," laments Gregorio. "My son is no dummy. He knows what's good for him and what's bad. It's up to him to choose his future."

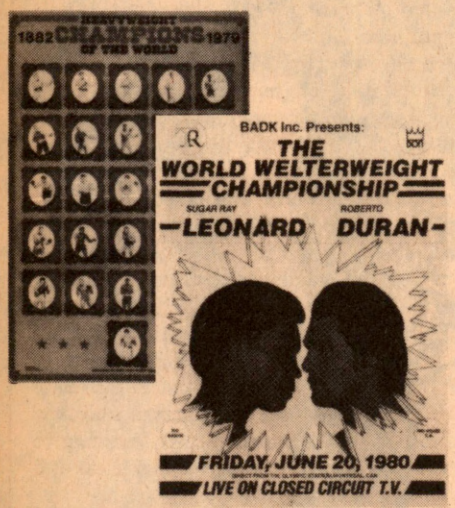
Meanwhile, the ungovernable triple champion should be expected to conduct business as usual. He'll go to discotheques and he will miss weeks of training; he will argue with his father and will approach girls with not much to say; he will buy friends expensive gifts and will be generous with others as much as he is with himself; he will announce his name on his T-shirts and will say to people "Me champ."

And, I suspect, he'll keep on winning fights. The youth has a boxing mind like no other fighter I have ever met. His trivial conduct outside the ring is nothing but the reservation of all his energies for the next time he steps into a ring. It would be unfair for anyone to put down a prizefighter who puts 100 per cent of his physical and mental energy into the profession at which he's best.

Right: No Hope, No More. Wilfred KO'd Maurice in the 12th round and felt uplifted by the experience!

TWO NEW POSTERS FOR BOXING FANS ONLY

Now *Ring* offers its readers the Duran-Leonard fight poster and the Heavyweight champions posters—both available for the first time.



The Duran-Leonard poster is a colorful red-blue-and-black poster, measuring a full 22″ × 14″ on heavy cardboard and is yours for only $2.95.

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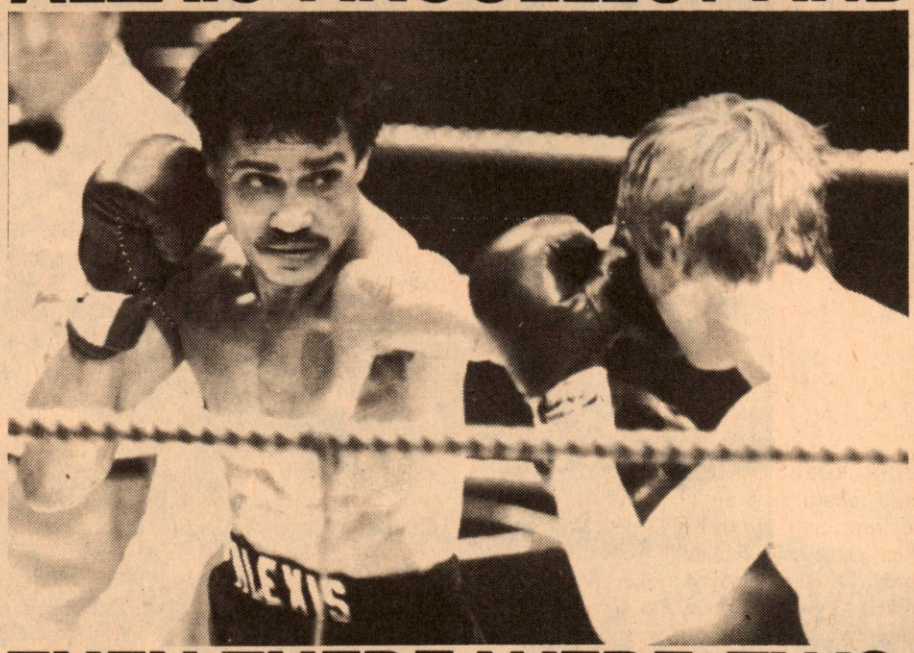


THEN THERE WERE TWO THREE-TIME CHAMPS

WITHIN LESS THAN A MONTH TWO "Triple Champs"—Wilfred Benitez and Alexis Arguello—have been crowned. That's phenomenal, considering the fact that Henry Armstrong, the last triple champ, won the last of his three championships more than forty years ago.

However, if history repeats itself—and it more oft than not does—than there could be others, especially if horse racing is to serve as a model. For, from Citation until Secretariat in 1973, there were no "Triple Crown" winners—the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness and the Belmont—in horse racing. Then they seemed to come like pearls on a string, with Seattle Slew (1977) and Affirmed (1978) and *almost* Pleasant Colony this year. Now, a "Triple Crown" winner in both racing and boxing is no longer an oddity. Maybe it just needed that first olive to come out of the jar after three decades. The rest follow easily.

Winning world titles in three different weight divisions used to be considered something for Ripley—like going through a career without a defeat. But that was before the widespread acceptance of the "junior" divisions, when the notation that Tony Canzoneri and Barney Ross were triple champs was dismissed with a wry smile, and only Bob Fitzsimmons and Henry Armstrong were deemed worthy of the title "triple champ."

Today, with two active wearers of "Triple-Crowns", one is forced to admit, once again, that boxing is, indeed, in a "boom" period. Not since the 1950s have the lighter weight division—especially the welters—made such a contribution to boxing. And its lore.

But, with today's strict rules, no one will duplicate Henry Armstrong's feat of holding three world crowns *at the same time.* Since World War II, the ruling is that no fighter can hold more than one world title at a time, although it is possible for someone, like Sugar Ray Leonard to find a crack in the rules, winning the WBC and WBA crowns—because neither recognizes the other entity.

Which brings us to the case of Alexis Arguello, who won the WBA featherweight title at the age of 22 in 1974, the WBC lightweight title at 25, and has now won the WBC lightweight crown with a unanimous decision over Jim Watt at 29. The wiry 5′10½″ banger now has a 15-1 log in title bouts—one of the best percentages in history.

With 15 weight divisions—and two champs in almost all of them—"Triple Champs" may soon become plentiful. But it's doubtful anyone will do what "Hammerin' Hank" Armstrong did. Can you imagine the world featherweight champion challenging—and beating—the welter champ? (Salvador Sanchez vs. Sugar Ray Leonard?!?) The mind boggles.

HERBERT G. GOLDMAN

PULLING NO PUNCHES

ROBERTO DURAN: "I'm coming back To show the world There is no way Leonard can beat me on his best night"

WHEN ROBERTO DURAN BEAT SUGAR Ray Leonard on June 20, 1980, it had been the crowning glory to his 13-year pro career. Then came the rematch. With two little words, Duran destroyed the legend he had worked 13 years to create. Duran's utteracnce shattered a career and broke millions of fan's hearts around the world. It also not incidentally, put a hole in the myth of machismo.

"NO MAS!" No more. Enough. I quit. In front of 25,000 fans in New Orleans' Superdome and millions more watching on closed-circuit television around the world, the man regarded by many to be the greatest lightweight champion of all time, and by an equal number to be one of the greatest fighters in history, told a disbelieving referee Octavio Meyran that he wanted "No Mas" against Sugar Ray Leonard, and walked away from the fight and his title—into a world of controversy.

It is 22 blocks from Manhattan's New Garden Gym to Victor's Restaurant. There was little traffic when Duran left, along with aide, confidante, pal and interpreter Luis Henriquez, trainer Ray Arcel and *The Ring's* Associate Editor, Randy Gordon. The ride down Eighth Avenue took only a few minutes in Henriquez' sparkling 1974 Rolls Royce.

"Duran wants to do this interview," said Henriquez, 43, a Panamanian-born, American-educated businessman ("I have a degree as a chemist,") who owns a condominium in New York, a Long Island home, a Mercedes and a Cadillac to go along with the Rolls.

"Roberto hasn't said much since the fight. He's tired of answering the same questions over and over. That's why he wants to do this interview. He wants the whole boxing world to know his story, to know *exactly* what happened that night in New Orleans."

As the Rolls Royce stopped at a light, two young businessmen were crossing the street when they recognized the passenger seated in the front as Roberto Duran. They approached the car and Duran slapped them "five." They walked away with wide smiles across their faces.

"That's how it is in Panama again," claimed Henriquez. "When Duran first went into the gym down there after the fight, everybody was cruel to him. They laughed. They called him names. They talked behind his back. But when he announced he was coming back, the gym was packed every day he worked out."

That first day, Duran's weight couldn't have been less than 180 pounds. The once finely chiselled stomach now bulged. The well-conditioned chest could best be described as barrel. His arms and legs, though powerful-looking, were heavy. In early June, when he first came to New York to train, the weight remained around 180. But today, he was beginning to look more like "Manos de Piedra," the man who holds the lightweight record of 10 consecutive knockouts in championship bouts. The stomach was shrinking, the pounds were melting, and body tone was returning. He looked no more than 165 pounds.

"Another 10 pounds and he'll be ready to fight," said Henriquez, who also acts as agent to other top athletes and show-biz personalities.

As the Rolls Royce pulled up in front of Victor's Restaurant, Ray Arcel said to Duran, still sweating from his hour-long workout, "Dry off Roberto—you're going into an air conditioned place. Cold. 'Frio.'

"I no get sick," he said to Arcel in broken English. "I must stay healthy so I can fight Leonard. Oh, Leonard, you in trouble next time."

R: After the first fight in Montreal, you said that you did more than beat Leonard. You said that by beating him you also beat American publicity. Did you train as hard for the rematch as you did for the first fight?

D: No I didn't. There were two reasons. First of all, I was too heavy going into the start of training. Second, the fight was only about five weeks away. I knew I'd have trouble getting in top shape and cutting the weight so fast. My mental attitude was not as it should have been.

R: There are many versions of what happened to you in the weeks before the fight. One of those versions has you becoming a swell-headed superstar, too big to listen to anybody. Did you take the advice of too many people, too many of your followers who flew in from Panama? As opposed to listening to Freddie Brown, Ray Arcel, Carlos Eleta and Luis Henriquez.

D: Yes, I did. I listened to too many people. It taught me a lesson.

R: What happened to you the day of the fight? How did you feel physically?

D: The day of the fight I did not feel physically fit. In the ring I had pains—terrible

pains—in my stomach. I did what I did because I could not continue fighting. All I did was relate to my physical condition. People don't seem to want to believe that. But it's what really happened. I cannot change the truth. All I can do now is train hard, come back and get a return match with Leonard. I want to prove to the world that I can beat Leonard once, and that I can beat him again, I gave him a return match, now I think he should give *me* one.

R: Another version of what happened to you was that before the fight, on Sunday, November 23rd, you took some diuretics to help your lose weight. Accounts say you took a few pills, even several. What is the story about the pills?

D: I've heard those stories a lot. I've heard I took one pill, lots of pills, even a handful of them. The truth is, I did not take even one pill.

R: Another story said you were using cocaine.

D: I don't use drugs, I don't drink, I don't smoke, I don't do any of that because I know it's harmful to your body.

At this point Ray Arcel interjects.

"He was pleading for a two week postponement of the fight. The people at the Superdome would not grant Don (King) a postponement. He had been complaining right from the first week that he needed more time. We couldn't get it."

D: A lot of people had been waiting to speak negative about me. I was winning, so how many bad things could they say? When I lost, they were ready to jump on me. I was ill, I was sick. I couldn't do anything else. I would never give up against anybody. But against Leonard, I just couldn't move due to the pain. It hurt even worse when I relaxed my body, when I was stalking him as he ran all over the place. But Leonard did not make me quit, the pain did. I am not afraid of him. I am not afraid of anybody. But you, and everybody else, must realize how ill I was that night. I had one thing on my mind, and that was my terrible stomach cramps.

R: It has been said that on the day of the fight, you ate a meal at noon another meal at three and another one around five.

Again Arcel cuts in.

"Immediately after the weigh-in I gave him a cup of beef broth. We went to lunch. He ate his steak and half of Carlos' steak."

Henriquez added, "In my life I've never seen steaks so big. They were supposed to be 16-ounces steaks, but they looked much bigger. He did do something I didn't like at that meal, and that was drink too much liquid—far too much. Then, in the evening, around five, he ate a small piece of meat."

R: What did you do between meals?

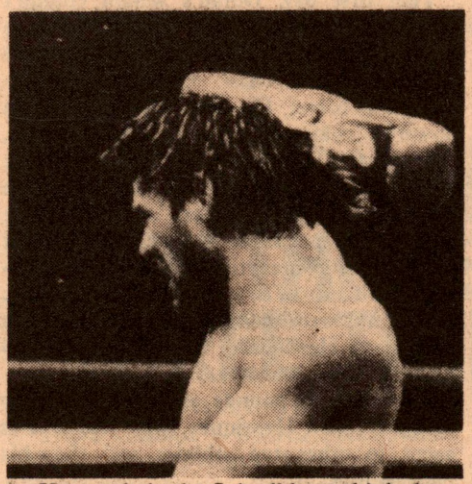
D: I went for a walk, then went back to my room to rest.

R: It had been said you drank lots of cold liquid, perhaps fruit juice, once you got back to your room.

D: How the hell can people know what I did in my room if I was alone? A lot of these questions you ask me are inventions, things people made up just so they can knock me. Since the day of the fight, the American public must have come up with a thousand reasons why I lost. I just don't understand the mentality of the American people.

R: Let's set the record straight right now. When did you get sick, or start to feel sick?

D: All this happened after I ate the first meal, not before. I'll give you a good example (He points to the interviewer's steaming tea and the glass of ice water next to it.). Drink that tea as fast as you can, then drink the ice water the same way. See if you don't have a reaction. I did something like that, only with a lot more than hot tea and ice water.



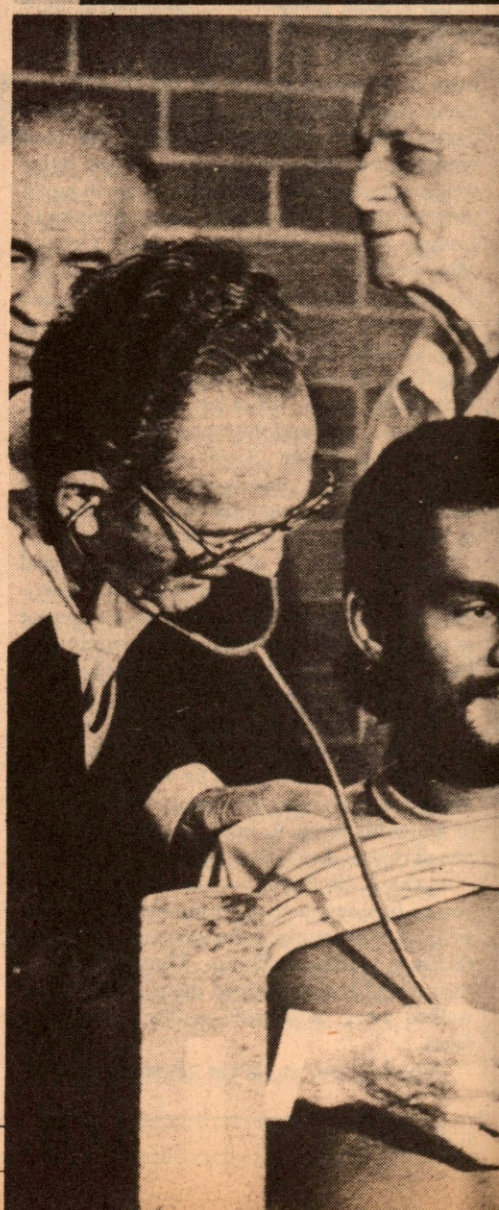
R: How early in the fight did you think about quitting?

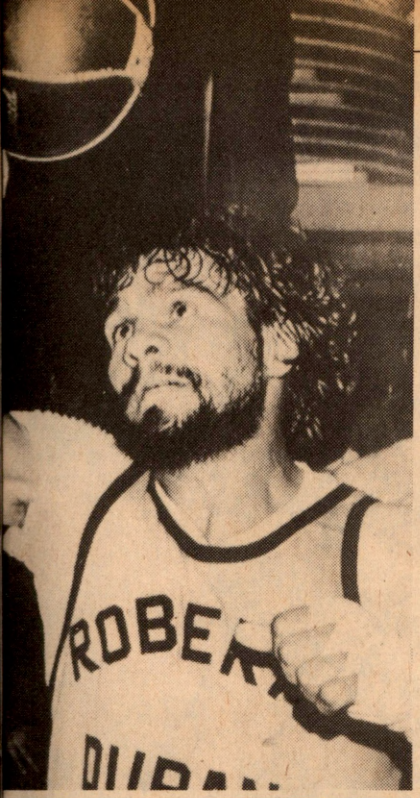
D: I thought about it for the first time in the fifth round. Mr. Brown and Mr. Arcel do not speak Spanish. I kept complaining to Ernesto Quinones (Duran's trainer and cornerman) that I wasn't feeling well. The message never got across. The pain got increasingly worse and worse until the eight round, when I just couldn't stand it any more.

Arcel then made the point, "When I usually help him off the stool and push him out for the start of every round, his legs usually have spring. That night he just didn't have the snap. Right from the beginning he didn't have it."

R: When Leonard wound up with his right in the seventh round and hit you with his left, did that infuriate you or cause your mental pain to increase?

D: That didn't bother me. I am supposed to get hit. I know a lot about feelings. I've been in the ring long enough to know that I'm supposed to get hit. Why should I get mad? What bothered me more and more is that I couldn't do anything about it. I knew that the day before the fight Leonard had to lose weight. I knew he was scared and I knew he was weak. But I couldn't do anything about it. If I had been able to train the way I trained in Montreal, I would not only have beaten him, but knocked him out. All this makes me more de-





termined than ever. Why do you think I'm back in the ring?

R: Leonard said he won't fight you again, because it will look to most people like you did what you did just to create a big-money third match. Leonard says you must prove yourself to them by coming back and looking like the man who handed him his only defeat. Do you understand his reasoning?

D: Yes, I do. That's the reason I'm coming back—to show the world there is no way Leonard can beat me. On his best night he couldn't beat me.

R: Did you, as we have heard, go out and party after the fight. There are many sources who said they saw you at a party.

D: I had nothing to party about. I didn't feel well. I had been in my room with a lot of friends from home, but I was not partying. I still didn't feel well. In fact, I even went to hospital for a checkup late that night. I was getting really worried about my stomach pains.

Henriquez explained further:

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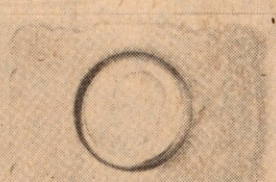

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pains—in my stomach. I did what I did because I could not continue fighting. All I did was relate to my physical condition. People don't seem to want to believe that. But it's what really happened. I cannot change the truth. All I can do now is train hard, come back and get a return match with Leonard. I want to prove to the world that I can beat Leonard once, and that I can beat him again, I gave him a return match, now I think he should give *me* one.

R: Another version of what happened to you was that before the fight, on Sunday, November 23rd, you took some diuretics to help your lose weight. Accounts say you took a few pills, even several. What is the story about the pills?

D: I've heard those stories a lot. I've heard I took one pill, lots of pills, even a handful of them. The truth is, I did not take even one pill.

R: Another story said you were using cocaine.

D: I don't use drugs, I don't drink, I don't smoke, I don't do any of that because I know it's harmful to your body.

At this point Ray Arcel interjects.

"He was pleading for a two week postponement of the fight. The people at the Superdome would not grant Don (King) a postponement. He had been complaining right from the first week that he needed more time. We couldn't get it."

D: A lot of people had been waiting to speak negative about me. I was winning, so how many bad things could they say? When I lost, they were ready to jump on me. I was ill, I was sick. I couldn't do anything else. I would never give up against anybody. But against Leonard, I just couldn't move due to the pain. It hurt even worse when I relaxed my body, when I was stalking him as he ran all over the place. But Leonard did not make me quit, the pain did. I am not afraid of him. I am not afraid of anybody. But you, and everybody else, must realize how ill I was that night. I had one thing on my mind, and that was my terrible stomach cramps.

R: It has been said that on the day of the fight, you ate a meal at noon another meal at three and another one around five.

Again Arcel cuts in.

"Immediately after the weigh-in I gave him a cup of beef broth. We went to lunch. He ate his steak and half of Carlos' steak."

Henriquez added, "In my life I've never seen steaks so big. They were supposed to be 16-ounces steaks, but they looked much bigger. He did do something I didn't like at that meal, and that was drink too much liquid—far too much. Then, in the evening, around five, he ate a small piece of meat."

R: What did you do between meals?

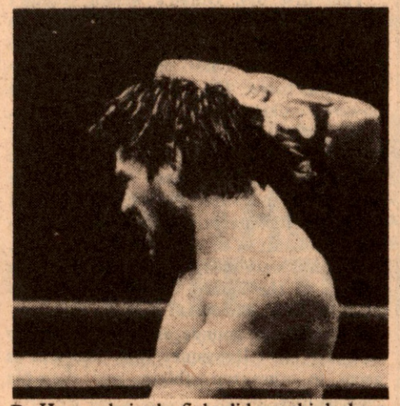
D: I went for a walk, then went back to my room to rest.

R: It had been said you drank lots of cold liquid, perhaps fruit juice, once you got back to your room.

D: How the hell can people know what I did in my room if I was alone? A lot of these questions you ask me are inventions, things people made up just so they can knock me. Since the day of the fight, the American public must have come up with a thousand reasons why I lost. I just don't understand the mentality of the American people.

R: Let's set the record straight right now. When did you get sick, or start to feel sick?

D: All this happened after I ate the first meal, not before. I'll give you a good example (He points to the interviewer's steaming tea and the glass of ice water next to it.). Drink that tea as fast as you can, then drink the ice water the same way. See if you don't have a reaction. I did something like that, only with a lot more than hot tea and ice water.



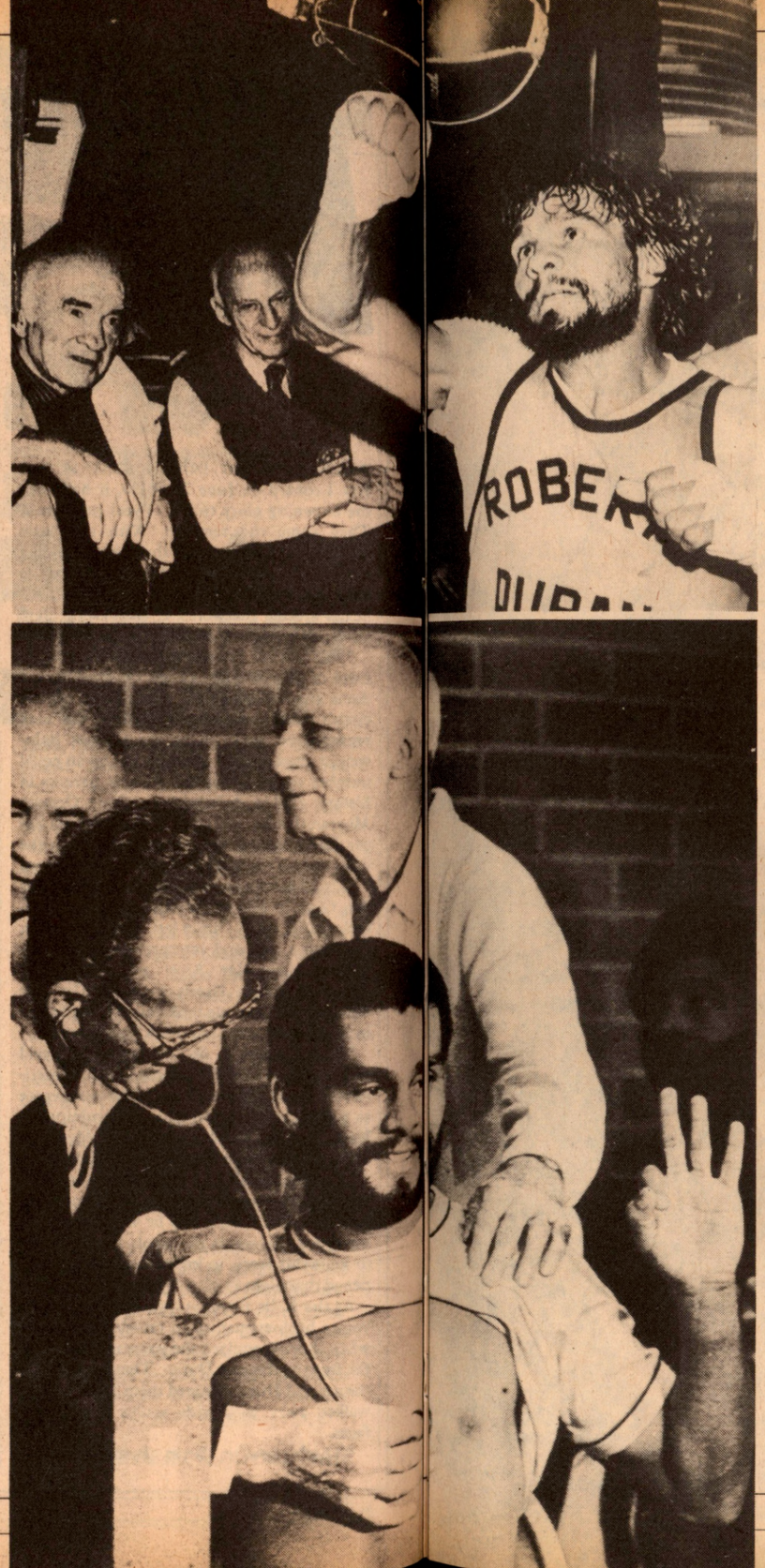
R: How early in the fight did you think about quitting?

D: I thought about it for the first time in the fifth round. Mr. Brown and Mr. Arcel do not speak Spanish. I kept complaining to Ernesto Quinones (Duran's trainer and cornerman) that I wasn't feeling well. The message never got across. The pain got increasingly worse and worse until the eight round, when I just couldn't stand it any more.

Arcel then made the point, "When I usually help him off the stool and push him out for the start of every round, his legs usually have spring. That night he just didn't have the snap. Right from the beginning he didn't have it."

R: When Leonard wound up with his right in the seventh round and hit you with his left, did that infuriate you or cause your mental pain to increase?

D: That didn't bother me. I am supposed to get hit. I know a lot about feelings. I've been in the ring long enough to know that I'm supposed to get hit. Why should I get mad? What bothered me more and more is that I couldn't do anything about it. I knew that the day before the fight Leonard had to lose weight. I knew he was scared and I knew he was weak. But I couldn't do anything about it. If I had been able to train the way I trained in Montreal, I would not only have beaten him, but knocked him out. All this makes me more determined than ever. Why do you think I'm back in the ring?



R: Leonard said he won't fight you again, because it will look to most people like you did what you did just to create a big-money third match. Leonard says you must prove yourself to them by coming back and looking like the man who handed him his only defeat. Do you understand his reasoning?

D: Yes, I do. That's the reason I'm coming back—to show the world there is no way Leonard can beat me. On his best night he couldn't beat me.

R: Did you, as we have heard, go out and party after the fight. There are many sources who said they saw you at a party.

D: I had nothing to party about. I didn't feel well. I had been in my room with a lot of friends from home, but I was not partying. I still didn't feel well. In fact, I even went to hospital for a checkup late that night. I was getting really worried about my stomach pains.

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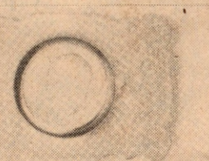

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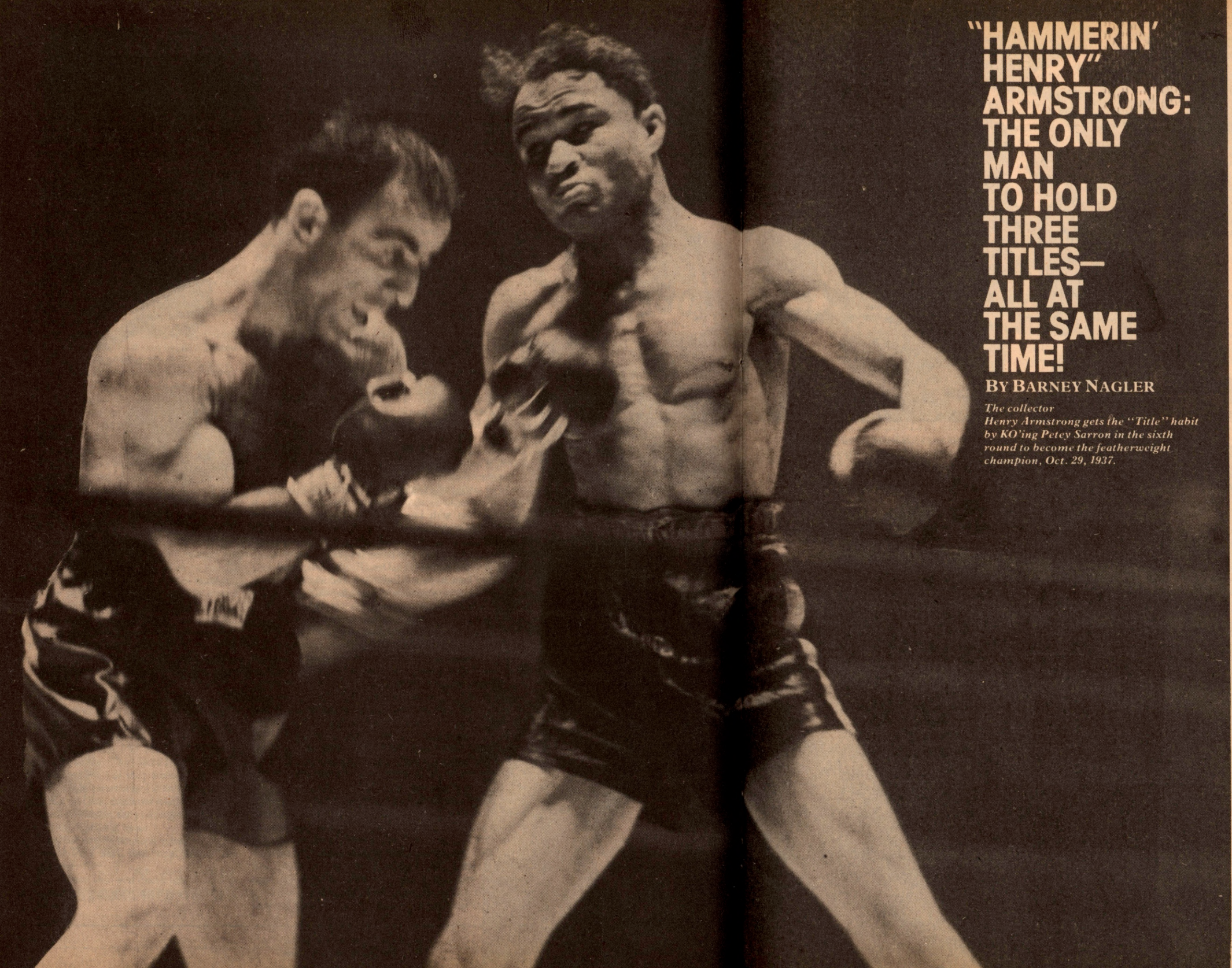


"HAMMERIN' HENRY" ARMSTRONG: THE ONLY MAN TO HOLD THREE TITLES— ALL AT THE SAME TIME!

BY BARNEY NAGLER

The collector
Henry Armstrong gets the "Title" habit by KO'ing Petey Sarron in the sixth round to become the featherweight champion, Oct. 29, 1937.

WHEN MUSHKY JACKSON, THE EMINENT semanticist, first said that Henry Armstrong held the world lightweight, welterweight and middleweight championships "simultanously and also at the same time," he granted, in his devotion to redundancy, everlasting immortality to a unique fighter.

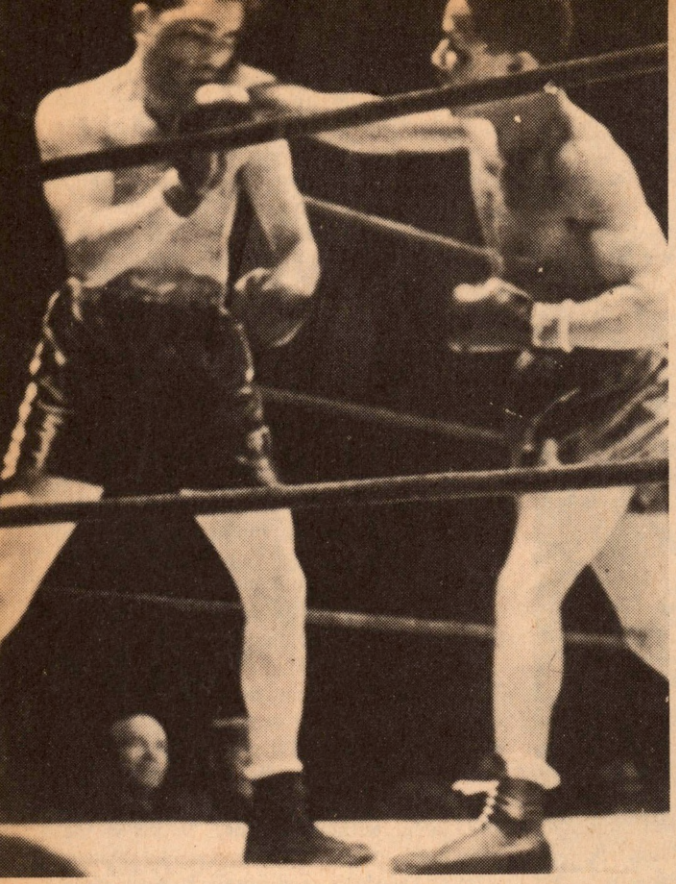
Others have held three titles, but Armstrong was the only to hold three world championships at once. In his glory he expressed himself in the violent poetry of strength, stamina and speed.

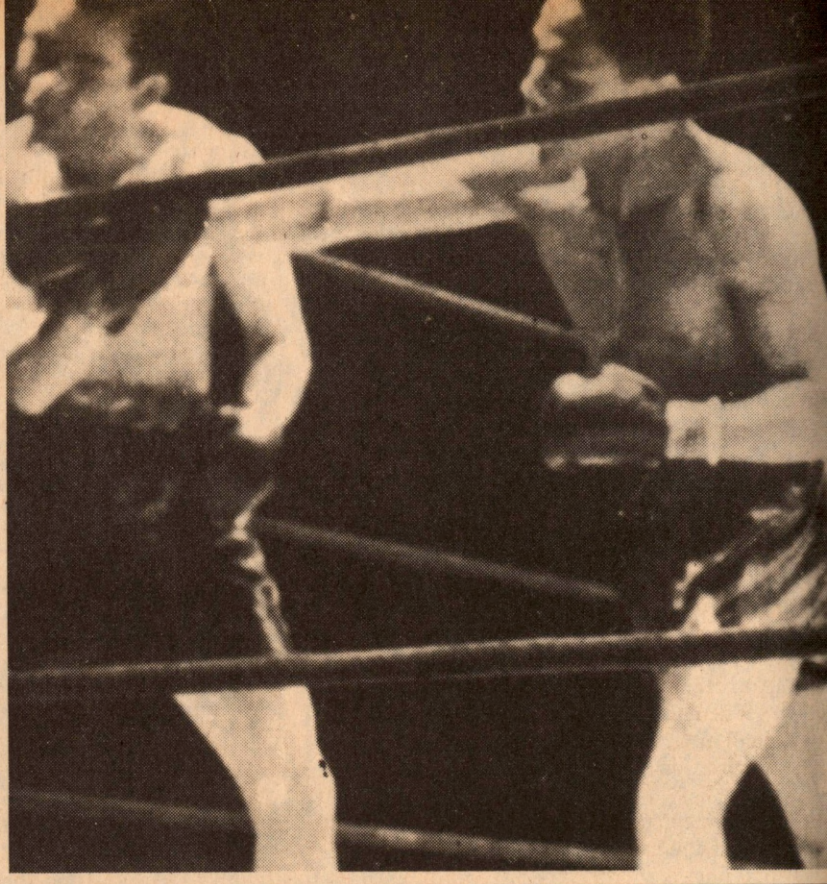
He was called "Homicide Hank" and "Hammerin' Henry" and "Hammerin' Hank" and "Little Perpetual Motion." And he earned more than half a million dollars with his gloved fists in the late 30's and 40's. About him a man once wrote, "After early days of poverty, he lived in luxury, and heard the cheers and felt the sunshine day unto day."

Hollywood stars clamored to shake his hand. Al Jolson put up $5,000 to enable an obese man named Eddie Mead, from New York's Hell's Kitchen, to purchase his contract as a fighter. He drove fast cars and ran with fast women, and the money that came to him went even faster. He did not know how much money his manager made off with, but said later, without rancor, "I loved that man."

In 1943, alone in a hotel room in Philadelphia, he sat down and wrote a poem about his past and his prayers. Long past his peak as a fighter, he was in the 13th year of a 15-year career that encompassed 175 professional bouts and 1,000 adventures. He had lived as he had fought, squandering his energy with reckless exuberance, and in a transport of confession he wrote in free verse:

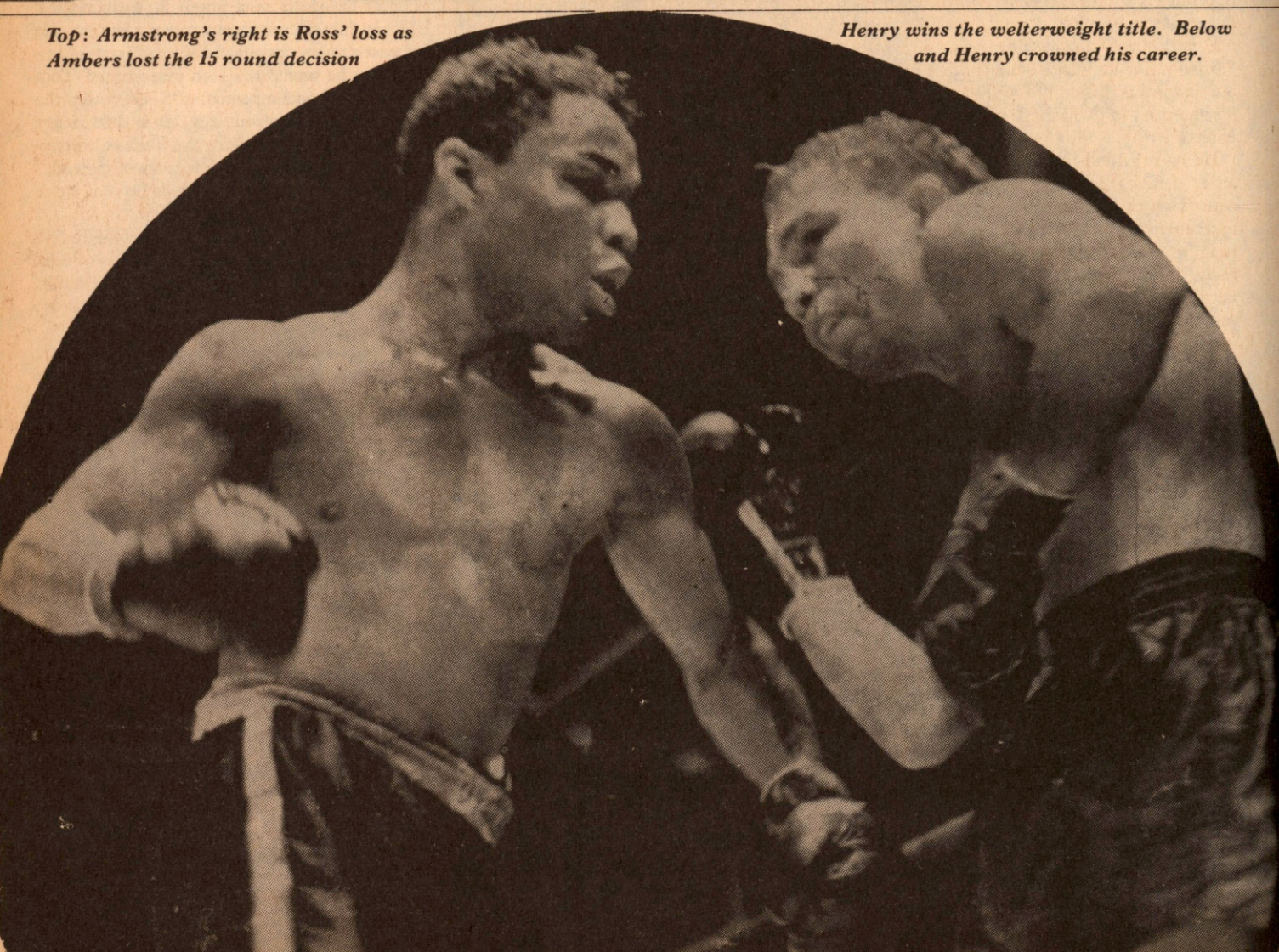
Unscrupulous at times
But I've been an honest child
Did the things I thought were right
But wrong—
Without intentions.
But did them.
And yet by a miracle
I succeeded,
And was not to blame—
I guess—
Because I meant to do good,
Chastened by the tortures of sin,
But escaped.
Believed in my own convictions—
And was not criticized,
Lived in the realm of thieves and liars,
And was not accused—
The fate of God won't let His child go wrong
Because I want to do good.
Thrown into a turbulent sea
Of sharks and whales,
But yet unharmed,
Put into a fiery furnace
And yet unburned.
The faith in God won't let His child go wrong
Somehow:
Because I meant to do good.





Top: Armstrong's right is Ross' loss as Ambers lost the 15 round decision

Henry wins the welterweight title. Below and Henry crowned his career.



One night, some years later, he woke up in the "drunk tank" of the University Police Station in Los Angeles. Gutter-dirty, his courage gone, he sprawled on a cement floor in a welter of drunkards. He was overcome by disgust and he wept.

Through his tears he saw himself a wonderful fighter, a buzzsaw with an incongruously muscular torso mounted on thin almost weightless legs. He had accounted for 144 victories, 97 by knockouts, and from 1937 through 1939 he had won 46 bouts in a row, 27 by knockout. When he had taken the welterweight title from Barney Ross in 1938, he weighed 133 pounds, 13 fewer than his victim. Now the giant-killer was a bum.

The night before he had wrapped his yellow convertible around a lampost on Main Street in Los Angeles. He reeked of whiskey and asked the two policemen who came upon the scene of the accident to fight. The policeman, in turn, invited him into their patrol car.

"I don't have to go. I'm Henry Armstrong," he said.

When the policemen insisted, he said, "I don't have to go. You put me in there, I'll put a curse on you. You'll be dead in three hours."

He spent that night in the "drunk tank," and in the morning was freed after paying a $10 fine. A sports reporter saw him in court, but Armstrong averted his gaze and walked out with head down. The reporter wrote, "Obiviously, he was ashamed when he went out and it was difficult to recall him as a fighter who used to thrill them just by the way he entered a ring."

He had thrilled them, bounding down the aisle, dancing and snorting, with his body squirming inside his robe, working his arms and moving in a seeming glide. When the bell rang he would lean forward, punching to the body, his skinny legs spread wide and his neck taut, forcing his rival before him, fighting with a calculated fury, racing the clock, unmindful of pain, a champion.

In the days after his night in the "drunk tank" Armstrong couldn't sleep and didn't eat. He blamed himself for his failure. One night he dreamed he was preaching a sermon at the Los Angeles Coliseum, with 100,000 persons there. He woke up waving an arm—on the floor.

On his bedside table was a book, *How to Read the Bible.* He began reading the book. Its inspiration was too much. He needed a drink and, dressing, rushed to a saloon on Central Avenue, where he gulped down three glasses of whiskey. Drunk again, he fought off friends who tried to help him home.

He jumped into a car and raced away, heading down the road to Malibu at 75 miles an hour. Then, suddenly, his head cleared. He stopped the car and felt a slap on his shoulder, then a slap on the face. He looked around. Nobody was there.

Years later, Armstrong told a boxing reporter, "I don't know who slapped me, but it was a friend. I liked to think it was the hand of God. I went back home and then, on the table in my bedroom, was another book, the Bible. My wife, from whom I'm divorced now, put it there. I read it and I was saved."

He began studying at the Morning Star Baptist Church and qualified for a test given by ministers from other Baptist churches. He passed and was ordained a minister. He ran a settlement house and worked among juvenile delinquents. After his divorce, he went home to St. Louis and married his high school sweetheart. He was back in the town where his boxing career had begun so many years before.

The father was part Indian, part Irish, part black, and all together a decent man who labored in a scraggly field day after day, striving to extract from the stubborn earth enough cotton to keep the family together in their log house.

His initial start was in a sharecropper's patch in Lowndes County, Mississippi, not far from the town of Columbus, on December 12, 1912—the 12th day of the 12th month of the 12th year of the 20th Century. A baby so small they called him "Rat" was born that day to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jackson, who already had ten children.

The father was part Indian, part Irish, part black, and all together a decent man who labored in a scraggly field day after day, striving to extract from the stubborn earth enough cotton to keep the family together in their log house.

The mother was all Indian, an Iroquois of deep religious presuasion. The youngest child of the Jacksons was three years old before he realized he was black. "Nobody told him," he insisted. "I just knew it."

A year after he made his discovery Henry was taken to St. Louis by his father and mother. Henry Jackson's hair had come in red and he was known as "Red" Jackson. He was small, but a fierce brawler in the streets. His fraternal grandmother, Henrietta Chatman, took over the task of disciplining him after his mother's death. He was hard to handle, but soon conformed to his grandmother's demands.

He went to Vashon High School, eight miles from his home. He would trot all the way. He worked as a pinboy in a bowling alley and with some of his wages bought a pair of boxing gloves, which he pulled on with any boy willing to risk a punch on the beak. He knew he wanted to become a fighter, yet he wrote poetry and read anything he could lay his hands on.

In 1929, when he graduated from high school, he could beat most kids his size, yet gained fame not with his fists but with his poetry. He was the class poet laurerate and delivered the valedictory poem at commencement exercises.

Wall Street had laid an egg and the nation was about to fall into a deep Depression. Instead of going to college, Henry enrolled as a section hand on the Missouri Pacific Railroad. Each morning, the section gang would board a handcar for the ten-mile trip from St. Louis to Carondolet, Missouri. In order to improve his wind for boxing, Henry would run the ten miles behind the handcar.

Things were going bad in America. The railroad fired Henry. He got other work as a dishwasher, later as an apprentice blocker in a hat factory. He worked out each day in the Negro YMCA on Pine Street in St. Louis.

One day, in the gym, he boxed with a pro named Harry Armstrong, who taunted him, "Kid, you can fight, but you can't punch. Hit me." Henry threw a punch. He missed. "Look, boy," Harry said to Henry, "when I jab with this left, you step to your right and cross my left with your right." They tried it. Henry slipped the jab and crossed his right on Harry's jaw. Harry Armstrong, who weighed 170 pounds—45 more than Henry—went down. He looked up and said, "Henry, you can't box, but you sure can punch."

Harry said he would manage Henry. "We'll call you Melody Jackson," Harry said. In his first bout as an amateur, Henry won the featherweight championship of St. Louis. He had several other amateur bouts and then accompanied Harry Armstrong to Pittsburgh, where, under the name of Melody Jackson, he had two fights as a pro. His combined purse amounted to $110. He lost one and won one.

The next thing Henry knew, he had hopped a freight train with Harry Armstrong. It was headed for California. In Los Angeles, Henry couldn't get work in pro boxing. He turned amateur again. With Harry Armstrong, he went to see a man named Tom Cox, who managed amateur fighters. On the way Harry Armstrong suggested that Henry changed his name to hide the truth of his two-fight pro career. "Melody Jackson is dead," Harry told Henry. "From now on we're brothers. You're Henry Armstrong."

Within one year, Henry Armstrong had 85 amateur bouts. He lost none and won 66 by knockouts. He got $3 a bout. Cox took a dollar, so Henry was forced to implement his income by shining shoes.

In 1932, having failed to make the Olympic team because he had to fight at 118 pounds instead of 124, he turned pro again under One-Shot Wirt Ross. He lost his second "first" pro bout, but won 17 of 20 bouts that year.

Fighters do not fight 20 bouts a year normally, but Henry set a pattern right there. In 1937, for example, the year he won the featherweight championship—the first of his three titles—he had 27 bouts. He was so busy, he did not know what was going on, mostly with his money. By then he was managed by Mead, who, in Armstrong's words, "moved pretty good, betting on horses and playing with the girls. It cost me money."

Armstrong had his first main event at Pismo Beach in California and created such a stir the newspapers gave him rave notices. He was on his way. He got all the work he needed and finally was signed to fight Baby Arizmendi in Mexico City in '33.

"How'm I supposed to fight Arizmendi?" he asked Ross.

"To go the distance," the manager said.

"I try to knock everybody out."

"This time," Ross said, "we go the distance. The way I got the fight for you was to promise you wouldn't try for a knockout."

Armstrong tried for a knockout, but found that Arizmendi could take a punch. Both did not stop firing for an instant during the fight. When it was over, Henry believed he had won it, but the referee raised Arizmendi's hand. Armstrong almost cried. Thereafter, he was to fight Arizmendi five times. He won three decisions over the Mexican.

Back in California, Armstrong ran up a string of victories. The next year he had seven bouts, losing only to Arizmendi again. Armstrong's style was now winning the attention of fans and promoters. New York—Madison Square Garden—lay before him. "Can't go there," Ross said. He was in trouble with the Mob. "But I can sell you to Eddie Mead," the manager went on. "He's important in New York and can get you fights there. He's offered $5,000 for you."

"Take it," Armstrong said.

Mead got the money from Jolson, who was a sportsman between songs. "I'm gonna give out a story we're paying $10,000 for Armstrong," Mead said. When Mead went to Ross with a check for $5,000, One-Shot Ross said, "Didn't you read the papers? They say I'm getting $10,000." He demanded the price.

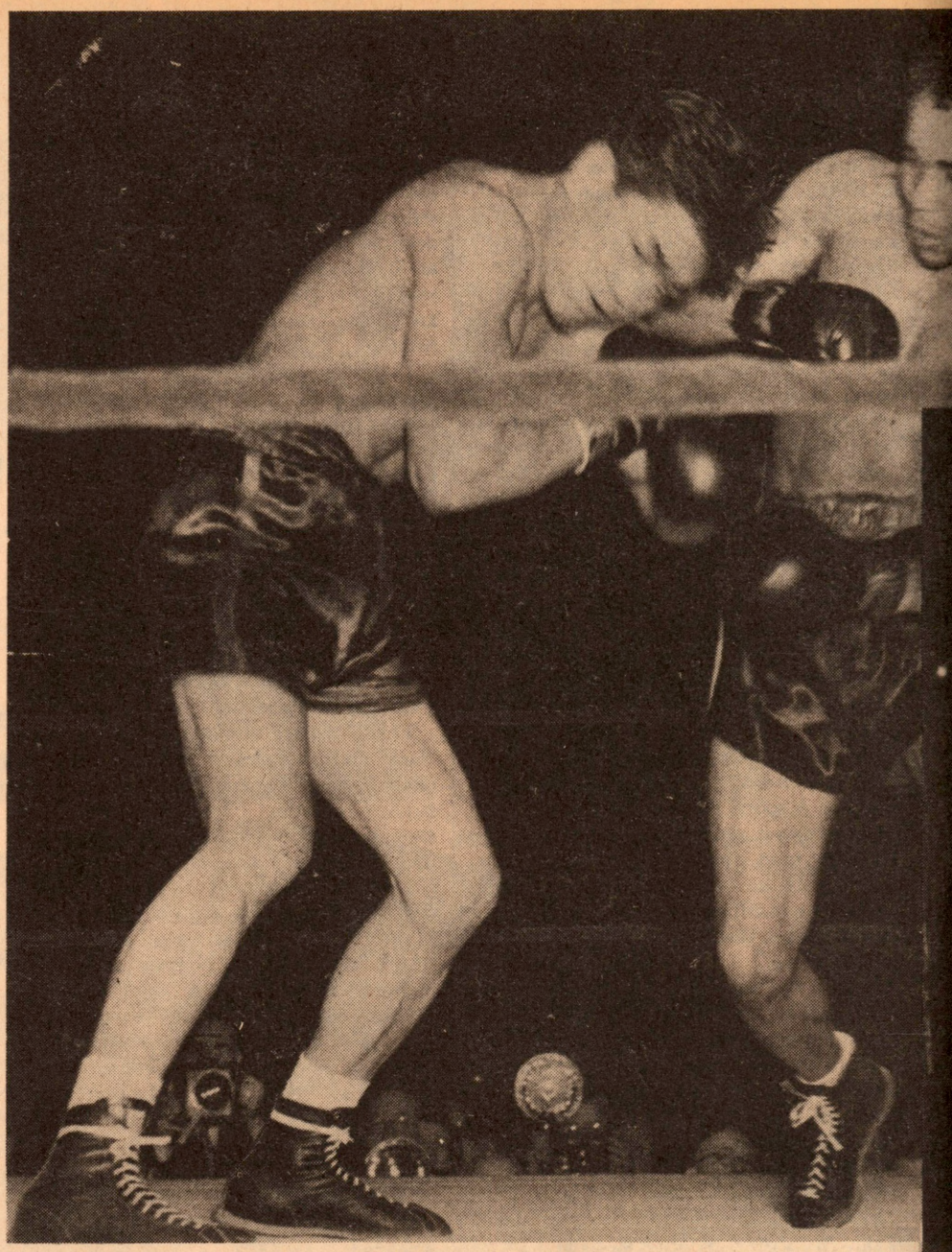
Mead hurried to George Raft, whom he knew from their days together in New York. Raft advanced $5,000 more. Now Mead went to Ross and said, "I can only raise $7,500. Take it or leave it."

Ross took it. Mead was $2,500 ahead of the game. For a time Jolson regarded himself as a member of Armstrong's managerial team. Raft never made public his role in the purchase of the prizefighter.

Five fights later, Armstrong was signed to fight Mike Belloise in Madison Square Garden. It was his big chance. Belloise, who was recognized as the featherweight champion in New York, couldn't answer the bell for the fifth round. Mead began booking Armstrong as if he were a machine. Henry boxed on March 19, on April 6, on May 4, on May 28, on June 9, on June 15, on July 8, on July 19, on July 27, on August 13, on August 16, on August 31, on September 9, on September 16, on September 21, and on October 18. Mead lived high and needed the wherewithal. Henry lived in a sort of captive splendor.

In that time blacks could not move around as now. Armstrong stayed in Harlem, where he found friends and gaiety. At times he sat at a typewriter and composed poetry. Mead didn't understand and said, "That ain't as much fun as betting on horses."

Joe Louis was in his prime and he and Henry were under exclusive contract to promoter Mike Jacobs. When Jacobs forced his way in as the Madison Square Garden promoter, Armstrong got a title fight with Petey Sarron, the world featherweight champion. It



was Jacobs' first promotion in the Garden and 11,847 customers paid $37,408 to see the bout.

It was Armstrong's 22nd fight of the year. Ten days earlier, in Philadelphia, Armstrong had weighted 131½ pounds for a bout with Joe Marcienti. He had to scale 126 for Sarron. To the surprise of fight writers he came in at 124½. Sarron was 126.

The champion bounced around for the first two rounds, but Armstrong managed to stay within reasonable punching range. Then, in the third round, Armstrong moved inside and cut Sarron down with body punches. The speed went out of the champion's legs. A left to the jaw and a right to the temple floored Sarron at the bell.

The next two rounds were torture for Sarron. He ran, but Henry hit him often. In the sixth, Henry ended a flurry with a left to the jaw, which ended Sarron. At 24, Armstrong was the world Featherweight champion.

Instead of moving up to the lightweight title next, Armstrong accepted Jacobs' proposal of a bout with Barney Ross for the Welterweight title. The match was closed for Madison Square Garden Bowl in New York on May 26, 1938.

Ross was a sentimental favorite. He had given up the lightweight title, which he won from Jimmy McLarnin. He was a Broadway playboy of considerable charm. He bet big money on football and baseball. But he was also a skilled boxer, and an 8-5 betting choice.

Because of rain, the fight was postponed to May 31, a night made memorable by bitterly unseasonable cold. Ross was 28 and the speed was gone from his legs. The cold did not help. Armstrong, at 25, was at his physical and competitive peak. He punished Ross severely, closing his victim's right eye. Ross's lips were

swollen and his legs were unwilling servants of his courage. But he wouldn't quit.

In their corner, Mead asked Armstrong to let up on Ross. "He's hurt bad and he won't quit," the manager said. "Take it easy with him."

When he went out for the 10th round, Armstrong whispered to Ross, "How you feelin' champ?" Ross said he was all right. Armstrong said, "Now, you just keep your right hand pinned and keep shooting the left. I'll take you along."

He did, and when the fight was over, Henry Armstrong was now the world featherweight and lightweight champion. He wanted the lightweight title, too, and on August 17, 1938, he got into the ring with Lew Ambers, the 135-pound titleholder. The fight, in Madison Square Garden, was a bloody affray.

For the first five rounds, Armstrong hurt Ambers, who could not avoid his onslaught at close-quarters. In the last seconds of the fifth, Armstrong landed a right to the jaw. Ambers went down and the count reached one when the bell sounded. In the next round, Armstrong switched to the body and landed a vicious right which put Ambers on his back. He took an eight count, and came bounding back into the action.

Throwing uppercuts inside, Ambers began cutting up Armstrong. The challenger was bleeding from a deep cut inside his mouth. His eyes were cut and his face was flecked with blood. At the end of the tenth round, Billy Cavanagh, the referee, came to Armstrong's corner. The colloquy has gone down in ring history:

Cavanagh: I'm going to stop it, Henry.

Armstrong: Don't stop it, Mr. Cavanagh. I'm winning on points. I've had him down twice.

Cavanaugh: The ring is full of blood. It's your blood.

Armstrong: Then I'll stop bleeding. I want this title.

Cavanaugh: One more drop of blood on the canvas I'll stop it.

When the referee left the corner, Armstrong told Mead, "Don't put my mouthpiece in. I got to swallow this blood. If it show's he'll stop it."

And so it went on, and when it was over, Cavanagh, who had taken the seventh, 11th and 12th rounds from Henry because of low punches, voted seven rounds for Armstrong, six for Ambers, and two even. George LeCron, a judge, also voted for Armstrong, eight rounds to six, with one even. Marty Monroe, the other judge, called it eight to seven for Ambers.

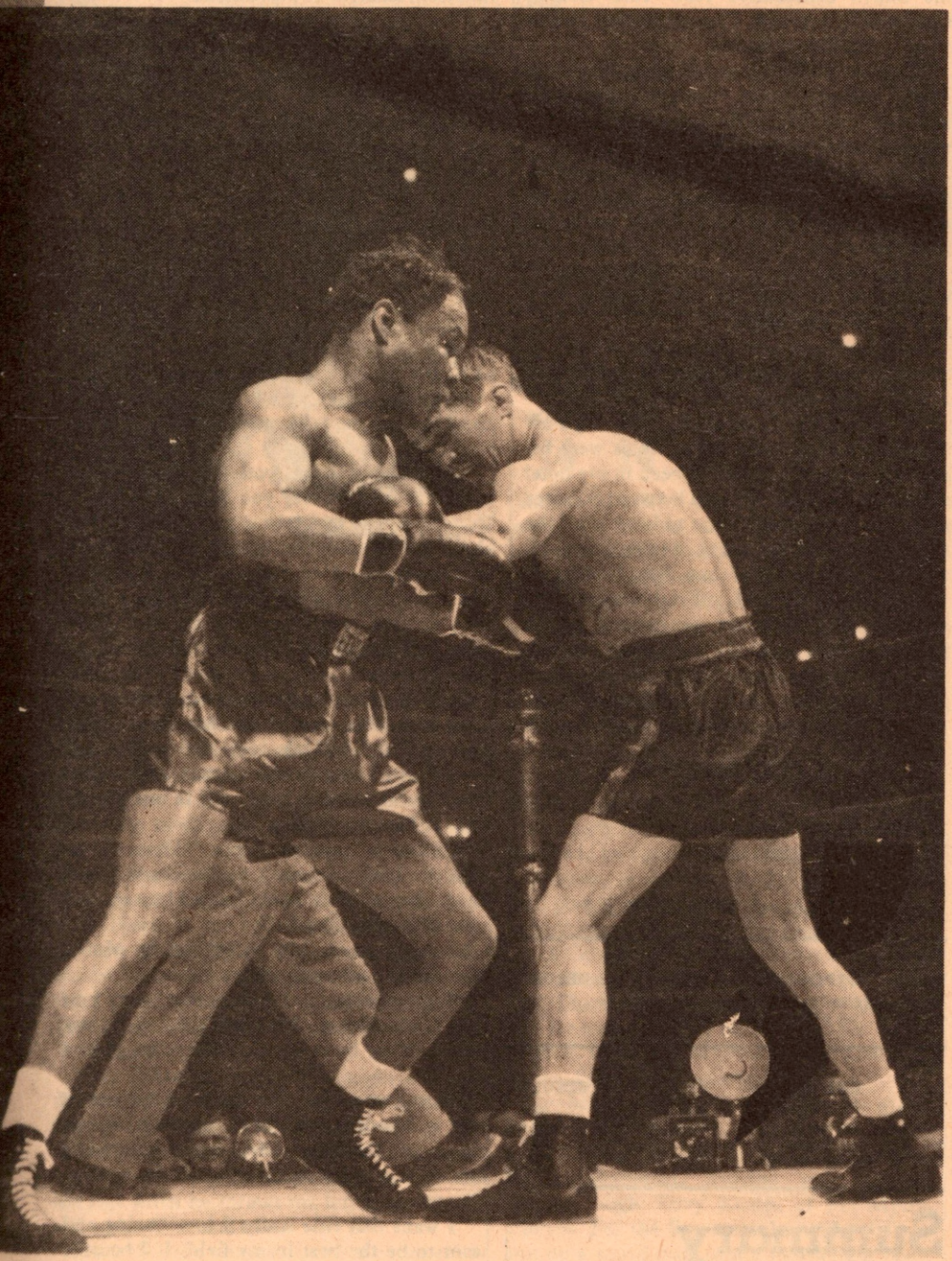
Ambers' purse came to $32,000, while Armstrong got $25,000. Twelve stitches were taken in Armstrong's lower lip to close a wound which had seeped blood into his mouth for half a dozen rounds.

Late in 1938, Armstrong gave up the featherweight title. "I can't make 126 pounds," he said. On August 22, 1939, Armstrong and Ambers fought again, in Yankee Stadium. It was a bout replete with comic opera accusations hurled by Mead and Al Weill, Ambers' manager. Armstrong lost five rounds because of low blows. He also lost the lightweight championship. It was his first defeat in three years.

Fourteen months later, after a series of non-title bouts, Armstrong defended the welterweight championship against Fritzie Zivic in Madison Square Garden. More and more, Armstrong's eyes had been troubling him. Fighters who couldn't punch hard enough to nick a newspaper now opened cuts around his eyes.

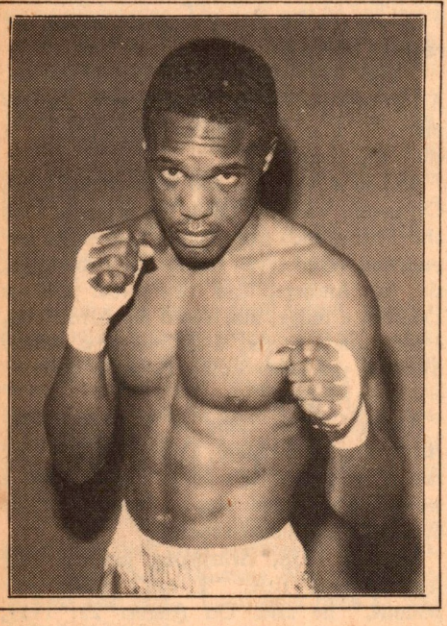
Zivic used his gloves as scalpels. He was a master of ring surgery. Against Armstrong, he backed away and stuck out his left, hooking and jabbing to the head. Both of Henry's eyes were slashed. From the eighth round to the end, Armstrong's eyes were closed. Just before the fight ended, Zivic landed a solid right to the jaw. Armstrong went down. The bell saved him.

The next day a New York boxing writer wrote: "And then, from exhaustion as much as from a wallop, Armstrong fell and the bell rang, and one of the greatest chapters in fistic history was clapped shut. Armstrong won't be able to fight again for four months and maybe never again, but he went out the way the best do, fighting."



left: holding his own: Armstrong retained his welterweight title against Ceferino Garcia, winning by decision. Above: All things must pass. Henry lost the welterweight crown when Fritzie Zivic won on points in N.Y.C., Oct. 4, 1940.

NEW FACES



DAVEY MOORE

DAVEY MOORE DOESN'T LIKE FIGHTING. He doesn't like training. He doesn't like being dedictated. And he doesn't like the pressure that goes with being a boxer. He doesn't like it . . . he *loves* it.

The script for Moore begins the same as the script about the lives of so many of today's top fighters. Run-down tenements, drug-pushers, gang wars and larceny were there to be seen every time Moore opened his eyes. But the script takes a sudden turn from the direction you might expect it to go.

Instead of hitting on other people—as lots of his friends did—Moore turned his back, walked home and "hit" his school books. He "hit" them so hard he became an honor student.

"I was great in social studies and English," Moore claims proudly. "In fact, I was pretty good in everything except math. I knew early that I wasn't going to be a mathemeti cian."

Moore also knew quite early that he was going to be a fighter.

"Although I spent a lot of time at home studying," said Moore, "I also had more than my share of street brawls. I found out I was pretty good with my fists and decided to test my skills in a gym."

At 15 he walked into the Morrisania Youth Center in the Bronx and announced to coach Leon Washington, "I want to be a boxer. Within one year I'll be a champ. When do we start?"

The answer was "Right Away."

After training hard for several months—"harder than any boxer I've ever known," said Washington—Moore entered the 1976 New York Golden Gloves. That year, Moore captured the lightweight sub-novice crown. In the same division's open class, future Olympic champion Howard Davis, Jr. won his fourth consecutive New York Golden Gloves title, a record. That record was tied in 1979 . . . by Davey Moore.

"I should have made it five straight titles in 1980," claimed Moore, "but got lackadaisical and over-confident." He lost a hairline decision to Pedro Vilella in the semi-finals.

Following the Golden Gloves, Moore began preparing for the Olympic Trials, aware of the fact the United States would not be going to Moscow.

"That didn't matter to me," said Moore. "I still wanted to make the U.S. team; to be a part of American history."

But Moore was to be denied that dream . . . partly because of featherweight king Salvador Sanchez and Danny Lopez, Moore failed .

"We were in Atlanta for the Olympic Trials," recalls Moore. "The finals were being held at the Omni. I had been in my hotel room watching the rematch between Sanchez and Lopez, and didn't want to leave until the fight was over. I arrived at the arena at 6:45, figuring I had plenty of time. Boy, did I figure wrong. One of the AAU officials came over to me and said, 'Hurry up, get dressed, you're on first.' That wouldn't have been so bad. However, my bout was scheduled to start at 7:00. I had less than 15 minutes to get dressed, taped and warmed up. Only, I never got warmed up, not even a little bit. I was rushed out of the dressing room by AAU officials. My opponent was Donald Curry (now 6-0 in the pro ranks). I didn't even get started in the fight until the third round. By then it was too late."

Following the loss to Curry, Moore decided to become professional. He signed a promotional contract with Top Rank, Inc. to become one of "Tomorrow's Champions," an octet of America's finest amateur stars.

Since making his debut last November, Moore has had no problem making the transition from amateur to professional.

"The big thing is pacing yourself in the pros," stated Moore. "But when you're in the shape I'm in, you don't worry about going six, eight or 10 rounds. I'm not even concerned about going 12 or 15 rounds. Watch me in my next fight. Even after a hard round you won't see me breathing hard."

That's because Moore trains as hard as any fighter in the sport. He runs a quick five miles six days a week, taking off on Sunday. His workouts usually last for two hours, an hour longer than most fighters train.

"I got my stomach to where it is by doing 50 situps a day," explained Moore. "Fifty on an incline board that's raised all the way up."

Moore is a smooth boxer who throws lots of combinations and likens a fight to a chess match.

"He makes a move, you make a move. He makes another move, you make one better. But I'm not gonna take a guy out with one shot, the way—close friend and unbeaten middleweight—Alex Ramos can. When he hits a man clean, he's gone. I've gotta set a man up first, work him over by mixing my shots to the head and body, then get him outta there."

Getting welterweight contender Josef Nsubuga to believe that Moore has "gotta set a man up first," will take some doing. Nsubuga —who lasted four brutal rounds against Roberto Duran in early 1980—fell in just 70 seconds to Moore's blazing fists.

"I'll take it," smiled Moore. "Those things happen. I hit him with a good hook, right hand, then another hook. I saw him sag, so I went right after him."

Nsubuga arose, only to be met by Moore who charged across the ring.

"Some people think I showboat when I do that," said Moore. "But that's me. I get my adrenalin up by doing that after I've hurt a guy."

Moore, who took time off from his senior year at Manhattan College, where he is majoring in Business Administration, claims money is not his main objective in boxing. The title is.

"I want that title badly. I love boxing and want to be the best in my field. If I become champion, the money will come. But the title is what I'm shooting for more than anything else."

DAVEY MOORE

Height: 5'10"
Weight: 147 pounds
Born: June 9, 1959
Amateur Record: 90-6, 50 KO's

1980

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Nov. 1	Chu Chu Saucedo	Lake Tahoe, Nev.	W 6
Dec. 20	Ted White	Bronx, N.Y.	W 6

1981

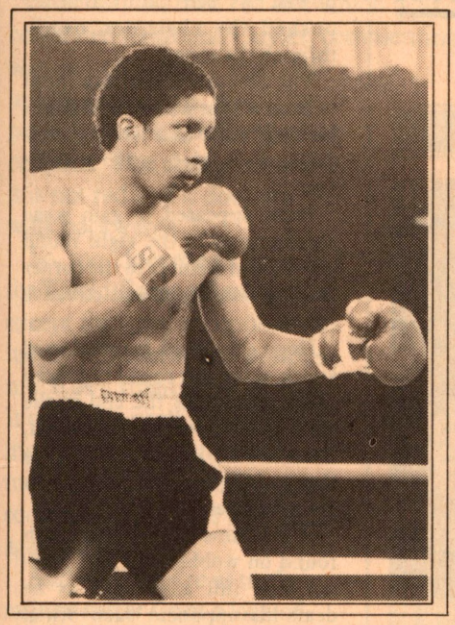
DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Jan. 17	Felix Nance	Boston	W 6
Feb. 8	Jeff Passero	Great Gorge, N.J.	KO 3
Mar. 28	Tony Suero	Syracuse, N.Y.	KO 4
May 23	Josef Nsubuga	San Remo, Italy	KO 1

Summary

BOUTS	WINS	LOSSES	DRAWS	KO'S
6	6	0	0	3

Moore may not have done too well in high school math, but whether he realizes it or not, he's doing quite well in math today. For by bending opponents to 90° right angles to the floor with body shots thrown with maximum leverage and pivot, then stretching them horizontal on the canvas and parallel to the floor with punches that dissect the distance between shoulder and chin in as straight a line as is possible, he has become an honor student in the mathematical applications of boxing.

And a genius in pugilistic science.



TONY SANTANA

EVERY FIGHT GYM IN THE COUNTRY IS loaded with mediocre fighters, low-life managers and trainers and parasitic fans whose breath smells like an ashtray of unemptied cigars. New York's New Garden Gym (formerly Gleason's) is no exception.

The place is disgustingly beautiful. It is a haven for mediocrity, a place where dreams are born and nurtured. But, occasionally among the mediocrity can be found greatness—or at least, signs of it. Gerry Cooney trains there. Victor Valle teaches there. When in New York, Pipino Cuevas and Roberto Duran train there. Freddie Brown teaches there. And yet another student who has quickly risen far above the mediocre crowd is Tony Santana.

Tony Santana. Junior lightweight extraordinaire. And movie buff. He dreams as he trains. The cameras dolly in slowly as his trainer quietly and patiently drills him on the importance of maximizing the power off his left foot when he throws the left hook. Again and again. Over and over.

From afar, the camera depicts the trainer as a thin, bespectacled black man. Then the camera gets closer and the trainer's face becomes more distinct, more outlined, more familiar. Closer it gets, and the familiarity grows. Of course, now the viewer realizes who it is—Sandy Saddler, one of boxing's all-time great champions.

"Sandy was a great, great fighter and is just as great as a trainer," said Santana, whose thin body belies the fact that only four of his 14 victims have lasted the distance, all later wishing they hadn't.

"People only know of Saddler as one of the greatest fighters ever. I want them to say, 'He just might be the finest trainer around.' There's nothing he doesn't know; nothing he can't teach me. I have all the confidence in the world he's gonna make me a champ."

Santana, a self-described "movie freak!" who goes to as many movies as possible, has one particular favorite, "The Idol Maker."

"In the movie," explains Santana," the star tries to mold the co-star into an image of himself. That's what Sandy is trying to do with me. He wants to mold me into another Sandy Saddler. If just a little bit of his talent rubs off on me, I'll become a champ."

By the looks of it, a bit of Saddler has in fact rubbed off on Santana. Last May 17, on the undercard to Renaldo Snipes vs. Eddie Mustafa Muhammad, Santana was matched against tough Terry Kemp, of Ft. Myers, Florida. For the first several rounds, the two put on a world-class junior lightweight bout. Any questions about Santana's ability to take a punch was answered early when Kemp hit him flush on the chin with a hook. Santana barely flinched, then returned the favor. On three other occasions Kemp's missiles found their target. However, the result was always the same—Santana not only remained upright, but came back punching each time.

Finally, in the eighth round, a crushing left hook to the side dropped Kemp, and Santana was on his way to victory number 14 without a loss.

Santana was born and raised in the tough Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn. He learned early what it was like to put his fist on other people's noses. At 12, he began boxing at a local youth center "just for kicks." He lost his first two bouts, and didn't like the feeling of defeat.

"I was a pretty good athlete," stated Santana, "and didn't like the fact I couldn't box as well as I thought I could." So he took up boxing just to prove he could add the sport to his list of athletic successes.

It was at the National Maritime Union in Manhattan where he first met Saddler. Since then, the two have become inseparable.

"We go to fights together, to the movies together and to dinner together," said Santana. "He is a father, brother, best friend, confidante and trainer all rolled into one."

After winning back-to-back New York Golden Gloves titles in 1973 and 1974 as a bantamweight, Santana was eager to turn pro. Saddler didn't think he was physically mature enough to become a professional, so the two sat around and mapped out Santana's future. It seems as if they made the right choice. Santana joined the Marines, which honed and hardened his body, as well as disciplined his mind for the grueling days ahead as a pro fighter. During three years in the Marines, Santana won the All-Marines Featherweight title (on three occasions), the 1976 Inter-Service Featherweight crown and the 1976 World Military Featherweight championship. He also won the 1977 National Sports Festival Featherweight title and the 1978 North Carolina Golden Gloves.

Upon returning to civilian life, Santana and Saddler decided it was time to turn pro. After checking out dozens of prospective managers, Santana chose Mike Jones, who among others, co-manages Gerry Cooney.

"I don't think any fighter has a better manager-trainer team than I do," smiled Santana. "I couldn't have made a better choice."

One of the most important things Santana loves about Saddler as a trainer is that "he don't go for any messin' around. He works me very hard. If he didn't, if he was a weak trainer, I'd be weak. But because of him, I just know I'm a year away from getting a title shot, and winning the fight."

As Santana compares his life to "The Idol Maker," Saddler drills him and hollers at him and pushes him and reminds him "this is professional boxing."

Lights. Cameras. Action. Tony Santana is ready to make a big hit.

TONY SANTANA

Height: 5'7½"
Weight: 130 pounds
Born: October 23, 1956
Amateur Record: 98-14

1979

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
	Melvin Boynton	New York	KO 2
Oct. 10	Ron Newby	White Plains	KO 1
Oct. 25	Felix Matos	Staten Island, N.Y.	KO 3

1980

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Feb. 29	John Jones	Brooklyn, N.Y.	KO 1
Apr. 9	Tony Hernandez	Brooklyn, N.Y.	KO 2
May 2	George Casher	New York	KO 4
May 25	Antonio Nieves	Atlantic City, N.J.	W 6
June 27	Kato Ali	New York	W 6
Sept. 12	Robert Johnson	New York	W 6
Oct. 2	Jose Muniz	Commack, N.Y.	KO 1
Oct. 24	Jose Rentas	Uniondale, N.Y.	KO 3
Dec. 12	Jose Rivera	New York	W 8

1981

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Mar. 12	Bobby Alexander	New York	KO 6
May 17	Terry Kemp	Atlantic City, N.J.	KO 8

Summary

BOUTS	WINS	LOSSES	DRAWS	KO'S
14	14	0	0	10

FIGHT OF THE MONTH

BENITEZ-HOPE
WBC Junior Middleweight Title

LAS VEGAS, NEV.—It was 1:56 into the 12th round of a scheduled 15 round bout at Caesars Palace Sports Pavilion and former Champion, Maurice Hope of England, lay semi-conscious on the canvas, the victim of a lethal right hand alongside his head—a right hand administered without mercy by his challenger Wilfred Benitez, of Puerto Rico.

At this point, Wilfred Benitez, at age 22, annexed his third world title; and became the new junior middleweight champion, in addition to the titles he held as junior welterweight and welterweight champion.

It was a bout that saw every type of action imaginable—lefts, rights, uppercuts, combinations, as well as continual clinching in the early rounds.

Challenger Benitez started slowly, and during the first few rounds it was Hope who was in command. The champion continually stalked his opponent to the corner and against the ropes, landing some lethal rights and combinations. Benitez countered with some long lefts, many missing their mark, but later began pounding at Hope with body punches which set the champion up for his ultimate defeat.

Hope had Benitez backing up for the first four rounds and opened up a cut over the challenger's right eye in the fourth. Hope was also warned several times for holding by referee Richard Green.

In the fifth round the picture began to change as Benitez took full command. He was constantly on the attack, pushing Hope to the ropes with a series of solid combinations.

The Champion was visibly tired by the sixth round as he desperately countered with punches that had lost their power. At one point Benitez pushed the champion nearly through the ropes.

The seventh round saw head to head action with both fighters butting heads and jabbing mercilessly to each other's midsection.

Hope appeared to gain some second wind in the eight round and stalked Benitez to the corner landing consistent and effective rights.

Hope continued his weakened attack in the 9th round but faced the beginning of the end in the 10th. At the end of that round, Benitez sent Hope sprawling to the canvas but the Champion got to his feet instantly.

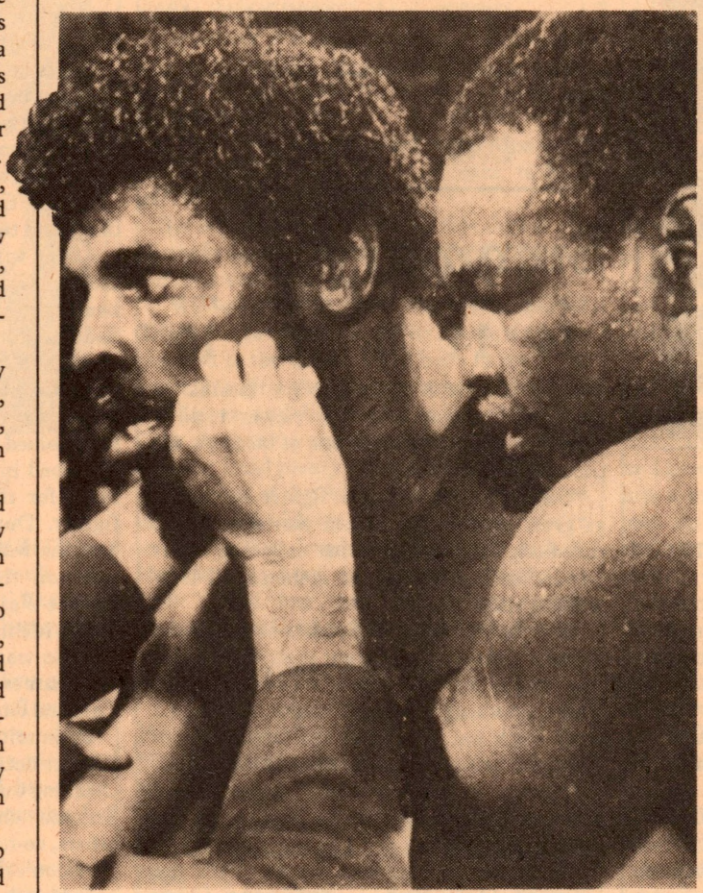
Hope came out for the 11th round on wobbly legs and Benitez took full advantage, as he dealt his opponent such brutal uppercuts and combinations that two of Hope's teeth were knocked out.

Benitez came on with full fury in the 12th round and his stunning right to the head sent Hope to the canvas completely unconscious. It took some ten minutes for Hope's corner and ring physician, Dr. Donald Romeo to revive the fighter. Hope had to be helped from the ring and was taken to a Las Vegas hospital for extensive tests.

Meanwhile, a jubilant Benitez held court in the Caesars Palace press room. The new champion was cocky and brimming with confidence, as he said: "I planned the fight the way it happened. I went to him. . . . He's a southpaw so I couldn't let him come to me. I knew what I was doing. I know how to miss his punches. I am great!"

Benitez went on to boast: "I followed my battle plan perfectly. I know all there is about boxing. I know all the tricks. I don't need to learn any more. All I

FIGHTER OF THE MONTH



More than a few people said Larry Holmes' physical skills were deserting him. More than a few people said his legs were "gone." More than a few people thought a trim, well-conditioned Leon Spinks would hand Holmes the first loss of his career. More than a few people were wrong. Holmes displayed remarkable boxing skill in the first round as he sized up Spinks, then used his greater speed, height and reach to disassemble the former WBA titleholder, dropping him early in round three, pummelling him with a barrage of blows to the head after he arose, then finally halting him at 2:32 of the round.

RING'S INTERNATIONAL RATINGS

A committee of the French Academy, employed in the preparation of the Academy Dictionary, once defined the word "Crab" as "A small red fish which walks backwards." The celebrated naturalist Cuvier, commenting on the definition, was moved to say: "Your definition, gentlemen, would be perfect, were it not for three exceptions. The crab is not a fish, it is not red and it does not walk backwards."

So, too, does the WBA stand for World Boxing Association except for three exceptions: It hardly represents the world, so much as a small cabal of men; It concerns itself less with boxing than with politics and money; and, It is hardly an association, but rather a patronage system.

And while we're at it, their ratings suffer from a lack of proper definition as well, now possessing a modifier called "available" in front of a contender's rating. The case in point is Gerry Cooney, their Number One Heavyweight contender. Or, rather, he's their Number One Heavyweight contender—*if* he's available to do *what* they want, *when* they want it!

Granted, ratings are a subjective measuring device for assessing a fighter's standing in the boxing community. With 50 panelists casting their votes every month for the Ring's Top Ten in every division, sometimes one fighter might be rated above another when both have faced a third, with different results. We receive many letters asking how "So-and-so" can be rated above "Such-and-such", especially in light of the fact that he lost to a third fighter whom "Such-and-such" beat. But here we're dealing with a syllogism known as "The Fallacy of the Common Opponent", a comparison that can get even the most rationale philosopher into trouble. Hell, using the common opponent, we could prove that Charlie Polite, a heavyweight who boxed between 1964 and 1979, with but 16 wins, 34 losses, including 16 knockout losses, could have beaten Sonny Liston, former heavyweight champion, who had 50 wins, 39 by knockout, and just four losses. The strange reasoning goes like this: Polite beat Dave Zyglewicz, Zyglewicz knocked out Willi Besmanoff, Besmanoff, in turn, beat Marty Marshall, and Marshall, of course, beat Liston.

But once *The Ring*'s panelists' votes are tabulated, we *stick* to our final figures. The WBA, on the other hand, can always figure out a way to manipulate theirs. One of those ways is the "availability" of the contender, as in the case of Cooney vs. the WBA. While Cooney has signed to fight Ken Norton, the WBA holds that their heavyweight champion, Mike Weaver, must sign to fight their next "available" contender, James (Quick) Tillis.

At this point, who will fight who, and when, will probably be decided by a Federal judge. So why bother with ratings? Why not let Weaver fight Charley Polite? That way we can do away with their ratings, if not the WBA—and nobody would miss them. Not the French Academy, and assuredly not boxing, which has put up with enough of their mini-mindedness already and hardly needs additional ammunition to shoot the WBA—and their ratings—right out of the water.

BERT RANDOLPH SUGAR

RING RATINGS 25 YEARS AGO

From the August, 1956 issue of *The Ring*.

HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champion
Vacant
1. Archie Moore, San Diego, Calif.
2. Floyd Patterson, Brooklyn, N.Y.
3. Tommy Jackson, Far Rockaway, N.Y.
4. Bob Baker, Pittsburgh, Pa.
5. Willie Pastrano, New Orleans, La.
6. Bob Satterfield, Chicago, Ill.
7. John Holman, Chicago, Ill.
8. Johnny Summerlin, Detroit, Mich.
9. Harold Carter, Linden, N.J.
10. Eddie Machen, Redding, Calif.

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champion
Archie Moore, San Diego, Calif.
1. Gerhard Hecht, Germany
2. Yolande Pompey, Trinidad, B.W.I.
3. Hans Stretz, Germany
4. Chuck Spieser, Lansing, Mich.
5. Willi Hoepner, Germany
6. Joey Maxim, Cleveland, Ohio
7. Gordon Wallace, Canada
8. Marty Marshall, Detroit, Michigan
9. Charles Colin, France
10. Ron Barton, England

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
World Champion
Ray Robinson, New York, N.Y.
1. Gene Fullmer, West Jordan, Utah
2. Bobby Boyd, Chicago, Ill.
3. Charley Humez, France
4. Carl (Bobo) Olson, Honolulu, T. H.
5. Charley Joseph, New Orleans, La.
6. Ralph Jones, Yonkers, N.Y.
7. Eduardo Lausse, Argentina
8. Milo Savage, Salt Lake City, Utah
9. Rocky Castellani, Cleveland, Ohio
10. Holly Mims, Washington, D.C.

WELTERWEIGHTS
World Champion
Johnny Saxton, Brooklyn, N.Y.
1. Carmen Basilio, Syracuse, N.Y.
2. Tony DeMarco, Boston, Mass.
3. Isaac Logart, Cuba
4. Virgil Akins, St. Louis, Mo.
5. Art Aragon, Los Angeles, Calif.
6. Vince Martinez, Paterson, N.J.
7. Ramon Fuentes, Los Angeles, Calif.
8. George Barnes, Australia
9. Emilio Marconi, Italy
10. Joe Miceli, New York, N.Y.

LIGHTWEIGHTS
World Champion
Wallace (Bud) Smith, Cincinnati, Ohio
1. Ralph Dupas, New Orleans, La.
2. Duilio Loi, Italy
3. Cisco Andrade, Compton, Calif.
4. Jimmy Carter, New York, N.Y.
5. Larry Boardman, Marlboro, Conn.
6. Johnny Gonsalves, Oakland, Calif.
7. Ludwig Lightburn, British Honduras
8. Joe Brown, New Orleans, La.
9. L. C. Morgan, Youngstown, Ohio
10. Frankie Ryff, New York, N.Y.

FEATHERWEIGHTS
World Champion
Sandy Saddler, New York, N.Y.
1. Fred Galiana, Spain
2. Hogan (Kid) Bassey, Nigeria
3. Cherif Hamia, France
4. Carmelo Costa, Brooklyn, N.Y.
5. Flash Elorde, Philippines
6. Paul Jorgensen, Port Arthur, Texas
7. Ciro Morasen, Cuba
8. Ray Famechon, France
9. Victor (Sonny) Leon, Venezuela
10. Jose Hernandez, Spain

BANTAMWEIGHTS
World Champion
Robert Cohen, France
1. Mario D'Agata, Italy
2. Raton Macias, Mexico
3. Billy Peacock, Los Angeles, Calif.
4. Little Cezar, Philippines
5. Jose Lopez, Laguna, Mexico
6. Alphonse Halimi, France
7. Jean Renard, Belgium
8. Kevin James, Australia
9. Piero Rollo, Italy
10. Ricardo Moreno, Mexico

FLYWEIGHTS
World Champion
Pascual Perez, Argentina
1. Memo Diez, Mexico
2. Dai Dower, Wales
3. Young Martin, Spain
4. Leo Espinosa, Philippines
5. Hitoshi Misako, Japan
6. Danny Kid, Philippines
7. Tanny Campo, Philippines
8. Jake Tuli, South Africa
9. Guy Schatt, France
10. Oscar Suarez, Cuba

GENUINE

Budweiser Presents The Ring International Ratings

THE WORLD RENOWNED BUDWEISER LAGER BEER

GENUINE

HEAVYWEIGHTS
(over 175 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

LARRY HOLMES** . . . . . Easton, Pa.
1 **Mike Weaver*** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
2 **Gerry Cooney** . . . . . Huntington, N.Y.
3 **Leon Spinks** . . . . . St. Louis, Mo.
4 **Michael Dokes** . . . . . Akron, Ohio
5 **Greg Page** . . . . . Louisville, Ky.
6 **Gerrie Coetzee** . . . . . South Africa
7 **Trevor Berbick** . . . . . Halifax, Canada
8 **Marty Monroe** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
9 **James (Quick) Tillis,** . . . . . Chicago, Ill.
10 **John Tate,** . . . . . Knoxville, Tenn.

11. Renaldo Snipes, 12. Randall (Tex) Cobb, 13. Stan Ward, 14. John L. Gardner, 15. Bernardo Mercado, 16. Tim Witherspoon, 17. Pinklon Thomas, 18. Scott LeDoux, 19. Lynn Ball

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
(not over 175 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

MATTHEW SAAD MUHAMMAD** . . . . Phila., Pa.
1 **Eddie Mustafa Muhammad*** . . Brooklyn, N.Y.
2 **Michael Spinks** . . . . . St. Louis, Mo.
3 **Jerry Martin** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
4 **James Scott** . . . . . Rahway, N.J.
5 **Carlos DeLeon** . . . . . Puerto Rico
6 **Marvin Johnson** . . . . . Indianapolis, Ind.
7 **Yaqui Lopez** . . . . . Stockton, Calif.
8 **Dwight Braxton** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
9 **Marvin Camel** . . . . . Missoula, Mont.
10 **Mustapha Wasajja,** . . . . . Denmark

11. Murray Sutherland, 12. Lotte Mwale, 13. Jerry Celestine, 14. Bashiru Ali, 15. Tony Mundine, 16. Young Joe Louis, 17. Jesse Burnett, 18. Vonzell Johnson, 19. Louis Pergaud, 20. Pete McIntyre

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
(not over 160 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

MARVIN HAGLER . . . . . Brockton, Mass.
1 **Mustafa Hamsho** . . . . . Syria
2 **Alan Minter** . . . . . England
3 **Wilford Scypion** . . . . . New York, N.Y.
4 **Vito Antuofermo** . . . . . Brooklyn, N.Y.
5 **Fulgencio Obelmejias** . . . . . Venezuela
6 **Dwight Davison** . . . . . Detroit, Mich.
7 **Frank Fletcher** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
8 **Curtis Parker** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
9 **Robbie Epps** . . . . . Clovis, N. Mex.
10 **Tony Sibson** . . . . . England

11. Vinnie Curto, 12. Ray Seales, 13. Ronnie Harris, 14. Mike Colbert, 15. Norberto Sabater, 16. Ernie Singletary, 17. William "Caveman" Lee, 18. Ralph Moncrief, 19. Ruben Pardo, 20. Chong-Pal Park, 21. Marcos Geraldo, 22. Jose Macias, 23. J.B. Williamson

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
(not over 154 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

AYUB KALULE* . . . . . Uganda
1 **Wilfred Benitez**** . . . . . Puerto Rico
2 **Ray Leonard** . . . . . Palmer Park, Md.
3 **Maurice Hope** . . . . . England
4 **Carlos Herrera** . . . . . Argentina
5 **Tony Ayala, Jr.** . . . . . San Antonio, Tex.
6 **Rocky Mattioli** . . . . . Australia
7 **Kenny Bristol** . . . . . Guyana
8 **Walter Gomez** . . . . . Argentina
9 **Charlie Weir** . . . . . South Africa
10 **Nino Gonzalez** . . . . . Bayonne, N.J.

11. Gary Guiden, 12. Rocky Fratto, 13. Tyrone Rackley, 14. Tony Braxton, 15. Rocky Mosley, 16. Tidashi Mihara, 17. Clemente Tshinza, 18. Wayne Caplette, 19. Odell Leonard, 20. Clint Jackson, 21. Carlos Santos, 22. Louis Arcaries, 23. Gert Steyn

WELTERWEIGHTS
(not over 147 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

RAY LEONARD** . . . . . Palmer Park, Md.
1 **Thomas Hearns*** . . . . . Detroit, Mich.
2 **Pipino Cuevas** . . . . . Mexico
3 **Roberto Duran** . . . . . Panama
4 **Randy Shields** . . . . . N. Hollywood, Calif.
5 **Pete Ranzany** . . . . . Sacramento, Calif.
6 **Adolfo Viruet** . . . . . Hoboken, N.J.
7 **Jorgen Hansen** . . . . . Denmark
8 **Luis Primera** . . . . . Venezuela
9 **Bruce Finch** . . . . . Milwaukee, Wisc.
10 **Milton McCrory** . . . . . Detroit, Mich.

11. Babs McCarthy, 12. Roger Stafford, 13. Carlos Santos, 14. Harold Volbrecht, 15. Pepe Dominguez, 16. Greg Stephens, 17. Larry Bonds, 18. Davey Moore, 19. Josef Nsubuga, 20. Colin Jones

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
(not over 140 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

AARON PRYOR* . . . . . Cincinnati, Ohio
1 **Saoul Mamby**** . . . . . New York, N.Y.
2 **Jo Kimpuani** . . . . . France
3 **Dujuan Johnson** . . . . . Detroit, Mich.
4 **Lennox Blackmoore** . . . . . Guyana
5 **Miguel Montilla** . . . . . Dominican Rep.
6 **Domingo Ayala** . . . . . Puerto Rico
7 **Sang-Hyun Kim** . . . . . Korea
8 **Bruce Curry** . . . . . Ft. Worth Texas
9 **Monroe Brooks** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
10 **Leroy Haley** . . . . . Las Vegas, Nevada

11. Willie Rodriguez, 12. Sal Lopez, 13. Mark Ibanez, 14. Obisia Nwankpa, 15. Cristobal Torres, 16. Johnny Bumphus, 17. Teo Ozuna, 18. Jorge Morales, 19. Juan Jose Gimenez, 20. Roberto Alfaro, 21. Hugo Luero, 22. Termite Watkins, 23. Thomas Americo, 24. Steve Early, 25. Antonio Guinaldo, 26. Hugo Quartapelle

How *The Ring* International Ratings Panel works: Boxing authorities from all five major continents have submitted their ballots—marked from one to ten to indicate their rankings under *The Ring*'s champion—to reflect their evaluation of the relative challengers' positions as of June 11, 1981. Their ballots were then weighted with scores of from ten (for a first-place vote) to one (for a tenth-place vote) and totaled up to provide the final standings. After the top ten were tabulated, those other fighters receiving votes were then listed in order, according to the number of votes received, from 11th on.

(AS OF JUNE 11, 1981)

The names following each division received votes (in order of their listing)

***WBA champion** ****WBC champion**

LIGHTWEIGHTS
(not over 135 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

JIM WATT** . . . . . Scotland
1 **Sean O'Grady*** . . . . . Oklahoma City, Ok.
2 **Hilmer Kenty** . . . . . Detroit, Mich.
3 **Alexis Arguello** . . . . . Coral Gables, Fla.
4 **Aaron Pryor** . . . . . Cincinnati, Ohio
5 **Rodolfo Gonzalez** . . . . . Mexico
6 **Howard Davis, Jr.** . . . . . Glen Cove, N.Y.
7 **Claude Noel** . . . . . Trinidad, W.I.
8 **Roberto Elizondo** . . . . Corpus Christi, Texas
9 **Ernesto Espana** . . . . . Venezuela
10 **Gonzallo Montellano** . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.

11. Herman Montes, 12. Edwin Viruet, 13. Curtis Harris, 14. Ray Mancini, 15. Andy Ganigan, 16. Jorge Morales, 17. Jose Luis Ramirez, 18. Orlando Romero, 19. Joey Gibilisco, 20. Francisco Leon, 21. Charlie Nash

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
(not over 130 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

SAMUEL SERRANO* . . . . . Puerto Rico
1 **Cornelius Boza-Edwards**** . . . . . England
2 **Rafael (Bazooka) Limon** . . . . . Mexico
3 **Bobby Chacon** . . . . . Pacoima, Calif.
4 **Yasutsune Uehara** . . . . . Japan
5 **Ildelfonso Bethelmy** . . . . . Venezuela
6 **Victor Echegaray** . . . . . Argentina
7 **Frankie Baltazar** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
8 **Leonel Hernandez** . . . . . Venezuela
9 **Rolando Navarette** . . . . . Honolulu, Ha.
10 **Johnny Sato** . . . . . Stockton, Calif.

11. John Verderosa, 12. Carlos Pinango, 13. Greg Coverson, 14. Patrick Ford, 15. Johnny Aba, 16. Jorge Alvarado, 17. Enrique Maxwell, 18. Oscar Arnal, 19. Il-Bok Lee, 20. Guillermo Morales, 21. Ruben Veliz, 22. Armando Perez, 23. Reynaldo Hidalgo

FEATHERWEIGHTS
(not over 126 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

SALVADOR SANCHEZ** . . . . . Mexico
1 **Eusebio Pedroza*** . . . . . Panama
2 **Wilfredo Gomez** . . . . . Puerto Rico
3 **Rocky Lockridge** . . . . . Paterson, N.J.
4 **Ruben Castillo** . . . . . Bakersfield, Calif.
5 **Gustavo Salgado** . . . . . Mexico
6 **Patrick Ford** . . . . . Guyana
7 **Juan LaPorte** . . . . . New York, N.Y.
8 **Roberto Castanon** . . . . . Spain
9 **Mario Miranda** . . . . . Colombia
10 **Paul Ferrari** . . . . . Australia

11. Francisco Manzo, 12. Pat Cowdell, 13. Juan Malvarez, 14. Augustin Martinez, 15. Alberto Collazo, 16. Guillermo Morales, 17. Nicky Perez, 18. Freddie Roach, 19. Royal Kobayashi, 20. Hiraku Tomonari, 21. Cesar Ligan

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
(not over 122 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

WILFREDO GOMEZ** . . . . . Puerto Rico
1 **Sergio Palma*** . . . . . Argentina
2 **Ricardo Cardona** . . . . . Colombia
3 **Leo Cruz** . . . . . Dominican Republic
4 **Mike Ayala** . . . . . New York, N.Y.
5 **Nicky Perez** . . . . . Tucson, Ariz.
6 **Carmelo Negron** . . . . . New York, N.Y.
7 **Edwin Rosario** . . . . . Puerto Rico
8 **Juan (Kid) Meza** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
9 **Jose Caba** . . . . . Dominican Rep.
10 **Jaime Garza** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.

11. Soon-Hyun Chung, 12. Jose Cervantes, 13. Derrik Holmes, 14. Lupe Pintor, 15. Carlos Mendoza, 16. Juan Antonio Lopez, 17. Ric Diamale, 18. Oscar Muniz, 19. Roberto Rubaldino, 20. Julio Saba, 21. Jesus Caicedo, 22. Willie Lucas

BANTAMWEIGHTS
(not over 118 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

JEFF CHANDLER* . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
1 **Lupe Pintor**** . . . . . Mexico
2 **Julian Solis** . . . . . Puerto Rico
3 **Albert Davila** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
4 **Jorge Lujan** . . . . . Panama
5 **Eijiro Murata** . . . . . Japan
6 **Roberto Rubaldino** . . . . . Mexico
7 **Oscar Muniz** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
8 **Jose R. Narvaez** . . . . . Argentina
9 **Norberto Cabrera** . . . . . Mexico
10 **Chul-Ho Kim** . . . . . Korea

11. Rafael Orono, 12. Hurricane Teru, 13. Shuchi Isogami, 14. Miguel Iriarte, 15. Carlos Bejarano, 16. Johnny Carter, 17. Weilie Nkosinkula, 18. Ronald Sumalis, 19. Fred Jackson, 20. Ramon Soria

FLYWEIGHTS
(not over 112 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

ANTONIO AVELAR** . . . . . Mexico
1 **Hilario Zapata** . . . . . Panama
2 **Pedro Flores** . . . . . Mexico
3 **Yoko Gushiken** . . . . . Japan
4 **Luis Ibarra*** . . . . . Panama
5 **Santos Laciar*** . . . . . Argentina
6 **Betulio Gonzalez** . . . . . Venezuela
7 **Willie Jensen** . . . . . Las Vegas, Nev.
8 **Peter Mathebula** . . . . . South Africa
9 **Charlie Magri** . . . . . England
10 **Gustavo Ballas** . . . . . Argentina

11. Shoji Oguma, 12. Guty Espadas, 13. Joey Olivo, 14. Gabriel Bernal, 15. Miguel Canto, 16. Eleoncio Mercedes, 17. German Torres, 18. Orlando Maldonado, 19. Candido Tellez, 20. Tae-Shik Kim, 21. Stephen Muchoki, 22. Prudencio Cardona, 23. Yong-Hyun Kim, 24. Rudy Crawford, 25. Steve Bell

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have to do is train to keep in shape!"

Benitez then paid tribute to his beaten opponent saying: "He had great courage; and he gave me a great fight. he's the best southpaw I've ever seen. I want to thank Maurice Hope and his champ for giving me this chance at fighting for his title!"

With this latest victory, Benitez joins a select group of Triple-Crown boxing champions, who won titles in three weights divisions: Bob Fitzsimmons, Tony Canzoneri, Barney Ross and Henry Armstrong.

With his Triple Crown, Benitez stated that he would fight all comers, including Duran, Hearns, and a re-match with Leonard.

"But they're all afraid of me", he grinned! "Duran would never give me a shot when he was champion. Now I, not him, am the greatest of all Latin fighters and he will have to come to me."

Benitez concluded by saying that he might move up to the middleweight division and seek a fourth title.

Both Hope and Benitez weighed in at 153¼ pounds for this bout which was presented by Don Chargin Productions, in association with Caesars Palace.

In the opening bout of the Title card, Edwin Rosario, 124, scored a TKO over Jose Resendez, 123¾, at 2:09 of the 6th round.

Resendez was down in the 3rd round; and again at the end of the 4th. When it looked as if he could not survive the sixth, referee Fred Hernandez stopped the bout, which had been scheduled for eight.

In a Jr. Middleweight bout, scheduled for 10, Carlos Santos, 155¼, KO'd Paul Aguirre, 150 at 2:31 of the 5th round.

The hapless Aguirre was down in the 3rd, and 5th rounds before the final knockout. Referee: Fred Hernandez.

Paul Gonzales, 151½, took a unanimous six-round decision over Ernie Orisco, 148. Referee: Harry Krause.

In a walk-out bout, Alberto Mercado, 123, KO'd Javier Barrajas, 121½, at 30 seconds of the first round. Referee: Harry Krause. (5-23-81)

SHIRLEY NORMAN

HOLMES-SPINKS
WBC Heavyweight Title

DETROIT, MICH.—SOMEDAY, when Larry Holmes is remembered, in Churchillian terms, for his "finest hour"—or, more accurately, for his finest eight-plus minutes—it will be for his fight with Leon Spinks.

For it was on that night in what was supposed to have been the dedication of Joe Louis Arena in Detroit, that Larry showed the world he had emerged from the shadow of Muhammad Ali; that a case of mistaken nonentity in the minds of many sportswriters and fans alike had finally, like the contortionist, come into his own.

The heavyweight division has always been boxing's thyroid gland, the class that gave boxing its. But under Larry Holmes that honor had never been properly extended. Perhaps it was because he was fighting the Zanons, Ocasios, and Evangelistas of the world. Or perhaps it was because he followed a tough act to follow: Muhammad Ali. Or maybe it was because he was just one-half of the heavyweight title—the other half belonging to Mike Weaver—having won his portion from a paper champion, Ken Norton. Whatever the reason, Larry Holmes was not accorded his just due.

But in just eight minutes and thirty-four seconds Larry Holmes erased most of those doubts and convinced many of the doubting Thomases, Dicks and Harrys that he was "for real". What he did, in a word, was awesome. He destroyed the former World titliest Leon Spinks at 2:34 of the third round. But it was how he did it that was noteworthy. And newsworthy.

From the opening bell the 212¼ champion peppered Leon's unprotected face with lefts as he moved away from the aggressive Spinks, 200¼, blunting his animalistic charges and countering Spinks' few right hands to the body with left hooks and rights to the head. The first indication of the outcome came midway through the first round as a Holmes right wobbled the former champ. Spinks came back to press the action, as he did throughout, but Holmes took advantage of his wildness to give him a boxing lesson, winning the first round going away.

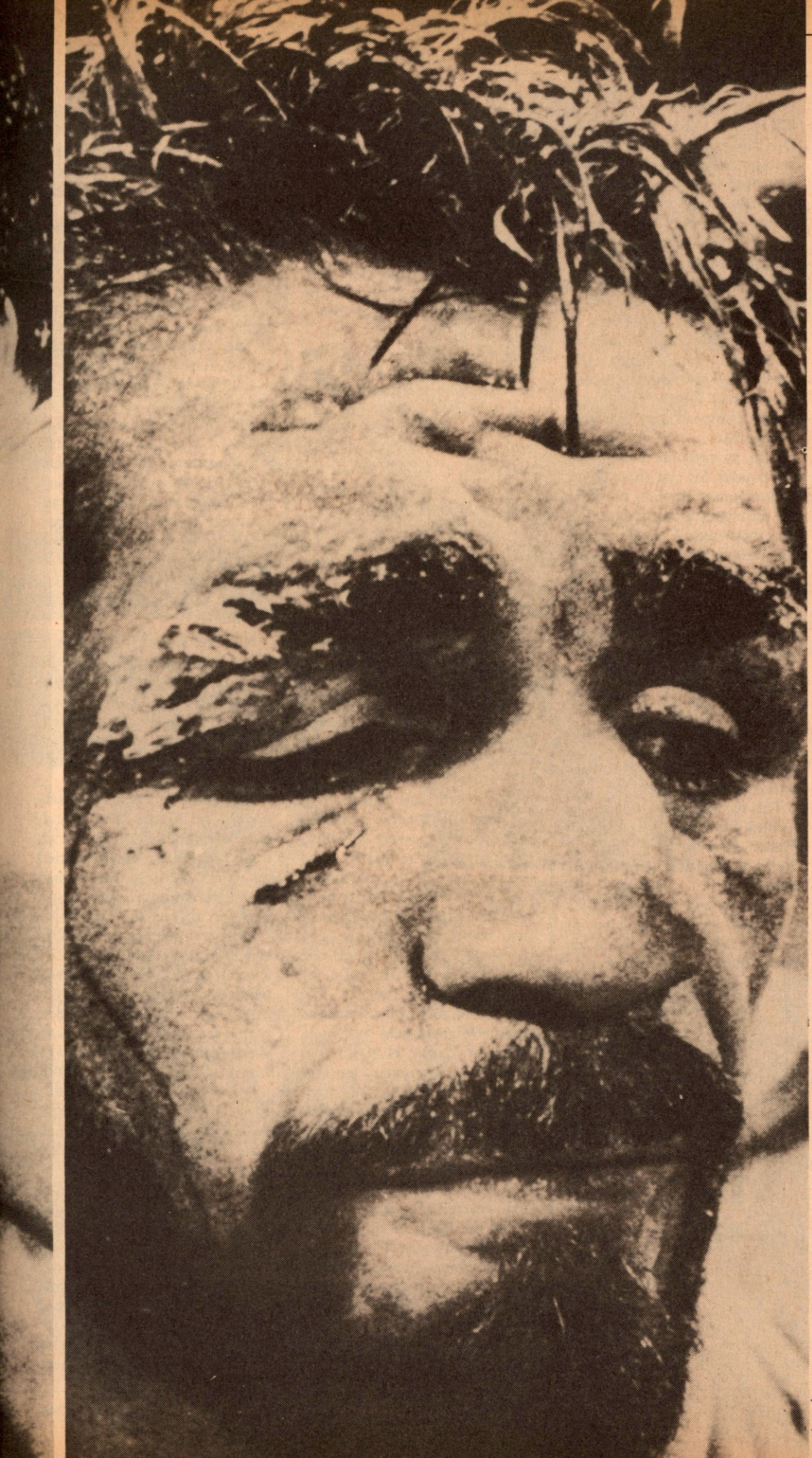
The second round was something else. Holmes began the round where he had left off, throwing left jabs, left hooks and left Leon to grasp at him in desperation, occasionally landing an elbow to the throat or his off-balance torso in a kamikaze plunge. Suddenly Spinks began to find the mark, connecting with rights to the body and lefts to the head. And then there was the bell. Only it wasn't the bell-bell. It was a false bell, a tiny sound that Holmes heard as he rested on the ropes in Spinks' corner, relaxing his guard. But Spinks had not heard the faint sounds. Or paid no never mind to the sound, continuing his assault on the momentarily unprotected middle of the champion, landing a good right and a left. Holmes finally regained his composure and control, moving out of harm's way and landing a good right to the head at the second bell ending the round. Still, it was Spinks' round, and only the tenth round Holmes has lost in the 93 complete rounds of championship fights he has fought in.

There would be no 94th round. Holmes made sure of that. As the barrel-chested Spinks charged into Holmes, he caught a straight right to the head and fell into a clinch, falling against the grain. Holmes caught him with two lefts, a right, another right, a left, a right uppercut and seven more rights, performing a mop-up campaign that would have made the landing troops at Normandy proud. Spinks fell forward, impaling himself on the ropes, in a replay of his final knockdown in the Coetzee fight.

Up at the count of nine, Spinks became a punching bag. It was a takeoff of Kipling's "Thammy this and Thammy that" as Holmes landed a right, another right, and still another; 18 punches in all, answered by three reflex rights that seemed to come from somewhere on the other side of Holmes' bombs bursting in air. After almost 30 seconds of this a towel came flying from somewhere out of Leon's corner, high enough to be eligible for the infield towel rule. But referee Richard Steele had already had enough and was wig-wagging his hands in front of Leon's unseeing eyes, calling for an end to the onslaught.

But the end was to serve only as a beginning for the next to-do—one that shouldn't have happened. And one for which ABC must share blame for causing. Here was the man who had just won his 38th consecutive pro fight—the third longest unbeaten string in the history of heavyweight champions—his 28th by knockout; the man who had just established himself as the tallest man in the heavyweight saddle, king of all he surveys; and the man who had just emerged from Ali's long shadow to stand alone among the heavies as one of the damn good champions, if not one of the greats. And he was asked to share the platform he had fought so long and so hard to scale with yet another heavyweight, Gerry Cooney, in the postfight interview. Forget his prior run-in with Cooney at the WBC convention, forget his resentment at having to share his newly attain-

Butt really, Vito. You look terrible. Hagler won by a fifth round TKO and retained his title. Antuofermo retained his reputation



ed stature, forget the heat of the moment. He shouldn't have been asked to dilute his "Finest hour" by appearing with anyone. It was his. He had earned it. He had *won* more rounds in heavyweight championship bouts than Gerry Cooney has fought in his entire career. No wonder he bloodied what Red Smith called "the flapping lip of a broadcaster." The broadcaster and ABC deserved worse. Larry deserves better.

BERT R. SUGAR

MAMBY-KIMPUANI
WBC Junior Welterweight Title

"Sweet" Saoul Mamby, the frequently brilliant, often lacrimose holder of the WBC "super lightweight" (i.e., junior welterweight) title, hooked up with French-based African Jo Kimpuani in a 15-round support to the Holmes-Spinks contest, and barely escaped with his bauble alive.

Kimpuani, 139¼, employed an awkwardly delivered right (usually preceded by two warm up left taps) to dominate the middle rounds, and only Mamby's years of ring experience enabled him to keep out of harm's way enough and land enough good right hands of his own, to keep the 32-year-old Zairean from winning the world title on his second attempt.

Rights were not Kimpuani's only strong point. He hit Mamby with some good left hooks in round 11, and Saoul's course of action changed to going to the body, which he did in round 12. That, and more aggression, allowed Mamby to pull out the last few rounds and keep his crown.

Saoul also managed to negate Jo's right from the 11th on. He's certainly a master of defense, but whether he'd survive the vicious onslaught of an Aaron Pryor is another question.

An exciting fight it wasn't; few of Saoul's fights (the De-Jesus bout a notable exception, are. But Mamby's a good fighter, a credit to the sport—to lapse into cliche—and at 33, is having a late summer as the (WBC) boss of his division. He probably needs one big payday to end his career, and Pryor is the only man

who can possibly provide it.

DOKES-GARDNER

"Put some more of that polish on. My boy's gotta look good tonight." Those might have been Don King's words as he made the match between Mike Dokes and European heavyweight champ John L. Gardner of England. Being the European heavyweight champion is like making the weight lifting team at Vassar.

Dokes came out like he knew it was his night to shine (Don doubtless told him), and bombarded Gardner with lefts and rights, landed, seemingly, at will. Gardner fought back, but was unable to cope with Dokes' superior reflexes.

Dokes' left eyebrow was cut in the first round, probably as the result of a butt. Gardner looked a little better in the second, as he landed a few decent punches. But it was really just more of the same . . . Dokes the star, Gardner the game second lead, trying his best with the outcome never in doubt.

Gardner, 208½, tried to throw a good punch in the third round, but he left himself wide open, and Dokes, 215, leaped in for the kill. Left, right, left, right. A hard left hook to the mouth sent Gardner's mouthpiece flying and two more hard puches sent him crashing to the floor. A knockout, pure, destructive, and yet almost merciful—acting as catharsis by putting a somehow meaningful end to the humiliating demonstration that had proceeded it.

Dokes had clearly shone. All right, Don, you made your point. Now put the poor bloke on the airplane and send him home.

PAGE-EVANGELISTA

Have you ever seen the Soviet Union's grand May Day parade? It shows off military might and let's the world know that the U.S.S.R.'s "got it"—to spare.

The token Mamby fight excepted, tonight's big bouts amounted to an awesome display of heavyweight possession by Don King. Don is not without his ego (neither is Ali, Cosell, or Sugar), and all this talk of Cooney, Cooney, Cooney, *sans* Don King (a white boy, yet) has got the King Colossus of Promoting grinding his bicuspids. The F.B.I. *only* wants to take away Don's liberty. What the Rappaport-Jones-Glass trio is doing to King is something else, indeed.

So, Don let us know where things were at. His "main man," Larry Holmes, destroyed the man the American Automobile Association loves to hate, Leon Spinks. Then Dokes strutted his stuff against poor John L. Gardner. But even before the Holmes bout, King struck a telling blow by giving us the recently corralled Greg Page against *former* European champ Alfredo Evangelista.

Page, an awesome looking 235 (10 pounds heavier than Gerry Cooney), used the first round to feel Evangelista out. He needn't have bothered. A single punch —a right—felled the Spaniard for the full count in the second. It was murder. But it showed that there's still somebody—and plenty more in Europe, of course—John Gardner can beat.

Evangelista, 224½, was as helpless as a baby. He tried to reach Page in the first round, but Greg just moved and bounced jabs off Alfredo's head. Evangelista's punches were of no concern at all.

The second round was just a "Think I'll knock him out now" frame. Alfredo went into the Twilight Zone at 0:40 of the session.

Don just had to make up for Cooney's devastating kayo of Ken Norton. And he made his point quite well. The heavyweight division is right now composed of Holmes, Weaver, Cooney, Dokes, and Page. Those last two names are waiting in the title wings now, waiting for a few things to resolve themselves before they stake their claims.

Page vs. Cooney would be a great match, but it won't happen till Cooney gets a title shot. Then sit back and watch the sparks fly. It's just a matter of time.

Dwight Davison, 164½, Detroit, knocked out hapless Angel Castro, 165½, New York, in 2:08 of the first round in a scheduled 10 refereed by Harry Papacharalambous. This was Dwight's first fight since his upset loss to Robby Epps.

Mark Holmes, 158¼, Easton, Pa., TKO'd Bob West, 157, Detroit, at 2:44 of the seventh in a scheduled eight-round bout. Tom Briscoe, referee.

Jerry Williams, 212¼, Fayetteville, N.C., knocked Bruce (The Hulk) Graham, 225¼, Kalamazoo, out of the ring and out in 2:51 of the third round. The scheduled eight was refereed by Harry Papacharalambous.

Bernard Benton, 187¼, Toledo, won a unanimous decision over Charles Wooten, 189½, Detroit, in the opening four.

Timekeeper—Pat Rasmussen.

Knockdown Timer—Ray Gouldman.

(06-12-81)

HERBERT G. GOLDMAN

HAGLER-ANTUOFERMO
World Middleweight Title

MARVIN HAGLER IS THE MIDdleweight champion of the world—no Ifs, Ands, or Butts about it.

No "Ifs" because he now has beaten everyone in sight—with the exception of Mustafa Hamsho, whom he fights next, possibly this fall in San Remo, Italy—and stands on the threshold of finally attaining that measure of greatness he has long worked and hoped for.

No "Ands" because he is the only universally accepted champion in a mediocre Middleweight division where, as one wag puts it, "There are not enough bodies to make two champions, let alone two groups of top-ten challengers."

And no "Butts" because no matter what you might believe transpired in the Boston Garden the night of their fight, Hagler did *not* beat Antuofermo because of one. He beat Vito because he was the better man. Period.

The setting for this blood-letting was the old—very old—Boston Garden. The participants were throwbacks to warriors of old, warriors who have been selected by the generalisimos of their respective armies to carry the standard into a one-on-one battle to the death to settle the entire outcome of the war. The bauble held out for them was the Middleweight crown.

But for Marvin Hagler, it was more. It was another opportunity to prove himself and avenge one of the few smears on his otherwise impeccable record—this one a draw with Vito in Las Vegas just 17 months before. It was a matter of pride.

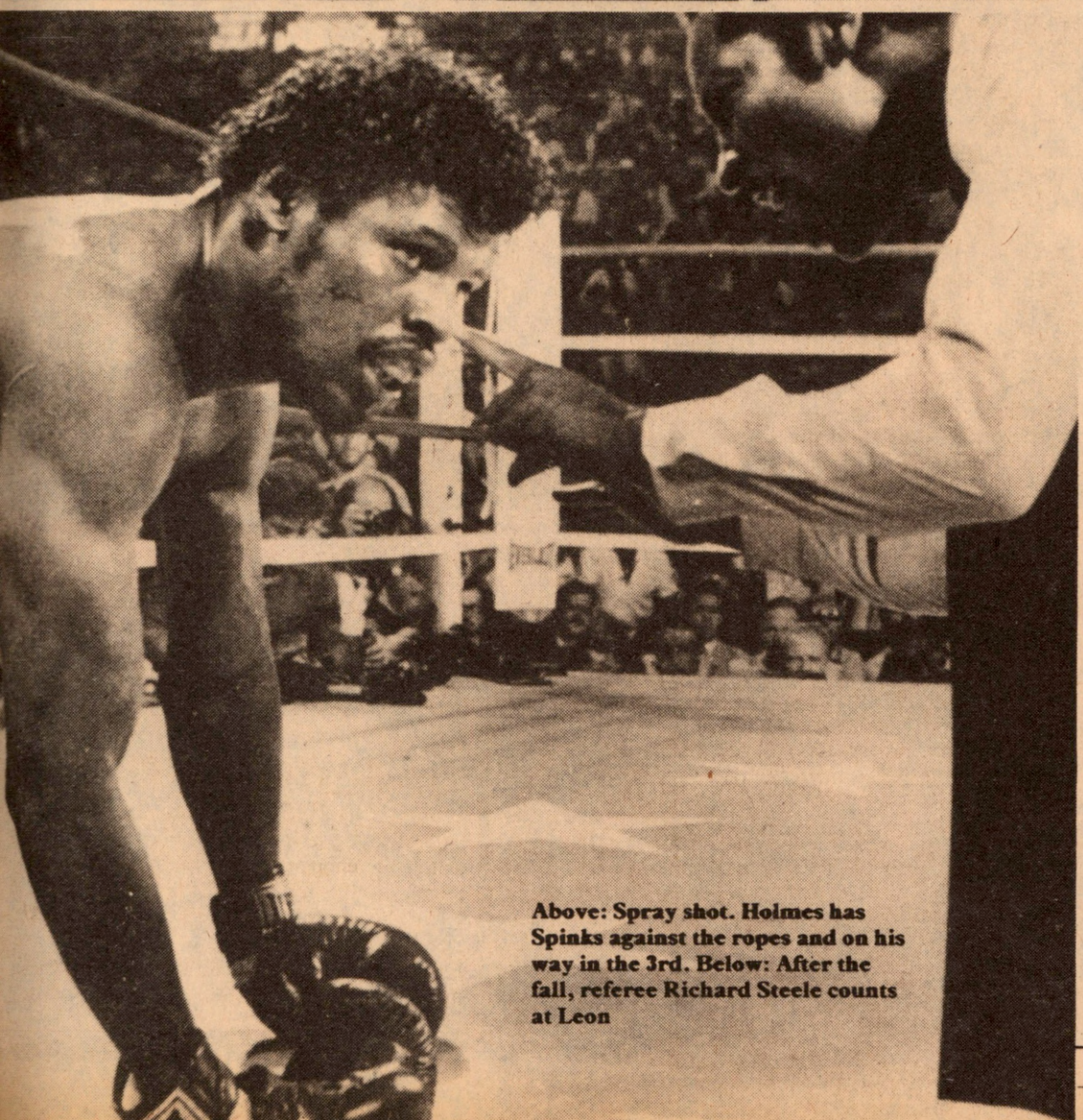
However, if Hagler had planned for the fight, he might have been the only one. The State of Massachusetts obviously hadn't. From the very beginning, controversy surrounded every little detail. First, there was the problem of the salve Vito's trainers wanted to use, a salve that would theoretically close the cuts he expected to endure, despite a recent operation which shaved down some of his facial bone structure in hopes of preventing them. On this matter the State, finding it had no iron content, approved the salve over Hagler's objections. Then, there was the question of the scales at the weigh-in. The Commission threw the scales into a cab on the way over to the weigh-in and when they arrived at the Lennox Hotel they soon found them to be inaccurate. Naturally. Antuofermo weighed in at 159¾ and Hagler at 161, one pound over the limit. Then, somebody remembered that Antuofermo had weighed one pound less that very morning. So the commission, rather than bothering with anything so mundane as an adjustment of the scales, arbitrarily deducted one pound. It was enough to drive promoter Bob Arum into the hallway shouting, "Doesn't anything go right in this State?"

Nobody argued with Arum. Least of all Antuofermo, who was to find out just how wrong things can go in Massachusetts—or anywhere, for that matter—if one looks like a candidate for a Red Cross blood donor's poster.

For, with but twenty-five seconds gone in the first round, Vito, arms akimbo, legs spread-eagled and head down, started his patented charge, one he had used several times before to propel him to victory. Only this time it was to propel him into something else: Marvin Hagler's head. Hagler, not exactly an impassive observer of his opponent's moves, had selected exactly that same nanosecond to bend over in a move designed to go to Antuofermo's body. The result was inevitable. Their heads clashed. And Vito emerged from the impact with more than a trace of blood just below his hairline.

That trace was to take on the look of a grotesque bal masque as Hagler directed right after right at the top of Vito's head; enough to drench the fighters, the referee and anyone sitting east of Brockton in a red sea of blood.

At the end of the round Vito returned to his corner, where



Above: Spray shot. Holmes has Spinks against the ropes and on his way in the 3rd. Below: After the fall, referee Richard Steele counts at Leon

trainer Freddie Brown—holding a cotton patch in his mouth which gave him the appearance of an out-of-costume Santa Claus—and assistant trainer Panama Lewis tried their best to part that red sea. Then, after paying attention to the cut they turned their attention on the referee, Davey Pearl, complaining about "the intentional butt." It had all the makings of a Marx Brothers' stateroom scene, with Brown, Lewis and manager Tony Carione all arguing with Pearl. Not only between rounds, but for at least three minutes past the bell for round two. Their thesis: That if a man is butted accidentally in the first three rounds of a fight that fight then becomes a "Technical draw." But Pearl was having none of it, holding—correctly, as it turned out—that if the fighter who causes the accidental butt gets hurt, that impact has the effect of a legitimate blow. But Brown, Lewis and Carione were having none of it, hoping against hope that the extra time their filibuster took would prove beneficial to the healing of Vito's by-now gaping wound.

But ministrations and mini-debates were of no help, as round two was to prove. For just as soon as the round opened, so too did Vito's cut, almost as if it were on cue, this time compliments of a right-left combination from Hagler. Another succession of right jabs produced a mouse under Vito's left eye, the beginning of a complete facial for Antuofermo.

Trying to save face, and more, Vito tried to initiate his attack in the third. But all he got for his efforts was a hard left to the top of his head, in the hairline area, toppling Antuofermo for just the third time in his long career. Up immediately, Vito went back to the business at hand while trying to wipe the other business out of his eyes. A right uppercut drove the challenger into the ropes as his corner screamed "Fight, Fight" and Antuofermo tried his damndest to comply.

By round four the handwriting was on the face, as Hagler opened up a cut on Vito's cheek, just below his right eye with an uppercut. Then, in yet another of those irresistible force meeting-an-immovable object colli-

sions—this one caused by Hagler's accidental head movement—Antuofermo came away with yet another lesion, this time on his right eyebrow. Ironically, the man who now looked like a "Gotcha" ad for an electric razor, was just beginning to fight his own kind of fight. But it was too little, too late. And as he went back to his corner, looking like a post-op patient from M*A*S*H, his corner, concerned for Vito's future well-being—as well as their stomachs—stopped the butchery. Hell, they must have reasoned, in another round or two there'd be nothing left of him.

The result was a fifth-round TKO, and despite the second butt—not to be confused with the first one—being caused by Hagler, there would be no "Technical Draw" this time, the ruling being that in the event a bout is stopped after the fourth round, the decision will go to the fighter who is ahead at the time. Of that there was no dispute. It was Hagler, 40-35 on all three cards.

After the fight, as the Gestapo-like guards at the Garden pushed and pulled media and fans this way and that, one of the protesting reporters was told by one of the local brownshirts, "Don't you ever ask to come back here again." Not to worry, neither the press, or, for that matter, Vito, ever wants to come back to Boston Garden again.

Robbie Simms, 157, of Brockton, scored an automatic TKO over Dom DiMarzo, 157, E. Boston, in 1:55 of the 2nd round, knocking him down three times and winning the New England Middleweight championship.

Dino Dennis, N. Attleboro, 213½, won a 10-round split decision over Don Halpin of Lowell, who weighed in at 202. The two white heavyweights battled through a workmanlike but fairly uneventful 10 rounds, with Dennis tiring in the 8th but coming back to win the decision. The judges scored the fight 99-92; 96-99; and 98-93, Dennis. It was Dennis' second fight since serving as a stepping stone for top contender Gerry Cooney.

Welterweight Fernando Fernandez of Pawtucket, R.I., won a split decision over Ed Campbell, 147, of New York City in their scheduled 8-rounder.

Middleweight Mike Baker, 159¾, of Spartanburg, S.C., added another win to his previous record of 36-12-1 by winning a 10-round decision over the number 20-ranked Junior Middleweight Tony Chiaverini, 158, of Kansas City.

Crowd: Estimated 9,000.

BERT R. SUGAR

HAMSHO-MINTER

LAS VEGAS, NEV.—A sneering, snarling Syrian by the name of Mustafa Hamsho pummeled his way to a split decision victory over former World Middleweight Champion, Alan Minter of England.

Their 10-round brawl at Caesars Palace Sports pavilion was billed as a title elimination bout, between No. 1 ranked Hamsho, at 160½ and No. 2 ranked Minter at 160¼, with the winner slated to fight Champion Marvin Hagler next October.

Both fighters fought a blood-and-guts battle and the decision was widely disputed among fans and experts at ringside. Many thought that Minter was the rightful winner while others thought the fight was close enough to have been called a draw.

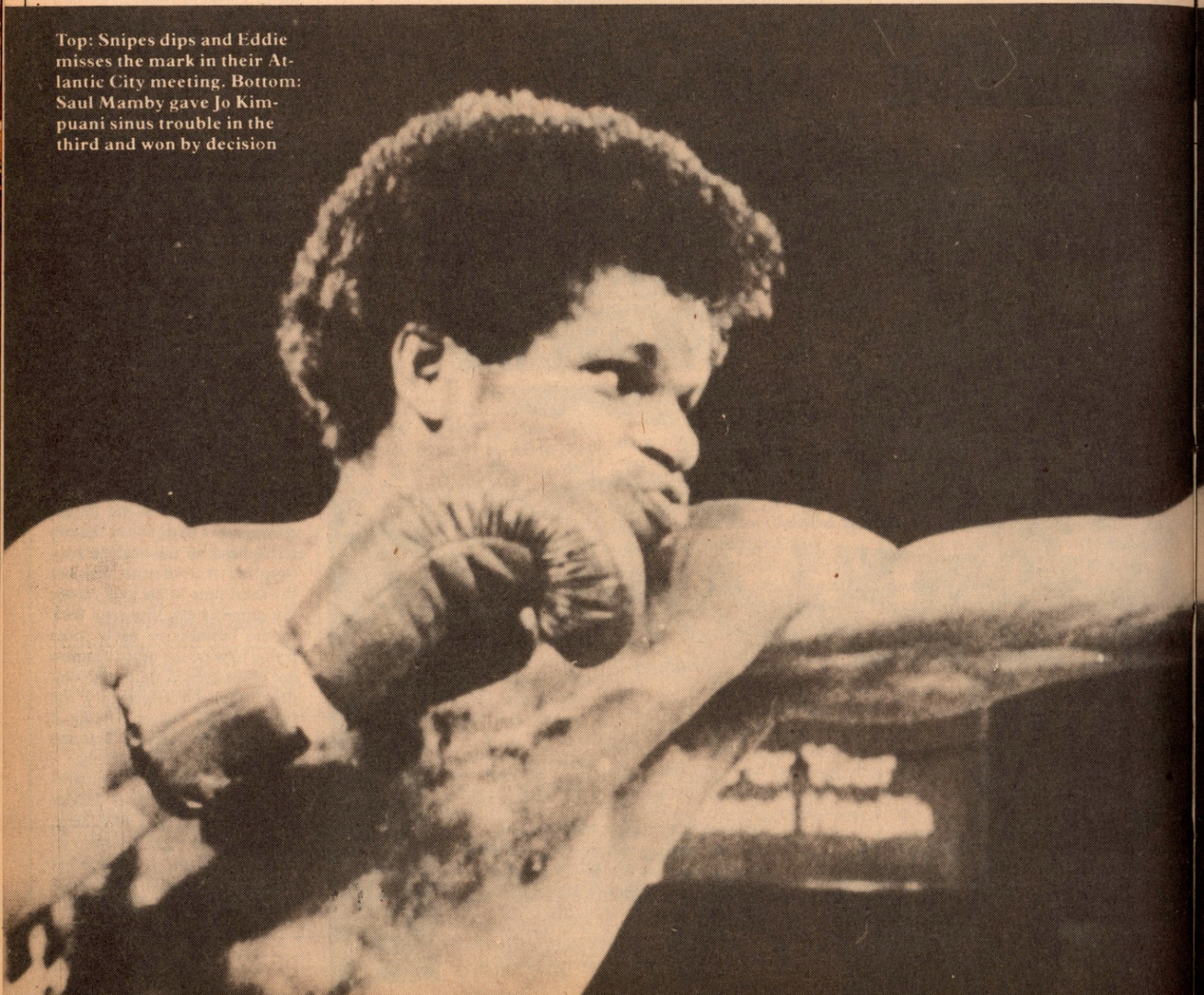
The judges, however, saw it otherwise; The official scoring was: judges Charles Minker and Hal Miller, 97-93 for Hamsho; and judge Jerry Roth, 96-94 for Minter.

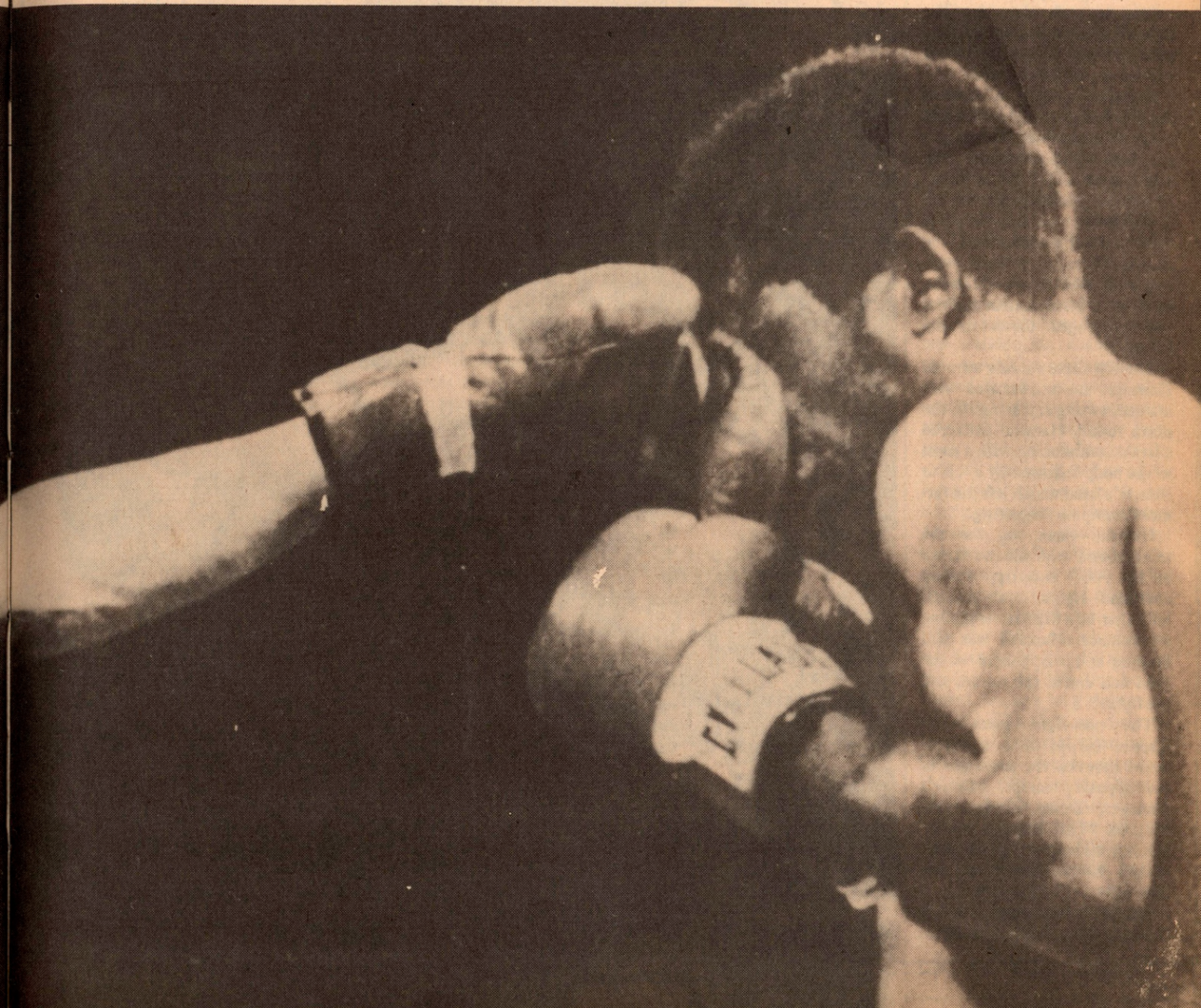
Hamsho, a native of Latakia, who now fights out of Brooklyn, New York, used an overhand right as his prime weapon and backed it up with constant combinations to his opponent's head.

The action was like a see-saw Hamsho took an early lead in the first three rounds, but it was Minter who rallied in the middle rounds with his classic style of boxing. The last three rounds saw Hamsho, who fights like a jungle animal, take command once more—and pile up impressive points to win the bout.

Hamsho was the aggressor for most of the rounds with Minter doing an effective job of coun-

Top: Snipes dips and Eddie misses the mark in their Atlantic City meeting. Bottom: Saul Mamby gave Jo Kimpuani sinus trouble in the third and won by decision





tering with classic left-right combinations.

Nearly every exchange of blows ended in a clinch, sometimes with Hamsho holding Minter's head between his gloves. The fighters were warned numerous times by referee Davey Pearl.

Hamsho had Minter backing up in both the early and late rounds but the Englishman constantly tied his opponent up on the ropes.

Minter, leading in the fifth and sixth rounds, often threw three or more punches to Hamsho's one. But the story changed in the later rounds, as Minter, who is known to cut and bleed was suffering from a severe gash in the right cheek a bleeding cut over his right eye and another behind his left ear. After the fight, Minter was taken to a hospital where 17 stitches were needed to close the injuries.

Hamsho suffered a swollen right eye in the third round and a cut to the side of his head in the 7th round. However, the slight injuries did not seriously impede his performance.

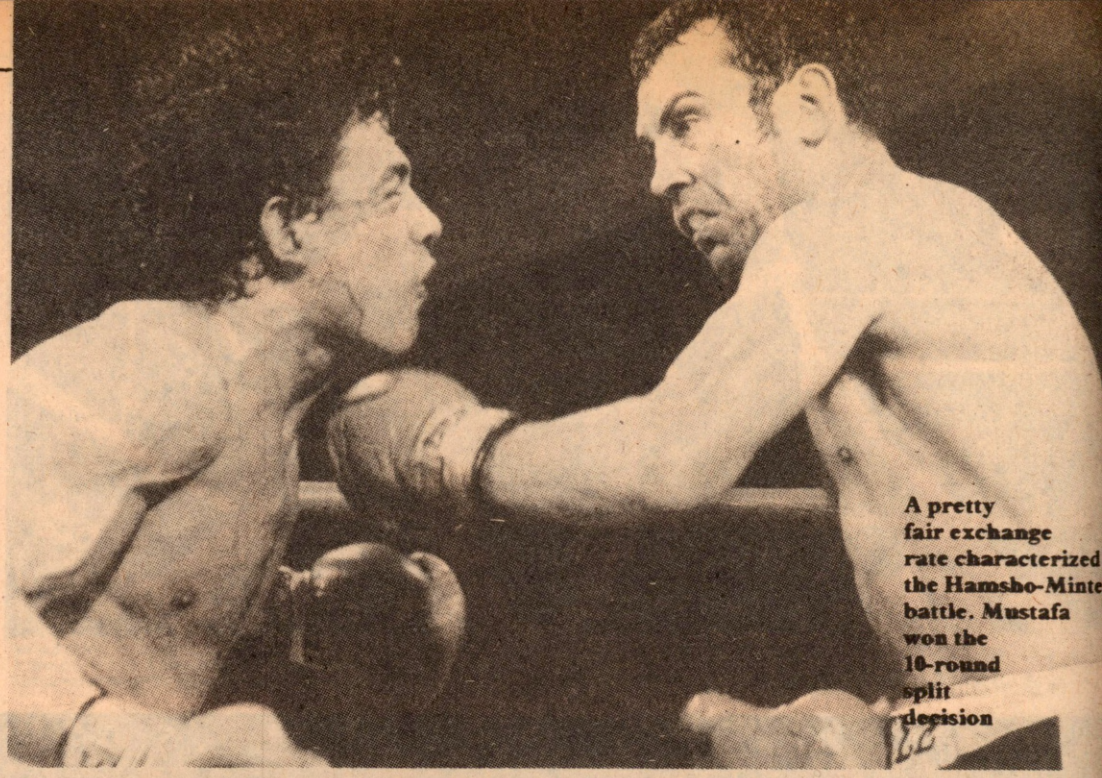
The seventh round was probably Minter's finest as he caused Hamsho to miss with many of his blows. Hamsho hung on to his opponent and the two exchanged blows in the clinch.

The last three rounds were all Hamsho as he brawled and mauled, swung and stang. In the ninth round, Hamsho delivered a lethal combination with a right to the body followed by a left to Minter's head which left the former Champion staggering.

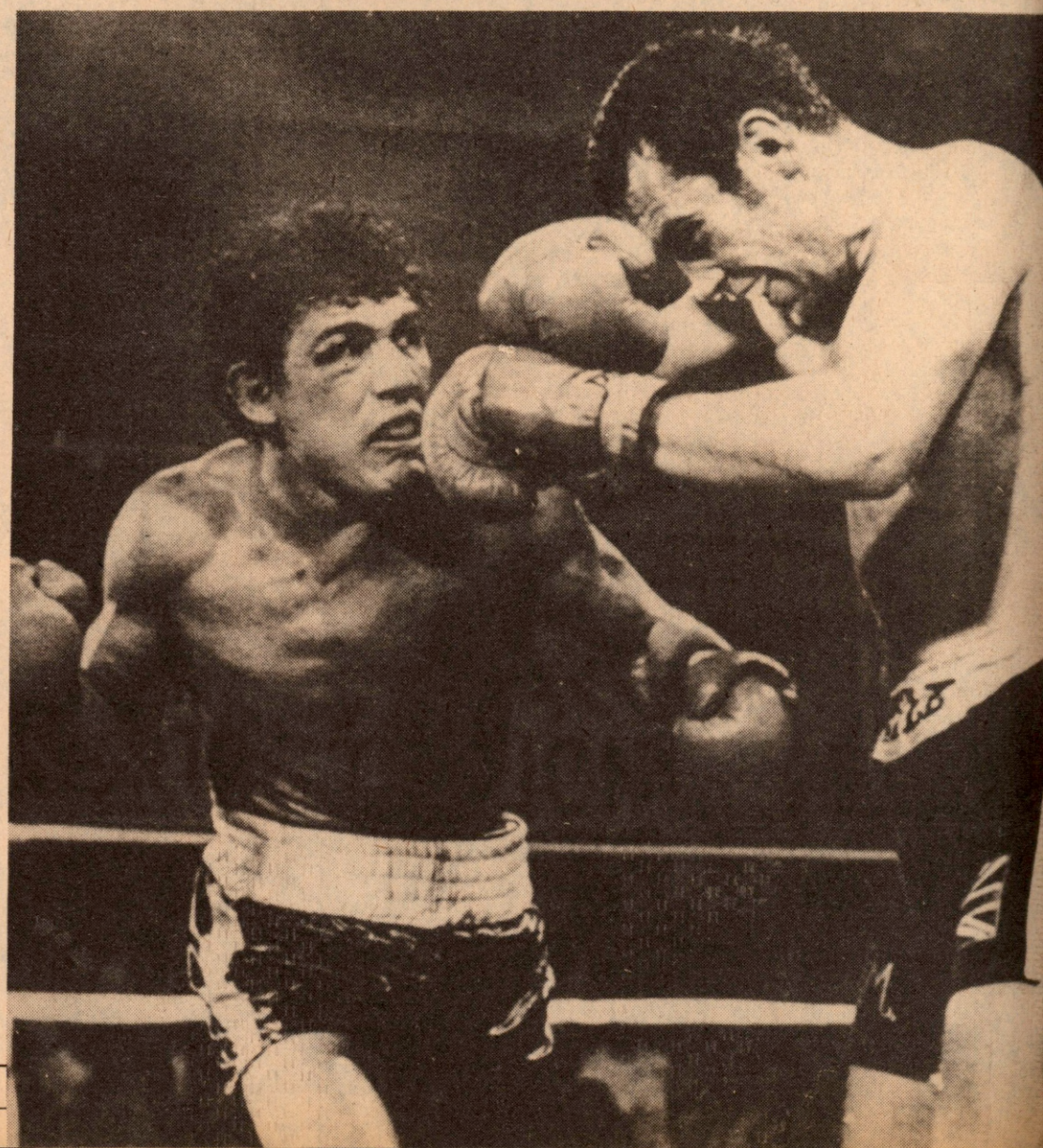
Hamsho came out for the tenth round with all the fervor of his Arab ancestry, dealing overhand rights, and straight lefts that left Minter struggling for balance. Hamsho was still lunging at his opponent as the final bell ended the round, and the fight.

The post-fight press conference turned into a verbal brawl between the managers of the opposing camps. Minter's manager, Doug Bidwell, exclaimed: "This decision was absolutely diabolical. I think there should be an immediate rematch!"

Hamsho's managers, Paddy Flood and Al Braverman coun-



A pretty fair exchange rate characterized the Hamsho-Minte battle. Mustafa won the 10-round split decision



tered with the fact that the American fighters got second-class treatment in England.

However, peace was finally made, as Flood called Minter a "great champion and a great fighter".

Flood also promised Bidwell a rematch for Minter should Hamsho defeat Hagler in their middleweight title bout.

Hamsho, who speaks a fractured English, allowed his managers to do most of the talking. His only comments were: "I don't get hurt; just slip into some of his clinches. He added that Minter's jabs did not hurt him and that "I took control when I saw him going downhill".

Minter, a true gentleman in defeat stated: "I thought I took an early lead. And I truly think I won the fight. It was very close, but I believe I should have gotten the decision".

Minter then referred to Hamsho's overhand right strategy saying: "The overhand right is not an easy punch to miss. It kept me off balance and rocked me a couple of times".

The Minter camp was not discouraged by the loss and announced that Minter would continue with his boxing career.

Meanwhile, Hamsho, who was celebrating his 27th straight pro victory is burning with fervor for a title match against current Champion Marvin Hagler.

The Hamsho camp bellowed: "If Hagler doesn't fight our boy by October, he'll be stripped of his title".

A 10-round middleweight preliminary resulted in a split decision for Robby Epps, 160¼, over Ted "T.N.T." Saunders, also 160¼.

Epps, rated No. 9 by "Ring" magazine, was not at his best in this tough, mauling battle, possibly because of a cut suffered in the third round.

This decision was also highly disputed, as many ringsiders felt that Saunders had won decisively. However, the Judges scored as follows: Joe Swessel and Dave Moretti, 96-94 for Epps; and Judge Alan Adler, 96-94 for Saunders. Referee: John Worth.

A four-round card opener of Jr. Middleweights resulted in a unanimous decision for Zenith Burk, 138¼, over Lalo Carrera, 144. All three judges scored the bout 4-36 for Burke. Referee: J. Curtis.

The pride of old England was saved in a middleweight prelim, scheduled for eight. Eddie Smith, 161½, of London, England, made short work of Rafael Zamora, 168 of Los Angeles, with a TKO at 1:32 of the third round. Zamora was down early in the third round; and barely got to his feet when a straight right sent him to the canvas again, as referee Fred Hernandez stopped the bout.

An eight round bout of light heavyweights resulted in a unanimous decision for Balardo Ramos, 172, of Cuba and Los Angeles; over Bernard McLean, 175, of New York. McLean was down in the first round but survived to finish the fight. Scoring was: Joe Swessel 79-72; Dave Moretti, 79-71; and Alan Adler, 77-74, all for Ramos. Referee: Ferd Hernandez.

In a four-round middleweight bout, Odell Hadley, 158, scored a split decision over Earnest Rabotte, 159½. Scoring was: judge Charles Minker 4-37 and judge Hal Miller 39-37, both for Hadley; while Jerry Roth scored 39-37 for Rabotte.

In a middleweight walk-out bout, scheduled for 10, Henry Walker, 158 scored a TKO over Randy McGrady 158, at 2:07 of the 5th Europe, live, by I.T.V.
(6-06-81)

SHIRLEY NORMAN

BOZA-EDWARDS-CHACON
WBC Super Featherweight Title

LAS VEGAS, NEV.—Cornelius Boza-Edwards, if he lived in his native Uganda, would indeed be a warrior's warrior. His heavy hitting, smooth evasive movements and fearlessness remind all who see him that this Englishman from Uganda is descended from a race of proud horsemen who—without bridle or saddle and armed only with spears—many times routed British riflemen.

At the opening bell, Bobby Chacon, 130, touched Boza-Edwards' glove and immediately assumed the role of the big black cat, giving rise that he could be successful in his attempt to come back to the prize ring which has given so many ghetto and barrio boys a chance to make good. Surprisingly, members of his barrio sprinkled the arena with catcalls. Most of the applause, oddly enough, was directed to the Englishman by way of Africa, whose smile seemed as friendly as a lion who had just caught a mouse, but was too full to devour it at the moment. Boza-Edwards, at 130, seemed to possess great stage presence, playing to the audience and allowing Chacon to get away with such small amenities as occasional stiff jabs and an occasional hook or two.

Satisfied with the torrid pace he had set, the muscular champion absorbed more punishment than diplomatic etiquette would dictate is allowable for a visiting dignitary. That is, without retaliatory measures being taken. Or just plain ol' recompense given. Only once, in the waning chapters, did Boza totter. But, by then, the hard-punching Chacon was visibly tired, his earlier footwork and tactics—those of a second-story man escaping down a dark alley after midnight—having deserted him, he made no protest when his second suggested a stoppage after the 12th round.

For his part, the winner seemed to be daydreaming in the monotony of being unable to miss any of the dozens of brain-numbing, power-packed hooks which he delivered to the one-time hero of the barrio.

Not a single protest was heard as the ref held the sable-skinned champion's hand aloft in victory. When this Super Featherweight champion begins to put his "stuff" together, he is really going to be *super.* He has the stamina of a "Hurricane" Henry Armstrong—the triple crown holder who vanquished lightie champ Lou Ambers, welter king Barney Ross and Petey Sarron all within one year. Henry, incidently, also drew with Filipino middleweight champion Ceferino Garcia for the world crown that same year.

Welcome to America, Cornelius, the land of dreams and opportunity. Hard work and your unique skill can combine to make your wildest dreams come true. Glad to have you in boxing's marketplace.
(5-30-81)

ARCHIE MOORE

AVELAR-OGUMA
WBC Flyweight Title

MITO CITY, JAPAN—Mexican puncher Antonio Avelar impressively knocked out Japanese lefty Shoji Oguma, the flyweight champion, with solid combinations 56 seconds into the seventh session of their scheduled fifteen round title bout, winning the world crown at Mito City Gymnasium.

The 22-year-old Mexican displayed his vaunted power punching by finishing the defending champ at the first knockdown. Oguma, 29, failed to defend his throne for the fourth time since wresting it via a ninth-round kayo from Korean champ Chan-Hee Park on May 18 of the previous year. All three neutral American judges, Richard Steele, Charles Minker and James Rondeau, tabbed the action-packed affair 58-56, for the younger challenger. Referee David Pearl didn't score officially according to the WBC rules.

The Japanese southpaw champ Oguma barely tipped the beam at the 112-pound limit after his reportedly severe reduction of weight. Avelar was 111¼.

In the first round Oguma looked sharp, moving smoothly and tossing his right jabs swiftly. He traded good straight lefts to Avelar and had him off balance. It was Oguma's round. The Mexican was studying the champ's puzzling lefty style in the opening session, but the problem proved easy for Avelar to solve, as the contest progressed.

The flyweights were 5'4", but Avelar's reach was an inch and a half longer than Oguma's and his long straight blows were very effective against the lefty footworker.

The second session saw Avelar chasing the fast-moving Oguma continually with his long jabs and straight rights. Midway through the round, Avelar complained of Oguma's butt after a collision of heads. But the Mexican was aggressive enough to win the round. Oguma's manager Shichiro Kimura had repeatedly told Oguma, "Avelar is a wild bull, so you have to fight like a matador."

The third followed that pattern. Avelar, a handsome hombre who resembles Al Pachino, was stalking the champion all the way. Oguma sometimes scored strong counters with smashing lefts. Avelar occasionally caught the southpaw Japanese with long left hooks to the side of the belly, followed by right shots to the face. It was nearly even, though the scrappy Mexican was beginning to set the pace. Avelar slipped to the deck once, but it didn't bother his concentration and he continued chasing the champ.

In the fifth round, Oguma tried to keep his distance by moving to the left, but he absorbed Avelar's long rights continually. The Mexican challenger proved better at close range, lifting sharp double uppercuts to the bewildered Oguma. Oguma had a tendency to turn to the left and invite mix-ups with his opponent. His strategy was largely unsuccessful. Avelar, a stronger puncher, neglected Oguma's good shots and never

stopped stalking the retreating champ. The Mexican appeared to be in complete control by round six when Oguma suddenly turned loose—as if he could no longer endure Aveler's relentless pressure. Mixing-it-up is Antonio's specialty. He responded to the exchange and both fighters went at it toe-to-toe near the ropes. Avelar's combinations were stronger and more effective. A wicked—very wicked—left hook and unnecessary right hook to the button flattened Oguma. The champ tried to stand up, but in agony knelt down again. He was counted out at 0:56 of the seventh frame. A new champion was born.

Avelar said, as if he had taken the victory for granted, "Oguma suddenly came to swap punches. That's my chance. I did it. I thought Oguma would make more use of his footwork to avert the exchange of blows. . . . The kayo was produced by my left hook." He shadowboxed his lethal left blow.

Oguma's manager Kimura repentantly reviewed the kayo defeat. "I ordered him not to mix up . . . but Oguma, after his good left shot caught Avelar in the beginning of the seventh round, became too aggressive only to be hit by Avelar's dangerous weapons. . . ."

Most jubilant was Avelar's manager Angel Casillas, who said gaily, "There are now no strong flyweight boys, so Antonio will defend his title many many times."

Avelar boosted his record to 23-8-1 with fifteen knockouts. Oguma is now 36-9-1 including twenty kayoes. The loser Oguma is said to have outgrown the flyweight class and is seeking another chance in the newly established junior bantamweight division.

In the semi-final eight, tricky lefty Tsuguyuki Toma, the winner of Japan's Novice-King tournaments last year at 116¾, dropped Mikio Kamata, also 116¾, twice and halted him at 2:14 in the fourth round. A towel was tossed in to save the groggy loser.

Junior banty Saburo Tobii, 114¾, outscored Akira Tachibana, 113¾, in six.

Hard-hitting welterweight Kiyomasa Kato, 143, pounded out a decision from Masanori Omori, 143¼, in six.

In the bantamweight four, Kazunori Masuda, 118, made short work of Susumu Toyoizumi, a heavier guy at 124¾, stopping the latter at 2:49 in the opening session.

Junior featherweight Ichiro Okano, 121, outpointed Shoichi Nozawa, 122, in four.

Shin-Nippon Kimura Promotions.

Attendance—9,000.

Timekeeper—Riichi Hirano.

Ring doctors—Dr. Watanabe and Dr. Nagasawa.

(5-12-81)

JOE Y. KOIZUMI

SNIPES-E. MUHAMMAD

ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.—As Orson Welles once said, "Gluttony is not a secret vice." He might well have added that this is especially true if you are a champion prizefighter displaying your wares, and girth, on national television.

When Eddie Mustafa Muhammad undraped prior to his match with Renaldo Snipes, the excess flab that adorned his once finely chiseled body, was, to say the least, conspicuous. He looked like a guy who had been trapped in a pie factory and tried to eat his way to freedom.

This was supposed to be Mustafa's glorious debut into the heavyweight ranks. He said that he was tired of being the vice president (WBA light heavyweight champ) and wanted to move up to president (heavyweight champion). It turned out to be an embarrassment of major proportions, not only for Eddie, but for everyone involved. Snipes scrambled to a split 10-round decision in what was unanimously described as a stinker.

The fight was practically a no-hitter. There were few solid blows, and exchanges were something that the fans only dreamed about. The fighters seemed to be playing an expensive, and boring, game of tag. I'll tap your gloves and you tap mine.

Muhammad, a blubbery 201¾ waddled around the ring like a pregnant duck, showing all the enthusiasm of a man on the way to the electric chair. Maybe they should have dangled a hamburger in front of his nose. He did manage to nick Snipes around both eyes, but his overall punch rate, approximately two solid punches per round, was not enough by a long shot.

Snipes, for his part, showed plenty of movement but little substance. He flicked out hundreds of jabs, most of which either fell short or were picked off on Eddie's gloves. He won the match by virtue of his hustle and fervor. What else was there?

The highlight, if you want to call it that, came between the fifth and sixth when Snipes stood up in his corner and yelled: "You ain't gonna win a round." It was that sort of fight, or, in this case, non-fight. Later he sang "New York, New York" into the microphone.

The scoring was also somewhat of a farce when judge Paul Cavaliere turned in a 5-3-2 tally for Muhammad and then said he had mixed the fighters up and meant to vote for Snipes. Deputy commissioner Bob Lee said that the score would stand for Mustafa anyway. Judge William Kostrub and referee Vincent Rainone gave it to Snipes by scores of 9-1 and 7-2-1, respectively. The *Ring,* forced to give it to someone, had Renaldo ahead 5-3-2.

The 24-year-old Snipes, a genuine heavy at 6'3" and 215 pounds, was understandably pleased with his good fortune.

"When he came in at 201, our strategy was to come right at him (you could have fooled us). I didn't want to take him out. We knew he'd be slow with all that weight. He's a great counterpuncher, but I knew I would be quicker, all I had to do was hit and move."

Muhammad, arrogant in defeat, had his excuse all ready.

"Eight days ago, I threw my back out of place. I was in a Las Vegas hospital. But I wanted to show all my fans how much heart I had." You sure showed them Eddie.

Not to be outdone, Snipes countered with his own sob story. "I was in an automobile accident during the week. I just thank God that I was able to fight today."

The main question then, seems to be, why did New Jersey Athletic Commission permit two unhealthy boxers to participate in what was suposed to be a bout of some importance. Was it a case of the show must go on at any cost? Maybe NBC-TV, who televised the mess, could shed a little light on the subject.

The circus that followed the fight was far more entertaining than the bout itself. Mustafa, the WBA belt still safely wrapped around his ample waist, announced that he would trim down, if that's possible, and defend against Michael Spinks. This set off a 20 minute comedy routine featuring Eddie, Spinks, Butch Lewis and company. Even Saad Muhammad was on hand, horning in on the act. It was a fitting ending to a day that will *not* go down in history as one of boxing's finest.

In the prelims Tony Santant, 128½, Brooklyn, N.Y., TKO'd Terry Kemp, 125½, Fort Myers, Florida, at 1:06 of the eighth. Eddie Davis, 174, Freeport, N.Y. TKO'd Chris Wells, 174¾, Orlando, Florida, in 2:22 of the fifth. Bruce Williams, 136, Philadelphia, decisioned Ray Roman, 128½, New York City, over six. Ed Gregg, 213, Brooklyn, TKO'd game Rich Segar, 243½, Blackwood, N.J., at 2:07 of the sixth. Dennis Cruz, 132¼, N.Y.C., TKO'd Mike Davis, 133, Philadelphia, at 1:37 of the second.

The card drew a live attendance of 1,500 into the ballroom of Bally's Park Place Casino Hotel. The promoter was Momentum Enterprises.

(5-17-81)

NIGEL COLLINS

BRAXTON-ROSSMAN

ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.—The once brilliant career of Mike Rossman lies in ruin following a devastating knockout loss to Dwight Braxton under the harsh lights of national television cameras at Resort's Superstar Theatre. There can be no excuse for the "Jewish Bomber" this time, he simply got bombed. It was an uncompromising defeat. Braxton literally chewed him up and spit out the pieces, ending the one-sided match with a righteous left hook at 1:59 of the seventh round.

It seems like only yesterday that Rossman, his brand new WBA light heavyweight title tucked safely in his hip pocket, was visiting Jimmy Carter at the White House and dreaming of (at the time, a highly feasible) million dollar fight with Muhammad Ali. Time, as they say, has the irritating habit of marching on. Ali is no longer champ, there's a new head honcho at the Nation's helm and Rossman has been a *former*-champion for a lot longer than he was a champion.

In the past there has been a litany of alibis for Mike's failures. His father, Jimmy DePiano, sold him down the river; nasty old Victor Galindez first stood him up in Las Vegas and then broke Mike's hand with his head in their second battle of New Orleans; he had the flu against Ramon Ronquillo in East Rutherford and, well, you get the picture. In the wake of this most recent disaster, it seems that at only 24-years-of-age, Rossman is indeed washed up.

Braxton, 172¾, took control of the fight from the opening

bell. He pressed forward, landing frequently with a jolting left jab that, heretofore, had not been a prominent part of his repertoire.

"That's why I had the name the 'Camden Buzzsaw'," said Braxton." Because my jab is just like a saw. I'll cut your head off if you don't watch out."

He's not going to make anyone forget about Henry Armstrong, but Braxton does toss plenty of leather. He is also adroit at ducking low under punches, making him a much harder target than one would assume from his come-to-fight style.

Pressure was foremost in Dwight's plans and he applied it with relish, smiling sardonically through gritted teeth as he worked. He seemed to be enjoying himself no end.

Straight rights to the head began to find there mark as early as the second round and, although Rossman limply tried to punch back, he never looked in the fight. Braxton was all over him, digging to the body in close and continualy bouncing stiff shots off Mike's head at long range.

A series of overhand rights made Rossman hold in the fifth. You could almost see the confidence draining from him. Nothing was working and there was Braxton, always on his tail dogging him, dishing out a steady diet of punishment.

Braxton started the sixth fast and then eased off, beckoning Rossman to come and fight. There was some talk ringside to the effect that maybe Braxton was, at this point, tiring of the chase. In fact, he was merely gathering himself for the finishing onslaught that would come the next round.

"Just between you and me, I carried him a couple of rounds," Braxton later asserted.

They traded rights to open the seventh and Rossman followed with a left hook. Braxton, who loves to mix, responded with a stunning straight right-left hook combo that jolted Mike into full retreat. Braxton was coming on like a runaway freight train and Rossman, 174½, had nothing left to sidetrack, let alone derail, him.

A right to the jaw shook Rossman to the core and he staggered back towards the ropes. Braxton rushed forward and nailed him with a roundhouse left hook that sent Mike flying to the floor. He landed on his can, back resting against the ropes, his eyes closed. He was on his hands and knees, not really trying to get up, when referee Joe Cortez counted him out.

Braxton was jubilant and rightly so. He has an excellent chance of cashing in on his big win pronto. He had been penciled in to meet Matthew Saad Muhammad before Murray Sutherland split Saad's lip, precipitating a lengthy layoff for the WBC titleholder. The match will now be that much more attractive to the networks. Dwight's vicious showing couldn't have been better.

"Bring on King Kong," raved Braxton. "Rossman wasn't nothing to be overly excited about. But he was a name. He was national exposure. He was a chance for me to prove myself. Now I'm ready for the big money."

Braxton, at least for the time being, is hot property. The muscular ex-con has a street-fighter's mean streak and definitely comes to rumble. He breezed to the ESPN cable-TV title last year and has since upped his record to 14-1-1 (eight early endings), avenging his lone defeat to Johnny Davis.

Rossman was unavailable to the press after the fight but his brother-cornerman, Andrew DePiano, said that he would urge Mike to retire. Sounds like a good idea. He just doesn't have it anymore. His record stands at 40-7-3 (24 kayoes) and falling.

After six rounds, referee Cortez had Braxton ahead 6-0, judges Eva Shain and Richard Murray agreed, scoring 5-1 and 5-0-1, respectively. In this case, the figures told the truth.

In the prelims, talented Bobby Joe Young, 146¾, Steubenville, Ohio, TKO'd Curtis Taylor, 152½, Vineland, N.J., at 2:29 of the first. Ernest Jackson, 141¼, Philadelphia, scored a unanimous decision over Shadeed Adul Ranman (a/k/a Ronnie Green), 139, Baltimore, Md., in eight. Mario Tiberi, 173, Vineland, N.J., TKO'd Frankie Crossan, 175, Bellmawr, N.J., at 2:38 of the second. Kenny Ringo, 170¼, Atlantic City, TKO'd Anthony Freeman, 161, Chester, Pa., at 1:22 of the first. Larry Barge, 135½, decisioned Slim McCoy, 135½, Trenton, N.J., four.

The card was solid from top to bottom, and, until their hero's demise, thoroughly enjoyed by the noisey, pro-Rossman crowd.

Judges—Eva Shain and Richard Murray.
Referees—Joe Cortez and Joe O'Neil.
Attendance—1,500.
(5-31-81)

NIGEL COLLINS

MANCINI-MORALES
NABF Lightweight Title

KIAMESHA LAKE, N.Y.—Ray "Boom Boom" Mancini won the North American Federation lightweight championship by stopping the defending champion Jorge Morales in the ninth round.

In making his first defense, Morales, behind on all three scorecards, suffered a swelling around the left eye. At the end of the ninth round, referee Arthur Mercante went to Morales' corner and stopped the fight. "Morales had taken an unusual amount of head punishment for the fight to continue," commented Mercante.

Mancini with a record of 19-0 and weighing in at 134½, started off slowly as Morales in the first two rounds was able to jab effectively to the head and counter with lefts and rights to the body of Mancini.

In the second round Mancini started to bleed from the nose. However, between the second and third rounds Mancini's cornermen stopped the bleeding and from that point on it didn't bother Mancini's performance.

From the third round on the bout belonged to Mancini. With the crowd yelling "Boom Boom," Mancini put Morales on the defensive. Mancini pinned Morales against the ropes and pounded him with lefts and rights to Morales' body and arms. The vicious body attack in this round began to take its toll.

The tempo was the same in rounds four and five, with Mancini pinning Morales against the ropes and scoring with short hooks, jabs and upper cuts.

In the sixth frame, Morales' eye began to swell. He tried at times to fight back, but at this point it was clear that Mancini's savage body attack had done the job. Morales, a game fighter, did land a few listless punches, but Mancini was fresh, able to pick his shots and hit Morales at will.

The crowd sensed the end in the seventh as "Boom Boom" landed an overhand right that sent Morales spinning to the ropes. Once again the pattern was the same as Mancini pummeled his rival with a variety of blows.

Just before the start of round eight, the doctors examined the eye of Morales, but the bout was allowed to continue. In this round Mancini snapped Morales' head back at least six times and a beautiful left-right-left almost knocked Morales down. Morales tried to throw some wild hooks, but Mancini was able to avoid them with ease.

A left uppercut by Mancini in the ninth round made Morales' legs quiver as Mancini scored at will. Morales, fighting mostly in the nuetral corner, was game and only his heart and pride kept him off the canvas.

The win for "Boom Boom" was an impressive and important one. Mancini proved that he could pace himself, figure out his opponant's weakness, and pick his blows without wasting any excess energy.

"I did everything right," Mancini commented, "I stayed outside and jabbed, inside I was able to smother him with short hooks to the arms.

I became more aggressive in the seventh round because I saw he was tiring. At this point I opened my attack."

Mancini's manager, Dave Wolf, was happy with the win and would like his fighter to go after a world title. Wolf told *The Ring* that a verbal agreement has been reached for Mancini to fight the Jim Watt-Alexis Argello winner. When Aaron Pryor's name was mentioned, Wolf commented that Pryor had refused a proposed match with Mancini.

Mancini's parents were at ringside. Ray Mancini Sr. was a top lightweight in the 40's, but was unable to get a title shot because of World War II. His son seems destined to get the title shot his father never got.

Six-rounders: Hector "Macho" Camacho, 130½, TKO'd Kato Ali, 140, in 2:37 of the seventh round. Clyde Mudgett knocked out Randy Stephens at 2:19 of round number one in heavyweight action. Ken Styles, 159½, decisioned Carlton swift, 161, in a six-round bout. Three-time Golden Gloves champion Pedro Vilella, 145, outpointed Ted White, 148. Jorge Vasquez, 129, outscored Edwin Rivera, 127½. Melvin Epps decisioned Micheal Benning, four, heavyweights.

The show was promoted by Madison Square Garden and Round One Productions. The main event was carried live by the CBS Television Network, with Tim Ryan, Angelo Dundee, and Sugar Ray Leonard doing the commentary.

Attendance—1,500.
(5-16-81)

DEAN COLEMAN

RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

NORTH AMERICA

UNITED STATES

CONNECTICUT

▲ **WEST HARTFORD—Stage West—**Marcus Jackson, 175, Hartford won the New England light-heavyweight title by stopping defender Don Addison, 173, Waterbury, in the second of a slated ten-rounder by opening an inch-long gash across Don's left eyebrow. Confusion bordering on pandemonium reigned just prior to Dr. Joseph G. Uricchio's decision to halt the duel at 2:10 in the round. Referee Walt Longo had waved his hands toward timer Jack LaSalle, signalling a timeout as he simultaneously called in the ring physician. Misinterpreted, an ardent Jackson rooter armed with camera leaped in the ring as others streamed forward, and cornerman rose to the ring apron, believing the fight was over. The ref waved them off.

After the doctor deemed the cut was too deep for Addison to continue, rooters did flood the ring and lifted their new champ on high, toting him around the battle pit.

Left jabs had Jackson in command while the bout lasted, with Addison probing with body shots, which is his forte. "I was going after him in two more rounds," said the slow-starting Waterburian. "I planned a body attack."

A hook launched in leftfield slashing an arc to its target's jaw got Papo Figueroa, 146, Hartford, a knockout victory over Angel Ortiz, 144, Springfield, in 1:30 of the sixth in a slated eight. Ref Longo counted to seven, as Ortiz rolled instinctively from side to back in a futile try to rise, then called in Dr. Uricchio and cornermen to tend to the fighter. Papo had an edge in five rounds and landed the decisive left hook as both appeared to swing wildly.

Muhammad Shabazz, 172, Hartford, got a split eight-round decision over Cornell Chavis, 174, New York City. Ref Duke Lawson's threat to disqualify him "if you don't fight" spurred Chavis to take the second and fifth rounds, Shabazz winning with ease.

Pepe Vasquez, 126, Hartford, got a TKO over Ray Agar, 128, Hartford, when the latter could not come out for the sixth and final round. Vasquez knocked down and all but stopped Agar in the fifth, taking charge with a rally in the fourth. Wilbur Cross 142, Hartford, won a majority decision over Andy Reid, also 142, Brooklyn, in a four.

Attendance—635.

▲ **HARTFORD—Civic Center Assembly Hall—**Mindful of the fact he had a June date in New York's Madison Square Garden coming up, unbeaten Hartford welter prospect Marlon Starling, 148, destroyed Johnny Cooper, 150, of Philadelphia in 2:01 of the first round via the three-knockdown rule. Atty. F. MacBuckley, his manager-trainer, had an undisclosed reward for the Magic Man if Starling could better Pete Ranzany's four-round kayo of Cooper. "It's going to cost me money," moaned the busy criminal lawyer, who had ordered champagne to pop in celebration. Buckley was mindful of the fact his star of a stable of fighters would be a valuable commodity if he scored a quick K.O. here to go with a knockout he scored in the Garden's Felt Forum in his previous bout.

The 17th win and 10th kayo came after "Moochie" struck with right uppercuts at the tailend of a cluster of left hooks for the first two knockdowns. A double-barreled fusillade to the same head target flipped over Cooper for the third knockdown. Ref Sam Maltempo's mandatory kayo gesture halted Cooper's agony. "He caught me cold," he was to say.

Marcus Starks, 140½, Hartford, unleashed a withering assault in the third of a slated eight to gain a TKO win over Eddie Ortiz, 137, Atlantic City with seven second left. Groggy and wobbling, Ortiz failed Ref Lou Bogash's finger-count test after the second knockdown in the semi-final bout.

Area fighters were upset victims in two prelims, their own handlers stopping slated sixes. C.J. Vescio (Carl Justice Nordstorm), 221, Providence, got a TKO in the third over Dick Embleton, 195, Thomaston, after a towel from his corner fluttered into the ring. Embleton, who had been stunned and shook by power-laden blows in the first, drew the roaring crowd to its feet with a second-round rally. Though being punished in the third, Dick protested his corner's act.

Davey Boy Brown, 127, Elizabeth, N.J., got a TKO in three over Manuel Dearce, 126, Hartford. Dearce, his face cut up in two rounds of fighting, was held on his stool as the bell rang. Dr. Joseph G. Uricchio confirmed his handlers' judgment on examining a cut in Manuel's right eyelid.

Promoter—Lou Tallarita. Matchmaker—Vito Tallarita.

Attendance—1,164. Gross—$15,889.

(05-29-81)

JOE CASSANO

FLORIDA

▲ **GAINESVILLE—Gymnasium—**Tony (Hit Man) Servance, 188, Gainesville, won a unanimous decision over Tom (Atom Bomb) Prater, 193, Indianapolis, in a 10-round bout billed for the Southern cruiserweight title. The scores were 98-92, 96-89, and 99-87. Prater was aggressive in the early rounds, but tired noticeably in the fifth. Servance landed some heavy punches in the middle rounds and almost floored Tom in the eighth and ninth.

Servance is now 12-2-1 with eight knockouts. Prater is 35-10-1.

Randy Frazier, 135, Eustis, Florida, TKO'd Calvin Edmunds, 136, in 2:00 of the second.

Dorsey Gaymon, 183, Jacksonville, the 1981 Florida Golden Gloves champ, made his pro debut by knocking out Joe Louis Bailey, 192, Alachua, Florida, in 2:30 of the second.

Mitch (M.T.) Thomas, 148, Ft. Myers, Florida, TKO'd Jerome Cox, 144, Eustis, at 1:08 of the second.

Mike Cavanaugh, 183, Tampa, kayoed Terry Shelton, 185, Orlando, in 1:33 of the first round with a right to the solar plexus.

(05-21-81)

HARVEY KAPLAN

▲ **MIAMI BEACH—Sheraton Beach Resort Arena—**Tommy Torino, Roger Pinckney, and Chris Dundee put together another action card.

Lee Royster, 170, Ft. Lauderdale, used his greater experience to eke out an eight-round decision over previously unbeaten "Killer" Joe Golphin, 176, Miami. Royster now has the right to continue to the finals of the Florida Light Heavyweight Elimination Tournament.

Dexter Smith, 134, Homestead, knocked out Carlos Jimenez, 132½, Miami, with a terrific right to the chin in 2:52 of the first session.

Renaldo Rogue, 114, but looking more like a heavy featherweight, floored Steve (Wonder) Whetstone, 110, in the first and won via unanimous decision, four.

Japi Dehund, 158, Ft. Lauderdale, outpointed Willie Lee Moore, 160, Pohokee, four.

Buck Robinson, 156, Miami, outscored Spencer Musgrove, 158½, Miami, four. Robinson was decked for nine in the first canto.

(05-05-81)

▲ **MIAMI BEACH—Convention Hall—**Tuto Zabala presented a card with seven Puerto Ricans against seven Cubans.

Isidoro Moreno, 141, Cuba, demolished Victor Torres, 140, Puerto Rico, with a barrage of rights to the head in 2:36 of the first round. Moreno is now 7-0-all kayoes.

Pedro Laza, 137, Cuba, battered inept Fermin Sierra, 140, Puerto Rico, for five frames before referee Bill Connors stopped the slaughter at 2:26 of the sixth and final round.

Alcides Morales, 113½, Cuba, stopped Jose Tirada, 116, Puerto Rico, at 0:15 of the sixth.

Esteban Soto, 145, Puerto Rico, won a unanimous decision over Paul Hernandez, 142, Cuba, six. Hernandez finished strong, but couldn't overcome a first round knockdown and the lead Soto established in the first four sessions.

Mario Ofarrill, 110, Cuba, and Angel Collado, 112, Puerto Rico, drew.

Eduardo Maranda, 137, Puerto Rico, won a split decision over Nestor Pinango, 138, Cuba.

Remigio Carillo, 148, Cuba, dropped Jose Vega, 142, Puerto Cuba, and won via unanimous decision in the four-round opener.

Attendance—1,440.

(05-16-81)

▲ **MIAMI BEACH—Sheraton Beach Resort Arena—**Anthony Collins, 134½, Miami, TKO'd Alex Wilcox, 134, Gainesville, at 1:40 of the fifth round in a scheduled 10-round affair. Collins was battering Wilcox all around the ring when referee Bernie Soto called things off.

In Collins' corner was an old friend, Allie Ridgeway, a great lightweight of a half century ago who was managed by my manager, the famous Harry Lenny. The Collins-Wilcox bout was for the Florida State lightweight title, and promoter Tommy Torino presented Collins with a trophy. Collins turned and gave it to Ridgeway, saying "It really belongs to him." Collins, who hugged his trainer fondly, is a classy boxer who should go far.

Veteran Nat King, 164, Miami, won an easy unanimous decision over Jimmy Smith, 170, Miami, six.

Japi Dehund, 160, Ft. Lauderdale, knocked out Roberto Riasco, 157, Miami, with an overhand right in 2:50 of the third.

J.C. Richardson, 206, Pohokee, outpointed Cliff Crater, 190, Miami, four.

Torino, Roger Pinckney, and Chris Dundee were the promoters.

Attendance—750.

(05-19-81)

LOUIS ZIPKIN

IDAHO

▲ **BOISE—Western Idaho Fairgrounds—**Curtis "Razor" Ramsey, the Northwest Welterweight Champ, moved up to 152 lbs and outclassed Reno's Gary Giron (12-4) 154 lbs. for the N.W. Jr. middleweight title. Ramsey was consistently quicker and smarter than southpaw Giron, and scored steadily with a lead right taking every round. Ramsey (14-9-4) who fights out of Portland, decked Giron five times before the ref stopped the slaughter in the sixth. Portland featherweight Brian Tinker, 126, won a split decision in his re-match with Lorenzo Garcia of Nampa, Idaho.

Tony Gallo, 265, is attracting attention with his record of six kayoes. He stopped Nevada's Lou Lockwood, 195 (17-4), at 2:20 fo the third in a scheduled six round.

The war of the night was a six round Featherweight prelim between Portland's Bobby Newcomb, 123 lbs, and Ernie Chavez, 127 lbs of Blackfoot, Idaho. Both men were topnotch amateurs, Newcomb a two-time Golden Gloves Champ, and Chavez on the 1980 U.S. Olympic team. The battle began with fifteen calm seonds of Newcomb jabbing and Chavez back peddling. Then Chavez tossed a right that dropped the surprised Newcomb. He popped up for a standing 8 count and the gentlemen proceeded to exchange fast and hellatious combinations in one of the hottest bouts that ever hit Boise. Both fighters are extremely heavy punchers and can soak up punishment. By the end of the fourth round, both were bleeding at the nose. Chavez had a slight edge in each round. Newcomb was beginning to miss the target occasionally when Chavez broke his nose in the fifth. The ring and the ref were spattered with blood when the fight stopped in the sixth. A TKO for Chavez.

Promoted by Fred McNalley, Sports Attractions, Inc.

(01-31-81)

▲ **BOISE—Western Idaho Fairgrounds—**Northwest Jr. Middleweight and Welter weight Champ, Curtis "Razor" Ramsey, 151 lbs, made short work of Steve "Good News" Bentley, 150 lbs, knocking him out in two rounds. Ramsey (14-9-1) took his time and picked his spots. He took the fight out of Bentley (8-4-1) early with choice body shots and an occasional head shot that had Bentley bleeding from the nose and wobbling at the end of the first round. It was more of the same in round two when a final left hook-right cross combo put "Good News" down for the count. The time: 2:37 of round two.

In the eight round semi-main, local middleweight Joey Keene, 162 lbs, ran his record to 4-0 by knocking out Portland's Paddy Wilson, 165 lbs, with a left cross to the belly in the second round. The sudden end surprised the crowd of 900 as the action was slow until that moment. Keene, a southpaw, landed the blow at the beltline and some suspected a low blow, but no complaint was heard from Wilson.

Blackfoot, Idaho prospect Ernie Chavez, 124, had a tougher time than he anticipated with Sacramento's Tony Styles, 125, in a super bantam bout. Still, Chavez took a unanimous six round decision. Styles (5-4) is short and stocky with good upper body movement and had Chavez missing repeatedly, though he landed enough blows to be a clear winner. Styles had his moment though, he dropped Chavez to one knee in the sixth round with a left hook to the liver. Styles took his time getting to a neutral corner, which allowed Chavez time to recover. Chavez finished strong and won by scores fo 58-55, 59-56, and 60-54. In the opening junior Lightweight bout, Caldwell, Idaho's Lorenzo Garcia, (1-3), got his first win by stopping Johnny "Bang-Bang" Jackson (15-9) in the fifth round of a scheduled six. Garcia, who had lost three close decisions previously, was very cautious in the early going, but opened up in the fourth round dropping Jackson with a right cross. In the fifth, Garcia continued the assault, flurrying with both hands until the ref. stopped the fight at the 1:46 mark.

(04-1-81)

KATHERINE DUNN

ILLINOIS

▲ **CHICAGO—**Promising young Chicago heavyweight Alfonzo Ratliff celebrated his elevation to main-event status by pummeling Dave Sharkey, of Troy, Ohio, into submission at 1:27 of the second round.

Ratliff, 192, was fighting in his first main event, and he made the most of the opportunity. He dropped Sharkey once in the first round with a left jab, and nearly had him out on his feet at the end of round one.

In the second, the tall (6-5) Sharkey made a brief comeback, stunning Ratliff with a right hand. But, right after that Ratliff unleashed a two-fisted attack that put Sharkey down to one knee.

For Ratliff, 24, the win in this scheduled eight-rounder raised his record to 9-0, all but one by knockout. The former Chicago Golden Gloves champ hopes to start fighting contenders late in 1981.

Sharkey, 223, suffered his first loss, dropping his record to 6-1.

Another unbeaten Chicagoan kept up his march toward contention, when former amateur champion LeeRoy Murphy won a light heavyweight bloodbath over Reggie Walker, of Cleveland.

Murphy, 177, won by TKO over Walker, 174, at 2:25 of the

second round. Murphy, took control of this scheduled six-rounder late in the first round, after the southpaw Walker had used an effective right jab to bloody Murphy's nose. Murphy came back strong in that round, turning Walker's face into a mask of blood.

Murphy continued the assault in the second round, landing a series of combinations that had Walker bleeding heavily from the nose, and hanging on for survival. Walker's corner threw in the towel at the 2:25 mark.

Murphy, Olympic trials champ as an amateur, upped his pro record to 4-0, while Walker, is now 3-1.

In another key fight, Terry Whitaker, 139, remained undefeated at 8-0, by knocking out Mike Norman, 145, at 1:30 of the first round. Whitaker, of Chicago, is now 8-0, while Norman, of Cleveland, fell to 3-5.

Middleweight John Collins, Chicago, also kept his unbeaten record intact with a first round knockout win over James Harris, of Troy, Ohio. Collins, now 8-0, leveled Harris with a straight right hand at 2:26 of round one. Harris is now 1-1.

A crowd of 1,500 watched the bouts at the Conrad Hilton Hotel. Ernie Terrell was the promoter.

AL BERNSTEIN

INDIANA

▲ **ANDERSON—Reuther Auditorium**—Julio Valdez, 137, Dominican Republic, won a unanimous decision over Everisto Rodriguez, 140, Chicago, in the 10-round main event.

Valdez used his quick hand and fancy footwork to dominate his game but outclassed opponent. Rodriguez was floored and suffered a cut over his left eye in round nine.

The scores were 100-85, 100-86, and 100-87.

Six-rounders: Mark Lemerick, 147, Anderson, TKO'd journeyman Jerry Strickland, 146, Cincinnati, at 2:59 of round three. Alvino Manson, 173½, now training in the fighting out of Anderson, stretched his record to 5-0—all kayoes—by knocking out Maurice Balkl, 180, Cincinnati, in 2:58 of the first. Don King, 154, Indianapolis, kayoed last minute sub Steve Greenwalt, 157, Anderson, in 0:52 of the first to bring his log to 9-0. Schoolboy Jimmy Baker, 164¼, Scottsburg, Indiana, won a split decision over Larry Johnson, 166, Chicago. The 18-year-old Schoolboy's record is now 9-1-1. He recently graduated from high school.

Willie Alexander, 161, Chicago, won a unanimous decision over Anderson policeman Rodney Cummings, 156, in the lone four-rounder. Cummings, who was floored twice in the second, was fighting for the first time in two years.

This was the first pro boxing card in Anderson since 1948.

P.B. and F. Enterprises.

Pat Barlow, matchmaker.

Attendance—625 (est.). Gross—5,500 (est.).

(06-06-81)

GARY L. MERRITT

LOUISIANA

▲ **RAGLEY—Sports Pavilion**—Mike Senegal, 147, Lake Charles, La., knocked out Gilbert Miranda, Memphis, in the second round of the main event. Senegal, the Southern welterweight champion, is now 10-1. His only loss came via split decision.

Phillip Brown, New Orleans, won a unanimous decision over Tom Landry, Beaumont, Texas, in a boring eight-round heavyweight bout.

Bobby Ray McMillan, 150, Bossier City, halted Lester Groves, Honesboro, Arkansas, in the sixth round of their scheduled eight rounder.

Gene McComb, 156, halted Rufus Walter, Bossier City, at 0:18 fo the fifth round in a scheduled six.

Alan Klein, New Orleans, TKO'd Phillip Knowies, Clark, Miss., in the second session of the opening contest. Both heavyweights were making their pro debuts.

All-South Boxing Promotions.

MASSACHUSETTS

▲ **REVERE—Wonderland Ballroom**—Promoter John Gagliardi, who had to contend with a lack of pre-bout press coverage in prior promotions in Boston and Portland, Me., managed to overcome and come through with a successful show.

Using talented local boxers, Gagliardi had a top rated card. Notable was Jim McNally's performance against journeyman Curtis Whitener, who weighed in at 212 compared to McNally's 179 and yet was soundly beaten in the eight-round main event.

McNally, from Wilmington, has a fine jab, good movement, keeps his hands in position to block or counter, and has heart.

Even more important is the fact that he learns from fight to fight. A Kennedy Family look-alike, he has gate appeal. Against Whitener, he was faced with a tough, brawling type who can take punishment and eventually wear out an opponent. But McNally punched to the body with authority, eventually dropping Whitener with a left hook in the seventh round. Throughout the fight McNally kept Whitener off balance, pushed him away and struck with the jab. It was an impressive decision win.

Dom DiMarzo, scheduled to meet Robbie Sims, brother of Middleweight Champion Marvin Hagler on the Hagler-Vito Antuofermo card in Boston, was lucky to escape with an eight round draw against rugged, seemingly tireless Miguel Sanchez, 162, of Bridgeport, Ct.

Out of action for some time due to an auto accident, DiMarzo, 157, of East Boston, drew a large following as East Boston is the adjacent city. He was hard pressed by the plucky Sanchez who threw some vicious rights to the body tiring DiMarzo who had built up an early lead with jabs, crisp hooks and evasive tactics. However, the decision was 79-75 DiMarzo by referee Edward Fitzgerald 78-76 for Sanchez by judge Barbara Roach, and 78-78 by judge Daniel Mullen.

Don Halpin, 203, of Lowell stopped Andy Russell, 200, of Portland, Me., listed as the Grand Bahamas Heavyweight Champion, in 2:20 of the third round of an eight-rounder after absorbing punishment in the first two rounds. Russell came out swinging and looked as if he would impale Halpin on the end of his uppercuts. But at the end of the second Russell began fading and throwing side arm blows—clearly tiring. A left hook and push dropped Russell and when he rose, turned his back and uttered the English version of *"No Mas"*, the referee, Fitzgerald, stopped it.

James Lucas, 149, of Lowell, former All-Navy Welterweight Champion, stopped Glen Burnette, 147, of Lynn, at 50 seconds into the fourth round when Referee Nick Previti intervened.

A brutal right knocked out Burnett's mouthpiece and dropped him. Although the stoppage was questionable, Previti was in a better spot to view the matter. The bout was a four-rounder.

Attendance was 500 at $10 apiece-for any seat in the house.

MICHAEL COUTURE

MICHIGAN

▲ **DETROIT—Twenty Grand Showroom**—The Kronk Boxing Team introduced Las Vegas Style boxing in Detroit when promoter John Yopp presented the first boxing card at the new Twenty Grand Showroom. The Kronk team all celebrated with victories.

Opening the card with a one sided victory, welterweight Lanny "Blue" Edmond, 142½, easily took a ten round decision from Ralph Twinning, 140½, of Muskegon. Edmond dominated the fight with his stiff jabs and solid combinations fighting well from the outside. Edmond's record rises to 8-1, while Twinning's drops to 15-3.

In a featherweight bout, Jackie Beard, 126, former amateur champion now boxing with Kronk, made his second appearance with a KO at 1:59 of the second round over Gilbert Favella, 125, of San Antonio.

Favella's brother didn't last that long as the 133½ lightweight was stopped at 2:47 of the first round by Kronk's Davey Lee Armstrong, 136, who notched his 12th victory in 13 outings.

A controversial decision was made by referee Harry Papacharalambous when he ruled the bout between Kronk's junior welterweight Dujuan Johnson, 142½, and Panama's Augustin Caballero, 140, stopped after an accidential butt opened a severe cut over Caballero's left eye. A fourth round TKO was ruled giving the Kronk fighter his 15 straight win. It was felt very strongly at ringside that this should have been a technical draw.

Kronk's Rick Jester, 177½, 13-2, won a sorry victory over Akbar Muhammad, 172, 18-19, of Chicago, when the latter chose not to get up after being knocked down at 1:04 of the second frame. Heavyweight Ali Haakim, 216, won a lackluster ten round decision over James Dixon, 189, of Chicago.

Hilmer Kenty's brother, Forrest Winchester, 133, of Columbus, Ohio won a TKO over C.B. Brown of Des Moines when his corner retired him after receiving numerous low blows at 2:47 of the sixth.

Arnie Wells, 139½ of Davison, Mich., won a third round TKO at 2:23 over Paul Rutledge, 131, of Columbus, Ohio.

Landress Buckley, 147, won a TKO at 2:28 of the second round over Darrell Green, 152, of Columbus, Ohio.

(6-06-81)

DAVE HARTOON

▲ **LANSING—Eastern Field House**—Promoter Bob Every put together a fine night of entertainment with an eight-bout card that drew approximately 1,000 fight fans.

Billy Ratliff, Bay City, TKO'd Torry Sims, Chicago, in the fifth round, heavyweights.

Paul Lloyd, Lansing, knocked out Ken Write, Battle Creek, in the third round, heavies.

Hank Nelson, Lansing, kayoed Vic Christianson, Chicago, in 0:29 of the first round, heavyweights.

Mike (The Giant) White, the 1980 Toughman Contest winner, won a four-round split decision over rugged Vernon Bridges, Flint, four, heavyweights.

Don Montalvo, Lansing, won a split decision over Alfred Taylor, Flint, four, lightweights.

Arnold Wells, Davidson, Mich., knocked out Lee Smith, Chicago, in the second round, junior welterweights.

Jessie Gallegos, Lansing, TKO'd Ralph Pierce, Flint, at 2:59 of the second, light heavies.

Martin Pierce, Flint, TKO'd Terry Summers, Chicago, in the second, light heavyweights.

(05-01-81)

▲ **DETROIT—Cobo Hall**—Caveman Lee, Dujuan Johnson, and the Michigan heavyweight championship headlined this month's Kronk card. Promoter John Yopp did a good job putting on a solid program for the fight fans of Detroit, and it was the first time since John Sullivan that Michigan officially recognized a state heavyweight champ.

Detroit middleweight William (Caveman) Lee was originally scheduled to face John LoCicero, but was instead pitted against fill-in Jerry Holley of Orlando, Florida. Caveman underestimated Holley—as the fans did—and was staggered by a right in the first round. As Lee looked at Holley in surprise, another right put him down on the seat of his trunks. Caveman was hurt, but managed to last out the round.

Holley's right hurt Lee again in round two, but the Caveman battled back and bloodied Holley's nose. The third round saw the tide turn; this time, it was Holley who was staggered. The bell rang for the fourth, and, as the fighters came together in the center of the ring, Lee unloaded a wicked left hook to the jaw that put Holley down for the count in 0:26 of the canto.

Lee is now 17-2. Holley is 11-3.

Kronk team mate Dujuan Johnson TKO'd old amateur rival Benjamin Stiff, St. Louis, at 1:59 of the second. It was a battle of the bombs that had Johnson, a slow first-rounder, taking a beating in the premier session. A powerful body attack left Stiff helpless on the ropes in the next frame.

Johnson is now 14-0. Stiff is 6-2.

Two undefeated Detroiters went at it head-to-head for the vacant Michigan heavyweight title, with Kronk's Ali Haakim winning a unanimous decision over Young Louis, 10. Haakim, now 11-0, won just about every round. The scores were 99-89, 100-87, and 97-91. There were, however, no knockdowns, and this correspondent saw no 10-8 rounds in the fight at all.

Michigan Boxing Commissioner Hiawatha Knight officially presented Haakim with a beautiful trophy after the contest.

Rick Jester kayoed Bobby Lloyd, Indianapolis, in 2:06 of the third, light heavyweights. Jester is now 11-2. Lloyd is 28-24-1.

Darrell (T.N.T.) Chambers, improving all the time, won a shutout unanimous decision over awkward Sam Gervin, Columbus, Ohio, six, junior welters. Chambers is now 3-0. Gervin is 6-5. Gervin is the type of fighter Emanuel Steward refers to as a survivor, the kind that is content to go the distance when he realizes he can't win and becomes very hard to fight—*a la* Randy Shields.

In conjunction with Top Rank, Inc., one of TV's "Tomorrow's Champions," heavyweight Chris McDonald, fought, and scored a knockout in 2:26 of the first round over Rollie Searcy, Indianapolis. McDonald, a New Yorker, is now 5-0. Searcy is 2-1.

The closing bout of the card saw Jimmy Paul, younger brother of Danny (Mad Dog) Paul, stretch his record to 5-0 by stopping Antonio Rutledge, Columbus, Ohio. Rutledge was knocked down three times in the second for an automatic TKO at 2:03 of the round. Paul, is out of the Kronk stable. Rutledge is 9-3.

There was a large crowd for this card, and the many notables at ringside included WBA welterweight champion Thomas Hearns, former WBA lightweight champ Hilmer Kenty, the venerable Andy (Pop) Brown, former Michigan state heavyweight champion John Sullivan, and Mickey Goodwin, Tony Tucker, Milton McCrory, Danny Paul, and Davey Armstrong of the Kronk pro team.

(05-14-81)

DAVE HARTOON

▲ **MUSKEGON—L.C. Walker Arena**—In a welterweight bout featured at the intermission of an Art Dore promoted Toughman Contest, Bill Chrisman's good looking young prospect, Ralph Twinning, marked his move from the junior welter ranks up into the welterweight class with an impressive looking knockout at 2:29 of the second round over Chicago's Pettis Norman. Norman's record drops to 9-3, while the Muskegon youngster's record improves to 15-2 with 14 kayoes.

This was a tune-up bout for Twinning, who was to be meeting Emanual Steward's fine welterweight prospect, Milton "The Iceman" McCrory, for the Michigan welterweight championship this week. The bout, scheduled for Lansing, has been moved back to next month and will probably be held in Detroit. It should be a good one.

Simone Promotions also canceled a card this week that would have had four 10-rounders, two eights, and a four, and featured light heavyweight Vonzell Johnson, undefeated heavyweight Pinklon Thomas, undefeated middleweight Bernard (Superbad) Mays, and Michigan junior middleweight Champion David (Machinegun) Braxton. High overhead was given as the reason.

(05-15-81)

▲ **VICKSBURG—Vicksburg Lion Club**—Promoter Henry Grooms presented a solid night of boxing, as between 500 to 600 people crowded into "The Lion's Pride" hall to watch their local favorite, Marvin (The Earle of Vicksburg) Earle, headline the card.

The heavyweight Earle did not let his fans down, scoring a technical knockout over Chuck (The Hit Man) Warfield of Chicago at 2:10 of the fourth. This was only Earle's fourth bout; his record is 3-0-1. In his only draw, he had been awarded the win only to have it changed to a draw one week later. He showed that, at 6' 6" and 288, he can take a punch, and, what he lacks in basic skills, he more than makes up for with a powerful right.

In a lightweight match, Willie McIntosh, Grand Rapids, met Gary Brown, Indianapolis, with a stunning right as he was coming in to drop him. Brown staggered to his feet, but was unable to continue and the bout was stopped at 2:39 of the fourth round of the scheduled six. McIntosh brought his record to 5-4-

UNITED STATES RATINGS

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Greg Page (Kentucky)
1. Gerry Cooney (New York)
2. Michael Dokes (Ohio)
3. Leon Spinks (Missouri)
4. John Tate (Tennessee)
5. James Tillis (Illinois)
6. Tim Witherspoon (Pennsylvania)
7. Renaldo Snipes (New York)
8. Marty Monroe (California)
9. Stan Ward (California)
10. Randall (Tex) Cobb (Texas)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Jerry Martin (Pennsylvania)
1. Michael Spinks (Missouri)
2. James Scott (New Jersey)
3. Carlos DeLeon (Puerto Rico)
4. Marvin Johnson (Indiana)
5. Marvin Camel (Montana)
6. Murray Sutherland (Michigan)
7. Dwight Braxton (Pennsylvania)
8. Bashiru Ali (California)
9. Yaqui Lopez (California)
10. Jerry Celestine (Louisiana)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Wilford Scypion (New York)
1. Vito Antuofermo (New York)
2. Frank Fletcher (Pennsylvania)
3. Ray Seales (Washington)
4. Robbie Epps (Nevada)
5. Dwight Davison (Michigan)
6. Curtis Parker (Pennsylvania)
7. Vinnie Curto (Massachusettes)
8. Ernie Singletary (Pennsylvania)
9. Ronnie Harris (Ohio)
10. William "Caveman" Lee (Michigan)

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Rocky Fratto (New York)
1. Nino Gonzalez (New Jersey)
2. Tony Ayala, Jr. (Texas)
3. Tony Braxton (New Jersey)
4. Gary Guiden (Indiana)
5. Pete Ranzany (California)
6. Tyrone Rackley (Arizona)
7. Jerry Cheatham (Arizona)
8. Rocky Mosley (Nevada)
9. Steve Delgado (Arizona)
10. Odell Leonard (Maryland)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Title Vacant
1. Randy Shields (California)
2. Adolfo Viruet (New Jersey)
3. Bruce Finch (Nevada)
4. Roger Stafford (Pennsylvania)
5. Clint Jackson (Tennessee)
6. Babs McCarthy (California)
7. Carlos Santos (Puerto Rico)
8. Milton McCrory (Michigan)
9. Greg Stephens (California)
10. Marlon Starling (Connecticut)

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Leroy Haley (Nevada)
1. Bruce Curry (Texas)
2. Monroe Brooks (California)
3. Dujuan Johnson (Michigan)
4. Sal Lopez (California)
5. Domingo Ayala (Puerto Rico)
6. Willie Rodriguez (Pennsylvania)
7. Mark Ibanez (Hawaii)
8. Johnny Bumphus (Tennessee)
9. Termite Watkins (Texas)
10. Billy Costello (New York)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Howard Davis, Jr. (New York)
1. Hilmer Kenty (Michigan)
2. Ray Mancini (Ohio)
3. Edwin Viruet (Puerto Rico)
4. Herman Montes (California)
5. Gonzallo Montellano (California)
6. Curtis Harris (New Jersey)
7. Roberto Elizondo (Texas)
8. Jorge Morales (Puerto Rico)
9. Andy Ganigan (Hawaii)
10. Frank Newton (Oklahoma)

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
John Verderosa (New York)
1. Frankie Baltazar (California)
2. Bobby Chacon (California)
3. Rolando Navarette (Hawaii)
4. Johnny Sato (California)
5. Greg Coverson (Michigan)
6. Ralph Aviles (Hawaii)
7. Hector Cortez (California)
8. Tony Santana (New York)
9. James Martinez (Texas)
10. Enrique Solis (Puerto Rico)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Ruben Castillo (California)
1. Rocky Lockridge (New Jersey)
2. Juan LaPorte (New York)
3. Alberto Collazo (Pennsylvania)
4. Juan (Kid) Meza (California)
5. Jose Caba (California)
6. Freddie Roach (Arizona)
7. Mark Davis (California)
8. Rocky Garcia (California)
9. Warren Matthews (Louisiana)
10. Bernard Taylor (Tennessee)

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Mike Ayala (New York)
1. Nicky Perez (Arizona)
2. Carmelo Negron (New York)
3. Edwin Rosario (Puerto Rico)
4. Jaime Garza (California)
5. Derrik Holmes (Maryland)
6. Diego Rosario (New Jersey)
7. Sergio Castro (California)
8. Richard Savala (California)
9. Javier Flores (Utah)
10. Melvin Johnson (California)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Johnny Carter (Pennsylvania)
1. Albert Davila (California)
2. Julian Solis (Puerto Rico)
3. Oscar Muniz (California)
4. Andres Hernandez (Puerto Rico)
5. Mario Chavez (California)
6. Richard Sandoval (California)
7. Fred Jackson (Texas)
8. Ricardo Varela (California)
9. Ruben Solario (Puerto Rico)
10. George Garcia (California)

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Willie Jensen (Nevada)
1. Joey Olivo (California)
2. Orlando Maldonado (Puerto Rico)
3. Felix Castillo (Texas)
4. Javier Mendoza (California)
5. Jose Torres (Arizona)
6. Julio Rodriquez (Hawaii)
7. Norberto Castellano (Texas)
8. Alfonso Gonzales (California)
9. Jerome Coffee (Tennessee)
10. Alberto Mercado (Arizona)

1 and seems to have suddenly found himself, looking good in three of his last four fights.

A six-round heavyweight bout had Larry Sims of Cleveland handing Kalamazoo's Curtis Isaac, 1-1, his first loss with a six round decision.

Sylvester Price, Indianapolis, won a well fought four-round decision over Alfred Taylor, Jackson, Michigan.

Two very good looking youngsters made successful professional debuts on this card. Former Western Out State Golden Gloves welterweight champion (who lost in his second bout in the nationals due to a butt) William (Machine Gun) Key overwhelmed Chicago's Prentis Norman, and, with a good right followed by a left hook, sent him down for the count at 2:51 of the first round. The other young welterweight making his debut was Terry Holmes of Kalamazoo, who bounced his opponent, Phil Batie, Cleveland, off the canvas once in the first round and twice in the second before the referee stopped the bout, giving him an impressive looking TKO win at 2:21 of the second.
(05-21-81)

DAVE HARTOON

NEW JERSEY

▲ ATLANTIC CITY—The Playboy Club—Philadelphian Johnny Carter, making his first East Coast appearance in two years, scored a sixth-round TKO over Edwin Luis Rivera in a scheduled 10-rounder.

Carter, who has been making a name for himself fighting on the road (mostly in Las Vegas), finally had a chance to show his stuff for the home folks. He made the best of the opportunity, gashing the game Rivera into a bloody defeat with a solid performance.

Originally, Carter was scheduled to defend his United States Bantamweight Title against Angel Marrero, but Marrero injured his hand in training and was forced to pull out. Rivera, a natural featherweight, was pressed into service, forcing Carter to add a few extra pounds.

Rivera, a slick mover from Hoboken, had lasted the full 12 rounds with featherweight contender Rocky Lockridge in his last outing, and was expected to give Carter a tough time. Johnny's only loss in a 20-1 record had come against Sergio Castro, another feather.

The flashy Carter was the aggressor from the opening bell. He was anxious to make a positive impression with friends and family among the audience.

Rivera, 124, was gashed high on the right cheek late in the fifth and was still bleeding when he answered the bell for the sixth round. Carter opened up with both hands and dropped Edwin with a slashing left hook.

Rivera beat the count and engaged Carter in a spirited exchange. Both men landed and Carter was cut over the right eye.

"He caught me with his head," Carter reported later.

Carter, known as "The Baby Dancing Machine", kept on the pressure and the cut on Rivera's cheek became a geyser. Referee Frank Capcino took a good look at the wound and called a halt at 1:47 of the round. It was a wise decision.

Carter, 121½, may have to cancel a bout in Nevada later this month, but his showing was overall favorable and we can expect to see him back in Atlantic City in the near future.

In another 10, Roger Stafford, 144½, Philadelphia, scored a majority decision over Kevin Howard, 145½, also from Philly.

Stafford, who won the ESPN tourney earlier this year, used his boxing skills to offset the harder punching of Howard. There was little sustained action in this one, but the men were evenly matched and the crowd seemed to enjoy it.

One Judge scored a draw—4-4-2, while the two other officials went for Stafford—5-3-2 and 5-4-1. Howard, suffering from inacitivity, lost for the first time and is now 10-1-1. Stafford, who has a date with Pipino Cuevas in the works, is now 17-1-1.

Livingston Bramble, 134, Passaic, N.J., stopped previously unbeaten Ken "Bang Bang" Bogner at 0:59 of the seventh round in a scheduled eight.

Bogner, 132½, Trenton, N.J., marched into Bramble and received a thrashing for his efforts. Bramble was too smart for him, avoiding most of Kenny's bull-like rushes and countering with clean shots to the face.

Although he was bleeding from the nose and swelling around the eyes, Bogner still looked strong when he suddenly turned away and quit in the seventh. Referee Capcino proceeded to count him out. Bogner just stood there, making no effort to fight on. It was a lousy ending to what had been a bristling match. Roberto Duran could not have done it better.

The big win was only Bramble's sixth pro outing, he is now 5-0-1. Bogner, who slipped to 12-1, lost more than his first fight. He lost a heap of respect from the fans with his dog act.

Vineland's Mario Maldonaldo. 160, put together a series of stiff head punches to scored a TKO over veteran Leo Saenz, 160, at 1:52 of the second in another scheduled eight.

Maldonaldo, a game clubfighter, is becoming sort of a dangerman. He upset Roger Leonard a few months back and had hot prospect Tony Ayala on the deck before succumbing himself. Mario is now 12-6-1, while Saenz is 34-7-2 and should hang up his gloves.

William Osborne, 147, Phila., decisioned Wyatt Simpkin, 146¾, Phila., over four boring rounds and Rufus Turner, 141, Phila., turned pro with a second round TKO over Kevin Renshaw, 135, Glassboro, N.J. at 2:48. Renshaw dropped to 6-5-1.

Referees—Rudy Battle and Frank Capcino.
Judges—Milo Savage and Bill Carrozza.
Attendance—1,000 (estimated).
The card was televised over the ESPN cable network.
(06-04-81)

NIGEL COLLINS

▲ TOTOWA—Ice World—Bobby (Chappie) Czyz, 161, Wanaque, New Jersey, TKO'd former world junior middleweight champion Oscar (Shotgun) Albarado, 157, Hondo, Texas, at 2:30 of the third round in the scheduled 10-round main event.

The exchanges were heated and even in the first two rounds. In the third, Czyz dropped the Shotgun with a right, and then, after a flurry of blows that went unanswered, the ref intervened. Czyz is now 12-0 with nine kayoes. Albarado is 49-9 with 35 kayoes. Oscar's day is past; Bobby's is coming!

Rocky Lockridge, 125, Paterson, TKO'd Sergio Reyes, 124, Laredo, Texas, at 1:15 of the third round in the scheduled 10-round co-feature. Rocky dropped his man with a right hand in round one and a left hook in round three. He's now 20-1 with 17 kayoes. Reyes is 19-15.

Antonio Nieves, 126, Paterson, outpointed fellow southpaw James (June Bug) Livingston, 125, Trenton, six.

Guy (The Rock) Casale, 200, Newark, halted Calvin Langston, 197, Bridgeport, at 2:54 of the first. Rocky is now 12-2.

Don Nisivoccia, 116, Newark, TKO'd Wayne Bingham, 118, Trenton, at 1:05 of the third.

Andy Riccardi, 157, Cliffside Park, N.J., outscored Michael Grant, 156, Philadelphia, four. Riccardi is still undefeated.

Livingston Bramble, 132, Passaic, halted Johnny Burd, 135, North Philadelphia, at 2:57 of the fourth. Bramble is also unbeaten.

Referees—Larry Hazzard, Arthur Mercante.
Judges—Charles Spina, Frank Brunett.
Main Events, Inc.
ESPN TV. Sal Marchiano and Duane Bobick, commentators.
(05-21-81)

S.M. FELDMAN

NEW YORK

▲ NEW YORK CITY—Felt Forum—Julio Soto Solano, 117, Santo Domingo, D.R., knocked out Baby Kid Chocolate, 118½, Philadelphia, in 0:33 of the seventh in the scheduled 10-round main event. Solano is now 27-3-2. Chocolate is 18-6.

Eight-rounders: Jose Parrilla, 118¾, Puerto Rico, TKO'd Henry (Hot Pepper) Brent, 114, New York, at 2:10 of the third. Mark Medal, 151½, Jersey City, knocked out Danny Harold, 148, Philly, at the end of six.

Six-rounders: Pipino Oquendo, 127½, Brooklyn, TKO'd Leo (Cyclone) Lopez, 129½, New York, at 2:03 of the second. Norberto (Junior) Velez, 136½, Jersey City, won a unanimous decision over Sal Dragone, 138, Yonkers, New York.

Four-rounders: Jimmy McGovern, 152½, New York, knocked out set-up Jerry Hall, 159, Philadelphia, in 1:03 of the first round. Jose Baret, 149, Santo Domingo, D.R., TKO'd Walter Smith, 147, Vineland, N.J., at 0:39 of the first. Lee Saxby, 162, New York, and Wendell Hauser, 158, New York, drew.

A brawl between two "patrons" after the McGovern fracas marred proceedings. After the last bout, a drunken spectator climbed into the press area, leaped onto the ring apron, and fell on *Boxing Digest* writer Steven C. Losch, one of the top boxing scribes. Losch was almost seriously injured. When the hell will beer be banned from the Felt Forum?

Harold Valan refereed Solano-Chocolate and McGovern-Hall. John Colan handled Parrilla-Brent, Velez-Dragone, and Baret-Smith. Joe Santarpia worked Medal-Harold, Oquendo-Lopez, and Saxby-Hauser.

Judges—Carol Castellano, Leo Dazzo.
Timekeeper—Fred Abbatiello.
Attendance—1,127. Gross—$14,736.
(05-22-81)

▲ NEW YORK CITY—Felt Forum—The Felt Forum was rented to an outside boxing promoter for the first time, and Nancy Sciacca's "Italian-American Boxing Program" was a huge artistic and financial success.

John (The Heat) Verderosa, 130, Staten Island, New York, defended his USBA junior lightweight title for the first time with a unanimous decision over Enrique Solis, 129, Puerto Rico, 12. Referee Joe Cortez scored it 10-1-1, while both judges carded 10-2. The Heat showed good conditioning and stamina against a man as hard to catch as any eel in the ocean.

Carmelo Negron, 120½, Aguas Buenas, P.R., TKO'd Isaac Vega, 124, Puerto Rico, at 2:51 of the first round in a scheduled 10.

Pete Padilla, 137, Puerto Rico, won a majority decision over Manuel de la Rosa, 135½, Dominican Republic, 10. Referee Joe Santarpia had it 9-1, judge Simon Ramos carded 5-4-1, and judge Carol Castellano scored it a 5-5 draw. Santarpia's card was on the money. The rounds themselves were not one-sided, but Padilla had the edge in all of them except the eighth and, possibly, the first. De la Rosa still has lots to learn.

Nino LaRocca, 150, Mauly, Italy, made his U.S. debut by winning a unanimous decision over Pat Seward, 148, Cleveland, eight. LaRocca moves well, he's now 29-0

Patrizio Oliva, 143, Naples, Italy, won a shutout (6-0 on all three cards) unanimous decision over George Burton, also 143, Jersey City, N.J., six. Oliva, who won a Gold Medal in the 1980 Olympics, is now 7-0 as a professional.

Four-rounders: Tyrone Jackson, 125½, the 1981 New York 119-pound Golden Gloves champ, TKO'd Glen Richardson, 121, New York, at 0:41 of the final session. Frank Morganti, 147, Staten Island, won a unanimous decision over southpaw Jake Reiley, 145, Philadelphia, flooring him with a left hook in the second.

Joe Cortez refereed Verderosa-Solis and LaRocca-Seward. Joe Santarpia worked Negron-Vega, Padilla-de la Rosa, and Oliva-Burton. Bill Tate handled the two four-round bouts.

Timekeeper—Fred Abbatiello.
Attendance—2,489. Gross—$40,630.
(06-04-81)

▲ NEW YORK CITY—Felt Forum—Roberto Duran (weight unannounced) made his public return to the ring by boxing a three-round exhibition with sparring partner, Simon Smith, Panama City.

Duran received a nice round of applause from the crowd when he was introduced. The exhibition itself was a tame affair, with some patrons, obviously smarting from lost bets due to Duran's eighth round withdrawal from his bout with Leonard, yelling "Duran, you ----" and "Duran, you got ---- up your ----," among other juicy morsels.

Garden matchmaker Gil Clancy presented Roberto with a silver award as the Garden's top boxing performer of the 1970's. Duran made a speech, accepting the award, and said that he'd win back the title.

Duran's physical appearance indicated he is fat and happy.

The scheduled 10-round main event saw Mike (Nino) Gonzalez, 154, Bayonne, New Jersey, stretch his record to 24-1 (18 kayoes) by knocking out Greg Netter, 148½, Columbus, Ohio, with a left hook in 2:54 of the third canto.

Six-rounders: Eddie Gregg, 215, Brooklyn, TKO'd Michael Benning, 206, Trenton, at 1:41 of the fourth. Pipino Oquendo, 127, Bronx, New York, won a majority decision over Vergon Hill, 123½, Trenton.

Four-rounders: Juan Ramon Cruz, 131, Santurce, P.R., TKO'd Edwin Martinez, 130, Ponce, P.R., at 1:17 of the first. Roland (Two Gun) Cooley, 130½, Philadelphia, won a unanimous decision over Carlos Juan Carrasquillo, 129½, New York. Pedro Rivera, 178, New York, won a split decision over Pedro Pizarro, 175½, Brooklyn. Louis Rivera, 154, New York, TKO'd Lee Saxby, 157, Harlem, New York, at 2:51 of the first.

Tony Perez handled Gonzalez-Netter ,and the Duran exhibition. Vincent Rainone refereed Gregg-Benning, Cruz-Martinez, and Cooley-Carrasquillo. Luis Rivera worked Oquendo-Hill, Pizarro-Rivera, and Saxby-Rivera.

Judges—Ray Kozak, Eva Shain.

Timekeeper—Fred Abbatiello.

Attendance—1,781. Gross—$21,943.

(06-10-81)

HERBERT G. GOLDMAN

▲ **HAUPPAUGE, SUFFOLK—Colonie Hill Hall—**The third in a series of monthly cards in the main ballroom of this catering complex offered nine bouts that were reasonably entertaining—four kayoes, four decisions, and one rare heave-ho cause you didn't fight, brother.

John Capobianco, 183½, Huntington, TKO'd Ed Harris, 117½, Norfolk, Va., in the fifth round, referee Sid Rubenstein stepping in at 1:35 of the session. It was a mauling bout, with Capobianco landing what clean punches there were. John is now 23-3.

Local hero Tommy McNeece, 182, Oakdale, knocked out John Gallagher, 180, White Plains, in 1:04 of the fourth round in the scheduled eight-round co-feature. McNeece, who has been known to come in under 170, is now 21-2.

Hot prospect Martin Parham, 138½, Bronx, ran his log to 18-1 (16 kayoes) by flattening Jorge Nina, 137½, Paterson, N.J., at the bell ending the first round.

Joe Martino, 157½, New Hyde Park, and veteran Johnny Sears, 160½, Queens, drew, four. They had fought—a draw—before, but Martino got the shaft in this one. The bout should have been stopped in the last session, when old man Sears was taking a beating.

Gino Gelormino, 127, Levittown, TKO'd Joe Barmah, 130, Philadelphia, at 1:37 of the first round.

Tommy Amato, 149, Massapequa, outscored Seifullah Akbar, 146, Teaneck, N.J., four.

Bernard Taylor, 159, Roosevelt, outpointed Robert Thomas, 155, Philadelphia, six. No knockdowns, but an easy win for Taylor.

Jimmy Donnelly, 152, Rocky Point, outpointed Michael Grant, 154, Philadelphia, six.

Todd Longmuir, 138½, Wantagh, was the winner at 0:33 of round three when ref Paul Venti kicked Keith York, 135, Paterson, N.J., out of the ring for failing to make a fight.

(05-28-81)

CHARLES D. BROWN

OREGON

▲ **PORTLAND—Expo Center—**Portland light heavyweight James Williams outboxed Carson City's Mike "King" Clark through 10 fast paced rounds, winning the main event on March 5. Williams, switching from right to left stance throughout the contest, won it convincingly and constantly beat Clark to the punch. A Williams uppercut dropped Clark for an 8 count early in the 10th round but Clark weathered the blow and lasted the distance.

In the eight-round semi-main, Bantam "Sweet Baby" James Manning, 119, (6-1) moved up in class and handled experienced L.A. veteran Frankie Granados, 120½, (19-6) easily. Manning failed to drop Granados but was in control to the end.

Portland super bantam Bobby Newcomb escaped with an extremely close decision over Lorenzo Garcia (0-3) of Idaho. The snake-bitten Garcia, far better than his record indicates, gave Newcomb all he wanted and then some. These two outstanding boxers drew a standing ovation for the fight of the night.

In a battle of 130-lb. Oregonians, Portland's Brian Tinker (4-0) used excellent boxing to drive Albany's Randy Jackson (1-1) through six rounds. Tinker had too much ring savvy for his stockier opponent. Normally a swarming fighter, Tinker stayed outside the hard punching Jackson and earned a clear decision.

In the opener, Seattle Welterweight, Johnny "Rasta" Herbert went to 4-0 by stopping game Ralph Gidley, also of Seattle. Gidley (0-2) tired in the 3rd round and was dropped twice before referee Jim Cassidy halted the bout at the 2:40 mark.

Promoter—Fred McNalley.

Referees—Jim Cassidy and Bill Thornberg.

Judges—Paul Weitzel, George Robinson, Benny Laford.

Doctor in attendance—Jack Battaglia, M.D. of the Portland Commission.

(03-05-81)

▲ **PORTLAND—Expo-Center—**Jr. middleweight Billy Minnix, 150, took an eight round unanimous decision from Seattle's Charles La Cour, 147, in the main event. Minnix (7-0) started fast, dropping La Cour (8-4-1) for the first time in his career with a left-right combo in the first 30 seconds of the fight. La Cour survived the round in fine shape and rallied in the late rounds to make the decision close. Minnix' superior jab and hard left hook gave him the edge in the early rounds but he slowed noticeably in the later rounds. Minnix was also penalized three times for losing his mouthpiece.

In the eight-round semi-main, Stockton, California's bantam, Kenny Mitchell, 118 (3-0), outboxed "Sweet Baby" James Manning, 119, to earn a split decision win. Mitchell, a late substitute, worked the body well and proved hard to hit. Mitchell has credentials, he won the New York Golden Gloves in 1978, '79 and '80. We hope to see him in Portland again soon. Mitchell is a fine and very entertaining fighter.

On the undercard, Portland's Brian Tinker, 128, disposed of Roseburg's Carlos Chavez, also 128, in three rounds. Tinker scored a TKO at 1:25 of the third.

Seattle welterweight, Johnny "Rasta" Herbert, 146 lbs, impressed the Rose City fans by stopping Tony Baretta, 147 lbs, at 2:40 of the third. Herbert, (5-0) mixed a body and head attack throughout. A left hook to the liver dropped Baretta in the third forcing Referee Bill Thornberg to halt the contest.

In the opening four round junior middleweight bout, Seattle's Victor Deloney, 154, outslugged game but outclassed Jim McClearny, 155, Portland, and won by TKO in the first round. Deloney's left hook did most of the damage, dropping McCleary twice. Ref. Thornberg stopped the slaughter at 2:40 of the first.

The match was promoted by Fred McNalley. Judges were Paul Weitzel, George Robinson, Ben Laford; and the referees were Jim Cassidy and Bill Thornberg.

(03-26-81)

KATHERINE DUNN

▲ **ALBANY—**Mark Hess, 134, Albany, kayoed Dave Welsh, 135, Santa Rosa, Calif., in a scheduled 10-round main event. Referee Phil Moyer gave the Californian one standing eight-count before halting the bout in the first frames.

Promoter Milt Guptill hoped to revive boxing in Albany, some 30 miles south of Portland, by showing home town boys. The card drew about 600 fans in the high school gymnasium.

Randy Jackson, 127, Albany, kayoed James Creighton, 128, San Francisco, in the third.

RUGGLES LARSON

PENNSYLVANIA

▲ **PHILADELPHIA—Golden Eagle Caterers—**This was another in the series of patched up cards presented by promoter Darry McCall. Once again, several bouts fell apart and the results were dismal. The crowd has decreased with each show and one has to believe the quality of fights has a lot to do with it.

In the main event, Philadelphian James Macey, 162, struggled to stop Darnell Smith, 155, at 2:52 of the sixth. This was scheduled for eight and failed to thrill anyone. Smith, a former member of the "Philly Death Squad," tries harder these days, but still manages to get himself knocked out.

Sean McGary, 148, Phila., decisioned Wyatt Simkins, 147, Phila., over six so-so rounds.

Brian Morrison, 171, Phila., drew with Jamel Sabree, 169½, Phila., in a four-rounder that looked like an exhibition, but was announced as a *real* fight.

Hoe Bradford, 152, Phila., decisioned Kenny "The Rabbit" Brown, 149, Phila. in a decent six.

Xavier Biggs, 149, Phila., decisioned James Dixon, 145, Phila., four.

(05-21-81)

▲ **PHILADELPHIA—Spectrum—**Professional boxing returned to this 18,000 seat building for the first time in 15 months with a card put together for PRISM, the Spectrum's cable-TV outlet. They should have held this one in the proverbial phone booth. Less than 3,000 customers turned out to see a trio of local heros produce wins in separate 10-rounders.

Jerry "The Bull" Martin looked unimpressive hammering Leon "Night Life" McDonald into a seventh round TKO in the main event. It was Martin's third comeback win since his losing title bid against Eddie Mustafa Muhammad. Jerry has yet to regain the form he displayed beating James Scott last year, and he seems to lack much of his old confidence. Maybe the trouncing at the hands of Mustafa has made him a little gun shy?

McDonald , 178, was a late sub for Californian Pete McIntyre, who pulled out two days prior to the scheduled match because of an inflamed boil under his left arm. "Night Life" was found, somewhere in Florida, training for a bout later this month and was flown to Philly less than 24 hours before fight time. He tried to survive, but was in over his head and gave way to Martin's strength and body punching.

Martin, a puffy 180, landed a lot of short blows to McDonald's belly as they mauled around on the inside. It wasn't very pretty, but Leon was gradually worn down and dropped by a right to the head in the sixth. The next round, he was floored again (another right) and, although he beat the count, McDonald was ruled unfit to continue by referee Hank Cisco at 2:22 of the frame.

Martin, now 22-2 with 15 kayoes, protected his high rating, but failed to deliver the kind of performance that would start people talking about another title shot for him. He simply had to work too hard in order to dispose of an opponent he should have blasted out in quick order.

McIntyre, who was on hand for the match, liked what he saw and begged for a chance to meet Martin later this summer. Matchmaker Russell Peltz said he would try to make the match.

Frank "The Animal" Fletcher, who is hotter than a smoking pistol, had no problem devouring "Sugar" Ray Phillips inside of two. Fletcher roared from his corner and launched his usual all-out assault. He punished Phillips, 158, with a stream of body combos, as the Texan scampered around the ring in full retreat.

Fletcher, 159, switched his attack upstairs in the second and referee Cisco rescued Phillips 2:09 into the round. Ray had fielded about a dozen unanswered shots and was all but helpless. To tell the truth, he never stood a chance.

"The Animal" has a national TV date with Norberto Sabater coming up soon and this was little more than a tuneup. Frank is now 11-2-1 with nine stoppages, while Phillips drops to 17-6.

In the most competitive of the three tens local banger Mike Picciotti won a majority decision over Mike Herron in a brisk battle that drew cheers from the crowd.

Picciotti, 146, hooked well to the body and withstood a frantic late surge from Herron to win by scores of 46-45 and 49-45. One judge had it even, 48-48.

Picciotti broke his right hand raising his record to 22-1-2 with 10 kayoes, and will be forced to lay off for several months.

Herron, now fighting out of Blackwood, N.J., had fought a draw with Picciotti last year in Atlantic City and, despite his 11-11-2 (five kayoes) record, he always comes to fight and puts up a good show. He has more heart than skill, but could still improve if he learns to hit with his knuckles instead of the inside of his gloves. He weighed 145 for this one.

In by far the best scrap of the night, unbeaten Myron Taylor came off the deck to stop Sylvester Price at 1:01 of the second round in a scheduled eight.

Price, 126, Muncie, Ind., connected with a wild right to the head early in the first. The punch sent Taylor crashing to the boards for an eight count. When Myron made it to his feet, he was still in a fog and Price leaped to the attack. As the round wore on, the Philadelphian rallied back and the fans went wild. Price went down near the bell, but it ruled a slip.

In the second, Taylor nailed his man with a vicious left-right combo that put Price down for the full count. The brawl had been short but sweet, the kind of rumble they love in Philly.

Taylor, a solid prospect, upped his record to 7-0, with six early endings. The game Price earned his money and would be welcome back. He slips a bit to 8-3, three kayoes.

Anthony Fletcher, "The Animal's" younger brother, remained unbeaten with an eight-round points win over fellow Philadelphian Mike Frazier in a rather tame bout. Not much action in this one, just a boxing contest with the longer-armed Fletcher getting the nod without too much trouble.

Both came in at an even 134. Fletcher, who lacks his brother's fire, raised his log to eight straight wins, with just two kayoes. He has not really been tested so far and needs tougher opponents to bring out the best, or worst, in him. He's still a question mark.

Frazier, a regular sparring partner for WBA bantam champ Jeff Chandler, just doesn't fight hard enough. He lost once again, dropping his record to 5-9 with three kayoes.

Vineland's Jimmy Brown, 163, put an end to Rich Cialella's unbeaten run, scoring a TKO at 0:37 of the third. The match was stopped when Cialella, 161, threw his shoulder out of whack. He was losing anyway.

Vincent "The Blade" Christian, 121, decisioned Wayne Howard, 118, over four in an all-Philadelphia match up.

The big question is—when will there be another pro boxing show at the Spectrum? In the future, PRISM will probably broadcast from a smaller location. It will take a major match, that is not on TV, to make a promotion feasible here. The chances of that happening in the near future are slim and none. Big arena boxing is dead, thanks to the glut of quality fights on national and cable television.

Referees—Hank Cisco and Bob Polis.

Judges—Tommy Cross and Eddie Woods.

Promoter—Peltz Boxing Promotions and The Spectrum.

Attendance—2,720.

(05-18-81)

NIGEL COLLINS

▲ **SCRANTON—**Barry Funches, 194, Brooklyn, won a majority decision over Marty Capasso, 211, Aston, Pa., 10. Scoring: referee Joe Salci, 47-47; judge Frank Adams, 48-43; judge Jack Castellani, 48-42. Capasso is now 15-1.

Kevin Rooney, 144, Catskill, New York, won a unanimous decision over Bobby Pleggs, 148, Cleveland, Ohio, eight. Scoring: referee John Mchale, 40-35; judge Adams, 39-34; judge Castellani, 39-33. Rooney is now 15-0.

Tom Addessa, 176, Old Forge, Pa., TKO'd Tom Bennett, 179, Rochester, New York, at 2:14 of the second in a scheduled six-rounder. Joe Salci, referee. Adesa, a good prospect, now 6-0.

Gene Vangarelli, 169, won a split decision over Tom (Lerch) Harrison, 175, Boston, Mass., in the opening four-rounder. Vangarelli is now 3-0.

Minooka Boxing Club. Paul Ruddy, matchmaker.

Attendance—1,646. Gross—$9,813.

(05-27-81)

JIM LEO

SOUTH CAROLINA

▲ **SPARTANBURG—Sheraton Inn—**Paul Gentry, 145, Spartanburg, TKO'd James Grey, 142, Winston-Salem, N.C., in the third round.

Danny (Smiley) Sutton, 185, Spartanburg, TKO'd John Thomason, 182, Forest City, N.C., in the second.

Joe Riley, 165, Detroit, knocked out Bill Kershaw, 170, Lockhart, S.C., in the fourth.

All-Star Carolina Boxing.

(05-14-81)

TENNESSEE

▲ **MEMPHIS—Expo Arena—**Lester Groves, Jonesboro, Arkansas, won a unanimous decision over Dwayne Prim, Hennessey, Ok., six, welterweights.

Sonny Barch knocked out Anthony James in 1:40 of the fourth and final round of their heavyweight contest.

Newcomer Mike Sweeny, Jonesboro, Ark., outscored Arthur Pruitt, four, light heavyweights.

Veteran Semi Black, Memphis, won a split decision over Ray Lawrence, Memphis, four. Jim Kidd, referee.

The main event saw Jimmy Heair, Memphis, stop Tony Jordan, Indiana. Jordan was nailed by a right and quit.

TEXAS

▲ **HOUSTON—Sam Houston Coliseum—**After two successful shows, promoter Pete Garcia's third trip to the post served as an unpleasant baptism into the often unpredictable ways of our favorite sport. Garcia had signed a $7,000 contract with ex-lightweight champ Ernesto Espana to face Vincente Saldivar Mijares in a ten round main event, only to have Espana and party fail to show up in town when expected. After several phone calls by matchmaker Manuel Boado, it was found that, not only would Espana not be fighting in Houston on April 14,

but that he was slated for action in South America on the 13th. Rather than cancel (which would have been his wisest move), Garcia chose to postpone his card for one week and have a replacement for Espana appear. This substitute eventually turned out to be Ernie Gonzales, billed out of Chicago. After he received a thorough thrashing from Mijares, referee Bobby Gonzales rescued the reluctant Illini at 2:34 of round four. While Vincente was quite impressive, due to the level of his competition we can't venture a guess as to how he would've fared against Espana. It seems only fair to note, however, that in the opinion of Flash Gordon's respected weekly newsletter, Espana would have entered the ring as a 7-5 underdog.

Promoter Garcia and his backers have filed a breach of contract complaint with the Texas commission, and plan to file a civil suit against Pepito Cordero, manager of Espana.

After getting off to a wide lead, Benny Marquez, 126, Chicago, held on to capture an unanimous 10-round decision over Alfonso Rodriguez, 124, Mexico, in the evening's semi-final. Rodriguez seemed unable to solve Benny's quick in-and-out movement in the early going, but slowed Marquez down in the last three rounds through some potent body blows.

A wild slugfest which resulted in a minor upset saw local youngster Roosevelt Rico, 131, kayo veteran San Antonio slugger Gaby Cantera, 129, with 28 seconds left in round four. The second round of this bout was as hard fought as any this reporter has ever seen, with both men staggered on several occasions. A fine win for the popular Rico.

An eight-round prelim saw Gilbert Villacana capture an unpopular decision over Sil Martinez in a clash between local bantamweights.

Attendance—796.
(04-21-81)

▲ **FORT WORTH—Will Rogers Coliseum—**What had been expected to be the toughest test to date for junior welterweight prospect Ronnie Shields, veteran Jose Hernandez of El Paso, turned out to be another relatively easy, impressive win. After decking Hernandez, 140¼, with a right-left-right combination in round one, Shields, 140½, Port Arthur, stormed from his corner at the start of round two and turned Hernandez every which way but loose before referee Mark Tessman called a halt at 2:01. What's next for Ronnie, now 6-0? Manager Willie Savannah plans to try and have the quiet youngster with the thundering fists appear on a Mexico City card featuring bantamweight stablemate Fred Jackson, and then come back to his home area against a top 20 opponent—possibly Bruce Curry or Monroe Brooks.

Promoter Les Bedford's other 10-round scrap saw Texas lightweight champion James "Bubba" Busceme win a virtual shutout decision over game Jose Cabrera of Houston by way of Mexico City. Southpaw Busceme was simply too quick with his footwork and crisp right jab for the ever trying Cabrera, and won by scores of 99-91, 100-92, and 99-92. Bubba is about ready to take a noticeable step up in his class of opposition if he is to develop to the extent that his management and fans hope he will.

Four long time U.S. amateur standouts were featured on the undercard, and as expected, all won without too much trouble.

Local hero Don Curry, 146, squared off against hard-hitting Danny Favella, 150, San Antonio, and used his swift left jab and fantastic lateral movement to completely dominate. A TKO win for Don at 2:06 of round five when Favella was on unsteady pins after being decked twice. This was the first time Don had been past two rounds, and marks another plateau in his development; as a win over a well-regarded journeymen such as Favella should stand him in good stead as he moves into main-event status. In the trivia department, Don's legal name is Donald Sample, and he is the foster brother of Bruce Curry.

The other three former amateur hosses all had what can only be called easy wins over questionable foes. 1980 AAU 139 pound champ Gene Hatcher of Forth Worth scored a kayo over guy-shy Kenneth Shepherd of Port Arthur in a welterweight contest. Shepherd, who has the unfortunate habit of ducking his head and closing his eyes when pressured, was an open target for Gene's buzzsaw attack. The end came with five seconds to go in round one.

Jay Strickland, 172, Forth Worth, used a wicked left hook to the ribs to dispose of awkward Marcus Dorsey, 173, Port Arthur, at 2:56 of round two. Strickland, if not rushed, may develop into the best of the local kids featured here tonight. Jay appears to have his head on straight, and with adequate boxing skills to go along with his power punching, may go a long way.

Harold Petty, 118, St. Louis, made his pro debut a short one by doing away with completely inept Eulilio Anguino, 117, Galveston. Anguino is now 0-3, and offered no competition whatsoever to the southpaw Petty. Ref Ron Walters halted the mismatch with 20 seconds remaining in round one.

A scheduled bantamweight bout featuring undefeated Richie Sandoval had to be scratched when his opponent, one Joe Magic of Los Angeles, was unable to secure the eye exam necessary for licensing by the Texas commission prior to fight time.

In addition to the live crowd of some 4,250, the card was seen over the ESPN cable network, with Sal Marchiano and Sean O'Grady announcing.
(04-23-81)

▲ **BEAUMONT—Civic Center—**The time has come when this area's favorite son, lightweight James "Bubba" Busceme is either going to have to fish or cut bait. After hearing Busceme's manager, venerable Hugh Benbow, opine how his charge would easily beat any lightweight active today, and hearing virtually all the "name" 135-lbers. mentioned as prospective opponents—only to see a parade of hand-picked journeymen appear in the opposite corner—Bubba will have to take a marked step up in his level of competition if the 29-year-old ex-Olympic boxer, now making his second comeback after earlier efforts brought disappointment, is to retain *any* amount of credibility.

His latest outing, which took place before some 2,400 spectators, saw the quick moving portsider halt badly outclassed Daniel Felizardo of Matamoras, Mexico at 1:44 of round four. A pulverizing right hook, thrown over a Felizardo jab which was a foot short of it's mark, sent the visitor down for the count.

Promoter Lester Bedford's semi-final saw perhaps the upset of the year so far in this region, as Charlie Allen of Corpus Christi decked previously undefeated Butch Smith of Fort Worth three times in route to an eight round unanimous decision. Smith seemed completely mystified by Allen's changing from an orthodox stance to a southpaw style in mid-round. Allen is now 4-0, Smith 10-1. Both men weighed in at 139.

James Pipps, 120, Vidor, used his pressuring, buzzsaw attack to capture a lopsided six-round duke over veteran trial horse Sil Martinez of Houston. Pipps is now 6-0, and shows signs of developing into a top notch young pro.

Eddie Martin of Fort Worth decisioned Reggie "Skeeter" Watson of Houston in a 6 round jr. lightweight clash. Watson showed a nice left jab, but spent too much time backpedalling to win the bout.

The evening's curtain raiser, also slated for six rounds, featured Tom Trim, 202, Galena Park, kayoing Teddy "Tex" Lopez, 220, Vidor, at 1:14 of round four. Lopez is as tough as they come, but needs to get in some semblance of condition if he's to compete with well conditioned boxers such as Trim.

Referees—Mark Tessman, Manny Hernandez.
Judges—Mark McCartney, Bob Jacobs.
Timekeeper—Fred McWilliams.
Knockdown timer—Norris Treme.
(05-12-81)

C. A. JACKSON

TEXAS

▲ **SAN ANTONIO—Hemis-Fair Arena—**San Antonio fight fans, who like slam bang action, were disappointed with this card, the first for promoters Dave Kirby and Ron Withers.

Mike Ayala hugged and tugged to a 10-round unanimous decision over Sergio Castro, 10 rounds, super bantams. Ayala is now 30-2.

Randy (Tex) Cobb managed to get Harry Terrell off the ropes for a fifth round kayo, heavyweights.

Leo Martinez, El Paso, knocked down once in each of the first three sessions, kayoed Danny Trujillo, San Antonio, the 1981 State Golden Gloves champ, in the fifth. Trujillo was making his pro debut.

Tony Perea, a former linebaker at the University of Texas at El Paso and now a high school football coach, broke his hand in the second round but still managed to win a unanimous decision over Vernon Johnston, Beaumont, eight. Perea, who dropped Johnston in the first, threw nothing but left jabs and hooks for the remainder of the bout.

Louie Burke, New Mexico, stopped Gilbert Garza, San Antonio, in the third round of a scheduled four.

Bruce Lindo, San Antonio, outscored Billy Sanchez, San Antonio, six.

Attendance—2,500.
(05-29-81)

FRANK R. JASSO

VIRGINIA

▲ **FALLS CHURCH—World Black Belt Arena—**The promotional duo of Eugene Hughes and Jim-Ed Jones scored a hit with their second professional boxing card. A near standing room crowd of 648 turned out to see local favorite Scott Farmer raise his record to 5-2 with a six-round decision over Oce Harper, Washington, D.C., in the main event. Harper, a full-time male nurse, was driven through the ropes by a right to the chin in the fourth session.

Georges Coates, 182, Washington, D.C., TKO'd Jimmy Johnson, 117, Falls Church, with four left hooks at 1:57 of the first. Thomas Baker, 137, Washington, D.C., and fancy Dan Maurice Saalakhan, Washington, D.C., drew. Ray Bryant, 164, District, TKO'd feisty Ben Vereen, 155, Oxon Hill, at 1:54 of the second. Robert McConnell, 175, District, survived a knockdown in the fourth to win a close decision over Ed Harris, 175, Lorton. Lloyd Taylor, 148, Capital Heights, stopped aggressive Junior Deal, 143, Charlestown, W. Va., at 2:58 of the first.
(05-16-81)

ED SCULLEN

WISCONSIN

▲ **AMERY—**Bruce "The Mouse" Strauss, 150, took his traveling road show to Amery, Wisconsin on this beautiful evening and most of his crew came home winners.

In the main event, The Mouse came out ahead with a good win over Milwaukee's Billy Goodwin, 156, in a 10 round middleweight clash. Many were looking to the 33 year old Goodwin to see exactly what he had left and to see how Strauss would fare against a tall (6'2") middleweight who could punch. Goodwin is the only man ever to knock out Midwest toughie Rafael Rodriguez, and has a reputation as a slick defensive boxer and a "banger".

For the most part, Strauss, from Omaha, cut Goodwin's power off by staying on top of his cagey foe. Goodwin countered well and Strauss fared best on the inside. From the sixth round on, they could have cut the ring size from 18 feet down to four because all the action was toe to toe in center field.

The judges had Strauss the winner in the very close and hard to score 10 rounder. Judge Dick Henricks scored 99-96, Goodwin; Judge Leroy Benson and referee Denny Nelson saw it 97-95, Strauss.

Strauss has now upped his record to 45-14-2 while Goodwin unofficially dropped to 15-16.

In a crowd pleasing semi-windup, Chuck "Kid Polack" Daszkiewicz, 150, TKO'd Omaha's Jimmy Zavala in 1:48 of the third of a scheduled six.

Zavala dropped Polack with a thunderous right hand in the first but the "Kid" managed to get back on his feet by the count of eight. Zavala continued to dub his opponent and despite taking another eight count, Polack refused to allow himself to be put away. The "Kid" turned the tables in the third, putting Zavala to the floor twice in the third frame and referee Benson stopped it at 2:20 of that round.

Polack is now 10-3 with 8 KOs; Zavala is 0-4, but now appears to be headed in the right direction.

In a wild opener, Rafael Valdez, 142, Omaha, halted Billy Ray Tortino, 143, Memphis, in 1:46 of the fourth round of a scheduled six. The classy Valdez is now 7-0. Tortino, who wants a rematch, is 0-2.

"Young Rocky" Sekorski of St. Paul KO'd "Animal" Joe Walsh of Sioux Falls, S.D. in 1:48 of the third round of a scheduled fiver. Walsh gave Sekorski a go of it, but didn't have the strength to compete with his foe. He hit the canvas five times before dropping down cold.

1980 U.S.A. Golden Glove champ Hamont Kirkland KO'd Ben Muhammed (now 1-2) in 1:10 of the second frame of a posted six. Kirkland, now 6-0 all by KO, shows promise, but needs to be tested against some real opponents.

Scott LeDoux went four rounds with townie Howie Hokamsen in a fun-loving exhibition.

Although Amery is a town of only 2,200, 700 people attended.

The show was promoted by Bill Hegg who should be complimented for a fine first outing.
(6-06-81)

RAY WHEBBER, Jr.

CANADA

NOVA SCOTIA

▲ **HALIFAX—**Johnny Summerhays, Brantford, won a unanimous decision over Tom Crowley, Iowa, 10, lightweights.

Chris Clarke, Halifax, outscored Steve Williams, Chicago, 10, welters.

Cedrick Parsons, 182, Halifax, won unanimous decision over Wes Towe, Brantford, six.
(05-05-81)

ONTARIO

▲ **PETERBOROUGH—Memorial Arena—**Nicky Furlano, 144½, Toronto, won a unanimous decision over Quentin Blackman, 140, Philadelphia, in the 10-round main event. It was far more an impressive bout, with Blackman very weak in the punching department. Furlano was in complete control of the bout from the opening bell, and scored at will throughout the contest.

Eddie Melo, 176½, Toronto, TKO'd John Cox, 176¼, Chicago, in the 10-round semi. Melo's body attack resulted in abdominal pains for Cox, and the bout was halted at the bell to start the ninth frame on the recommendation of Dr. B. Stewart, the commission doctor. This was a hard fought bout, with Cox giving a very good account of himself while it lasted. Melo will not try to make 160 in the future.

John Denton, 164½, Toronto, won a split decision over Don Marshall, 164, Toronto, in a six-round slugfest.

Bobby Bland, 160½, Toronto, won an unpopular unanimous verdict over Rick Hawynes, 159, Chicago, in their six-round battle. Bland was the aggressor, but was nailed by Hawynes time and time again.

Tony Campbell, 183, Buffalo, stopped out-of-condition Ron Garabee, 235, Boston, at 2:25 of the first round in a scheduled four.

L.M. Crerepim, promoter.
Attendance—800.
(05-22-81)

▲ **TORONTO—St. Lawrence Market—**Willie Featherstone, 174½, Toronto, hammered out a unanimous decision over tough and rugged Wes Rowe, 183, Brantford, in the eight-round main event. The scores were 40-33, 40-32, and 40-32.

Terry Mimms, 180, Cleveland, TKO'd Vic Brown, 219, Buffalo, at 2:58 of the first round in their scheduled eight. Mimms decked Brown twice with hard shots to the head.

Donnie Marshall, 164½, Toronto, won unanimous decision over game Bob King, Cleveland, six. There were no knockdowns, but the bout was a crowd pleaser. The scores were 30-24, 30-25, and 29-25.

Donnie Poole, 146½, Toronto, knocked out Phil Batie, 145, Cleveland, in 1:13 of the first round in a scheduled six.

Lou Alexander, 233, Buffalo, and Larry Simms, 215½, Cleveland, had a real slugfest going until midway through round two, when an accidental butt closed Simms' right eye. The commission doctor was called in to inspect the damage at the end of the session and the bout was halted after the examination. The fighters were even on the official cards, so the bout was ruled a tech draw by the Ontario Athletic Commission. A good, correct decision.

Paul Stewart, 127, Toronto, won a unanimous (20-18, 20-17, 20-17) decision over Nedrick Simmins, 121, Toronto, in the opening four-rounders.

Referees—Harry Davis, Ed Gaudet, Rocky Walton.
Judges—S. Luftspring, J. Silvers, C. Williams.
Ron Desroches, promoter.
Attendance—800.
(06-02-81)

FRANK ALLNUTT

▲ **LONDON—London Gardens—**A disappointing crowd of 500 fans turned out to see the first pro boxing show in this city in 18 years. Those that came were treated to an action packed five-bout program.

Clint Harris, 142, Windsor, a southpaw, knocked out veteran Larry Moore, 144½, Charleston, W. Va., with a terrific left hook in the second frame of their scheduled eight-round main event.

Ontario Golden Gloves champion Dave Martin, 151, London, made his pro debut by stopping Steve Robinson, 151½, Detroit, at 2:32 of the first round in a scheduled six. Rocky Walton, referee.

Another 1981 Ontario Golden Gloves champ, Dean Ferguson, 158, Windsor, made his pro debut. He TKO'd Greg Harper, 153½, Huntington, W. Va., in the third.

"Irish" Gary Christie, 175, Detroit, outpointed Gary Hunter, 182, Windsor, six.

Antone White, 134, Windsor, TKO'd Spike Atkins, 132, Detroit, in the third round in the scheduled four-round opener.
(05-25-81)

JERRY McCARTHY

PANAMA

▲ **PANAMA CITY—Gimnasio Neco de la Guardia**—Luis Jimenez, 114½, won a unanimous decision over Melquiades Caballero, also 114½, 10. Scores: 96-94, 97-95, 98-93.

Six-rounders: Alex Miranda, 110½, TKO'd Eleuterio Munoz, 114½, at 2:44 of the fourth. Edilberto Lopez, 104¼, won a unanimous (all 58-57) decision over Santos Ho, 108.

Four-rounders: Alfredo Layne, 129¾, TKO'd Armando De Sedas, 128¼, at 0:51 of the fourth. Santos Becerra, 105½, won a unanimous (58-53, 59-53, 58-56) decision over Benito Vargas, 107. Roberto Rudas, 157, won a split (39-38, 39-38, 38-39) decision over Felix Rivas, 157¼.
(04-11-81)

▲ **PANAMA CITY—Gimnasio Nuevo Panama**—Ernesto Davis, 139½, won a unanimous decision over former world junior welterweight champion Alfonso (Peppermint) Frazer, 138¾, 10. Scores: 98-92, 99-94, 97-94.

Aquilino Asprilla, 124¾, kayoed Alcibiades Blandon, 125¼, in 1:29 of the second in their scheduled 10-rounder.

Felix Rodriguez, 123½, won a split decision over Agustin Martinez, 127, Nicaragua, 10. Scores: 97-94, Rodriguez; 98-95, Rodriguez; 96-95, Martinez.

Fours: Bernardo Checa, 122, TKO'd sub Raul Osses, 125, in the second. Humberto Sosa, 126, knocked out Domingo Castillo, 123¼, in 2:00 of the first. David Harper, 136½, and Domingo Diaz, 137, drew.
(05-02-81)

▲ **COLON—Panama Al Brown Arena**—Luis Avila, 123¼, won a unanimous decision over Humberto Mejia, 122¼, 10.

Antonio Mitre, 106½, won unanimous verdict over Benito Vargas, 104, eight.

Oscar Gordon, 123¼, kayoed Cecilio Garibaldi, 123¾, in 2:19 of the sixth and final session.

Fours: Alex Moreno, 112¼, won a split decision over Miguel Urriola, also 112¼. Cristobal Moreno, 122, TKO'd Belisario Marengo, 124, at 1:02 of the second.
(05-15-81)

▲ **PANAMA CITY—Gimnasio Nuevo Panama**—Jorge Alvarado, 131, won a split decision over Enrique Maxwell, 130½, 10.

Eduardo Chita Ruiz Rodriguez, 143¾, won unanimous decision over Eric Perea, 145, 10.

Hector Carrasquilla, 134¾, won a unanimous verdict over Victor Brown, 135, 10.

Marino Alabarca, 145, knocked out Rolando Ruiz, 144¼, in 1:15 of the first round in a scheduled six.

Bernardo Checa, 123¼, won a unanimous decision over Raul Palma, 124, four.
(05-16-81) RAQUEL M. TORRES

VIRGIN ISLANDS

▲ **ST. THOMAS—Lionel Roberts Stadium**—Eddie Marcelle knocked out Felix Vasquez, St. Croix, in the third round of a scheduled 10-round main event. Both scaled 151½.

Julien Jackson, 149½, TKO'd Regis Escalera, 160½, at 1:09 of the third round in a scheduled six. This was, by far, the best fight of the night.

Jorge Villanova, 161½, TKO'd Eugene Henley, 144, in their scheduled six. Henley failed to answer the bell for the fourth round.

Radmes Garcia won a unanimous decision over Ramon Serrano, 10.

The program was the first on the island in a year following a moratorium on boxing to correct some irregularities. Little seems to have been done though, about closing the loop holes that allow mismatches.

Am-Pro Promotions.
(05-15-81) ST. CLAIR MURRAINE

SOUTH AMERICA

BELIZE

▲ **BELIZE CITY—Bird's Isle**—Norman Orosco, 160, Belize, knocked out Edward Lynch, also 160, Belize, in the fourth session of a scheduled six-rounder.

Playboy Promotions (Henry Young).
(03-09-81)

▲ **BELIZE CITY—Bird's Isle**—Carlton Bowers, 144, Belize, won a unanimous decision over Fitzroy Guissippi, 146¾, Belize, 10. The scores were 100-97, 100-96, and 99-95.

Bowers took the fight by beating Guissippi to the punch with a right to the body under Fitzroy's extended left. Guissippi tried for a kayo in the last two rounds, in vain.

Norman Orosco, 159, Belize, hit Michael Tingling, 155¼, Belize, on the break and knocked him through the ropes onto the ring apron in round three of their six-rounder. A fight fan assisted Tingling back into the ring while the referee was admonishing Orosco, and the ref declared a double infraction on the rules.

The bout was ruled "no contest."
(04-12-81) BARNEY MAHLER

COLOMBIA

▲ **BARRANQUILLA—Humberto Perea Coliseum**—Felipe Orozco, Colombia, stopped Leopoldo (Gallito) Frias, Dominican Republic, who failed to answer the bell for the seventh round.

Jose Sandoval, Colombia, TKO'd Rafael Montero, Panama, in the third round of their bantamweight bout. The crowd protested referee Carlos Hernandez's stoppage.

Melquiades Caballero, Panama, halted Victor Tejedor, Colombia, in the fourth round, flyweights. Tejedor retired after taking a left to the liver.

Orlando Maestre, Colombia, outscored Elpidio DePaula, Dominican Republic, 10 rounds, flyweights.

Carlos Maestre, Orlando's brother, outscored Ramon Santana, Dominican Republic, 10, super bantamweights.

▲ **MONTERIA**—Jose (Pambelecito) Cervantes, younger brother of former world champion Antonio, retained his American super bantam crown by stopping Felipe Julio in round two.

Carlos Amador, Cartagena, outpointed Luis Navarro, Monteria, eight, featherweights. Amador is unbeaten in three fights.

Bernabe Diaz, Monteria, and Simon Ramos drew, 10, junior lights.

Miguel (Happy) Lora, Monteria, outscored Carlos Arturo Osorio, Cartagena, 10, bantamweights.

▲ **BARRANQUILLA**—Sensational Mario Miranda, 125¾, won the vacant American featherweight crown with a unanimous decision over Guillermo (Lobo) Morales, 125½, Mexico, 12. Miranda, 21, is now unbeaten in 15 bouts.

Referee Rafael Meza, judge Carlos Riascos, and judge Humberto Casseres all scored the contest 120-112.

Homer Meza, Barranquilla, won the Colombian bantamweight title when defending champ Jacinto Moreno, Buenaventura, was unable to answer the bell for the 12th and final round.

Adalberto Guevara TKO'd Marcelino Geles, Cartagena, in the second round, featherweights.

Carlos Orozco, Barranquilla, TKO'd Fidel Rebolledo, Cartgena, in the second frame, light heavyweights.
LUIS A. GONZALEZ

EUROPE

Briton Tony Sibson retained his European middleweight title, outscoring Spaniard Adoni Amana (28) over 12 rounds at Bilbao, Spain. Left hooks decked the brave challenger in rounds two and seven, but, on both occasions, the brave challenger, encouraged by some 12,000 Spaniards in the bull ring arena, got off the floor and fought back with great courage. It would need a great deal of research to list the British boys who have won on points in Spain. The Spanish and British boxing authorites are only just on speaking terms, and the only engagements between a British and Spanish boxer in Spain is when a European title is at stake. Several British boxers campaigning in Spain in recent years have either been subject to home town decisions or short changed by the promoter at the end of their night's work. The Spaniard's must be trying to get on better terms with the British. In Spanish eyes, the two knockdowns suffered by Amana would usually allow the British fighter to only share the points.

Sibson received an unusually generous purse, $8,000, which was about $2,500 more than a London offer. The Briton demanded to see the color of the promoter's money before he would step in the ring. Sibson, who was having his first fight abroad, was five years younger than his Spanish opponent, whose real name is Antonio Saez. Sibson has now chalked up a record of 43 wins in 46 starts. It was only Amana's third defeat in 45 bouts.

Voluntary defenses usually have a generous purse as bait and so many champions have bit the dust for the few extra bucks involved. This was the case with European lightweight champion Charlie Nash, who accepted the unknown Italian, Giuseppe (Joey) Gibilisco, as challenger. The bout, which took place at the 50,000 seater, Dalymount Park Stadium, in Dublin, Ireland, was all over in the sixth and a new champion was crowned. Charlie Nash took a standing count in round two. He was saved by the bell in the fourth, and a combination of lefts and rights ended the champion's reign in the sixth.

Nash's 30th birthday celebrations on the day of the fight must have been as cheerful as a funeral reception. Giuseppe Gibilisco (26) appears to have had only one fight since 1979, and his victory over Nash must be one of the biggest upsets in years. Promoter was Philip McLaughlin, a guy who is good for boxing. Nash was counted out by the Swiss referee, Franz Marti, after 2:45 of the sixth with his head resting on the bottom rope. Gibilisco came to Dublin with only 19 wins in 27 starts and only a crowd of 2,500 thought the journey was necessary. For most, it was no more than a workout for Nash. The champion was taken to a hospital for treatment of several facial wounds and a cut eyebrow. It was Dublin's first open air show since Muhammad Ali faced Alvin (Blue) Lewis in 1972.

Following his victory over Spain's Hugo Carizzo, Briton Dave Williams was admitted to the hospital to undergo an eye retina operation. Williams was forced to continue his boxing career in Belgium after the British Boxing Board of Control withdrew his licence after a medical report stated Williams was short sighted. With a Belgian licence, Williams has collected 21 scalps and is lined up as the official challenger for the European lightweight title held by Gibilisco. Some view this operation as the end of Williams' brilliant career.

BELGIUM

▲ **ZELE**—Dave Williams, Great Britain, outscored Hugo Carrizo, Spain, eight, lightweights. Frank Decaestecker, Belgium, outpointed Billy Waith, Great Britain, six, welters.
(05-21-81)

FRANCE

▲ **PARIS**—Mary Konate, France, stopped Terry O'Connor, Great Britain, in the second, heavyweights.
(05-19-81)

GERMANY

▲ **BERLIN**—Agamal Yildirim, Turkey, outscored Andre Mongelema, Zaire, 10, middleweights. Jeff Zeller, Germany, outpointed Jurgen Broszeit, Germany, four, middles. Ethem Ozakalin, Turkey, outscored David Oleme, Cameroons, six, lightweights.
(05-15-81)

SPAIN

▲ **TENERIFE**—Garcia Marichal, Spain, outpointed French featherweight champion Guy Caudron, eight.
(05-01-81) JACK A. TREE

UNITED KINGDOM

▲ **LONDON—Royal Albert Hall**—When a boxer meets a puncher, it usually produces a contest full of incident, and the British welterweight title fight between champion Colin Jones

EUROPEAN RATINGS

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
John L. Gardner (Great Britain)
1. Lucien Rodriguez (France)
2. Alfredo Evangelista (Spain)
3. Sylvain Watbled (France)
4. Gordon Ferris (Great Britain)
5. Domenico Adinolfi (Italy)
6. Billy Aird (Great Britain)
7. Giovanni De Luca (Italy)
8. Bernd August (Germany)
9. Al Syben (Belgium)
10. George Butzbach (Germany)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Rudi Koopmans (Netherlands)
1. Hocine Tafer (France)
2. Bunny Johnson (Great Britain)
3. Ennio Cometti (Italy)
4. Fred Serres (Belgium)
5. Avenamar Peralta (Spain)
6. Dennis Andries (Belgium)
7. Tom Collins (Great Britain)
8. Shaun Chalcraft (Great Britain)
9. Christian Cavina (Italy)
10. Karl Canwell (Great Britain)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Tony Sibson (Great Britain)
1. Alan Minter (Great Britain)
2. George Steinherr (Germany)
3. Roy Gumbs (Great Britain)
4. Matteo Salvemini (Italy)
5. Adoni Amana (Spain)
6. Nicola Cirelli (Italy)
7. Alex Blanchard (Netherlands)
8. Pierre Joly (France)
9. Jose Lozano (Spain)
10. Eddie Burke (Great Britain)

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Louis Acaries (France)
1. Maurice Hope (Great Britain)
2. Marijan Benes (Yugoslavia)
3. Pat Thomas (Great Britain)
4. Jimmy Batten (Great Britain)
5. Luigi Michillo (Italy)
6. Steve Hopkin (Great Britain)
7. Dave (Boy) Green (Great Britain)
8. Eckhard Dagge (Germany)
9. George Warusfel (France)
10. Jose Hernandez (Spain)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Jorgen Hansen (Denmark)
1. Colin Jones (Great Britain)
2. Hans Hendrik Palm (Denmark)
3. Kirkland Laing (Great Britain)
4. Piero Angelo Piras (Italy)
5. Richard Rodriguez (France)
6. Roger Zenon (France)
7. Alois Carmeliet (Belgium)
8. Fred Coranson (France)
9. Salvatore Cascio (Italy)
10. Claude Lancastre (France)

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Antonio Guinaldo (Spain)
1. Jo Kimpuani (France)
2. Giuseppe Martinese (Italy)
3. Clinton McKenzie (Great Britain)
4. Des Morrison (Great Britain)
5. Sylvester Mittee (Great Britain)
6. Steve Early (Great Britain)
7. Ken Buchanan (Great Britain)
8. Christian Gracia (France)
9. Andre Holyk (France)
10. Luciano Navarra (Italy)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Giuseppe Gibilisco (Italy)
1. Charlie Nash (Great Britain)
2. Ray Cattouse (Great Britain)
3. Francisco Leon (Spain)
4. Jose Luis Heredia (Spain)
5. George Feeney (Great Britain)
6. Lucio Cusma (Spain)
7. Dave McCabe (Great Britain)
8. Ricky Beaumont (Great Britain)
9. Dave Williams (Great Britain)
10. Winston Spencer (Great Britain)

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Carlos Hernandez (Spain)
1. Jose Luis Vicho (Spain)
2. Rodolfo Sanchez (Spain)
3. Carlos Miguel Rodriguez (Spain)
4. Aristide Pizzo (Italy)
5. Salvatore Liscapade (Italy)
6. Roman Marichal (Spain)
7. Alessandro Nardi (Italy)
8. Natale Vezzoli (Italy)
9. Maurice Apeang (France)
10. Isidoro Cabeza (Spain)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Roberto Castanon (Spain)
1. Pat Cowdell (Great Britain)
2. Jimmy Flint (Great Britain)
3. Manuel Masso (Spain)
4. Esteban Eguia (Spain)
5. Salvatore Melluzzo (Italy)
6. Cecilio Lastra (Spain)
7. Alfredo Mulas (Italy)
8. Michele Siracuse (Italy)
9. Marco Gallo (Italy)
10. Potito Di Muro (Italy)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Valerio Nati (Italy)
1. John Feeney (Great Britain)
2. Juan Francisco Rodriguez (Spain)
3. Vicente Rodriguez (Spain)
4. Giuseppe Fossati (Italy)
5. Dave Smith (Great Britain)
6. Davy Larmour (Great Britain)
7. Gary Nickels (Great Britain)
8. Luis de la Sagra (Spain)
9. Manuel Barquim (Spain)
10. Giovanni Pasca (Italy)

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Charlie Magri (Great Britain)
1. Paolo Castrovilli (Italy)
2. Manuel Carrasco (Spain)
3. Rodriguez Cal (Spain)
4. Giovanni Camputaro (Italy)
5. Sabatino De Filippo (Italy)
6. Emilio Pireddu (Italy)
7. Mariano Garcia (Spain)
8. Dominique Piedele (France)
9. Mario Bitetto (Italy)
10. Franco Cherchi (Italy)

and challenger Kirkland Laing was no exception. Jones won on a ninth round stoppage, the same result and the same round as their clash a year earlier.

Welshman Jones, 146, caught Jamaican Laing, 145, with a long left that put him on the deck. The latter beat the count, but referee John Coyle decided that he was in no condition to continue.

Laing boxed superbly in the early part of the fight, jabbing neatly with his left and producing some effective combination punching. Jones wasn't in trouble, and seemed content to await the opportunity to try and land his big punches.

This pattern continued for the first seven rounds. There seemed no danger of Jones being hurt, but Laing was notching up the points with his skills.

Then, in round eight, it happened. it was sheer drama as Jones went to the canvas from a body punch, claiming a low blow. The referee warned Laing and gave a little talk to Jones, giving him time to recover.

But, after only a few more seconds, another left put Jones down, and he again claimed a low blow.

The referee again spoke to Jones, obviously wishing to delay matters long enough to give the Welshman a chance to continue the fight. What he would have done if Jones had been unable to continue is anyone's guess, but he did appear to issue what could have been a final warning to Laing.

In these modern times, we have the "advantage" of action replay on TV, which purports to show what really happened. Unfortunately, the referee has only his own eyes to decide what decision to make.

The after-fight TV did not prove conclusively what happened. Commentator Harry Carpenter of the British Broadcasting Corporation said he was not absolutely certain about the first punch, but thought the second was definitely low.

Jones saw that round through. The minute's interval obviously helped him, and he came out for round nine as if he meant business. He caught Laing with useful left hooks to the body, and had him backing up. The challenger was nonplussed.

Jones was throwing punches with both hands now, and, after a right had missed, the champ quickly followed with a left which landed right on target. Laing did well to beat the count, but referee Coyle stopped the action halfway through the ninth.

After-fight quotes:

TERRY LAWLESS (Laing's manager): "There's was nothing wrong with the first punch. Jones should have been counted out. I admit the second punch landed on the hip, but it is remarkable how Jones' agony disappeared in the next round."

JOHN COYLE: "Im certain the first punch was low, and I'm willing to be judged by the TV film."

JONES: "My manager, Eddie Thomas, kept telling me to 'pace him, pace him,' until I got fed up."

This victory means that Jones has won the Lonsdale Belt outright in a period of just over 12 months.

Stan McDermott, East Ham, 221½, kayoed Larry McDonald, Tottenham, 233¼, in round seven with a right cross. McDonald was down in rounds one and two, and again in the sixth.

Austin Owens, Reading, confirmed a previous victory by outpointing Jim McKeown, Glasgow, 128¼, over eight by 79-77½. Owens was cut around both eyes, and McKeown cut on the forehead. Some disagreed with the verdict, and the scoreline seemed to flatter Owens.

Paul Huggins, Hastings, 122, made it eight fights without defeat by stopping Gary Kittle, Cranleigh, 127, the referee intervening in round seven, after Kittle had been down five times.

Former amateur champion Nick Wilshire, Bristol, 152¼, didn't lose a round in his pro debut, outpointing Steve Davies, Pembroke, 158½, over eight by 80-76. Davies was down in round three, but up before a count could be started.

Seemingly behind on points, Lance Williams, Manchester, 138¼, kayoed Paul Chance, Wednesbury, 137, with a left hook in the eighth and final session.

Colin Derrick, Bethnal Green, 147, beat Lloyd Christie, Wolverhampton, 146½, the bout being stopped halfway through the opening round after Christie had been decked by a left hook.
(04-28-81)

▲ **GLASGOW—Morley's Nite Spot**—Scottish light middleweight champion Charlie Malarkey, 152¾, kayoed Gerry Young, Belfast, 148, in round four after decking him for six. Young was outclassed.

Scottish light welter champ George Peacock, 140½, didn't lose a round in outpointing Colin Wake, 140, by 80-77 over eight. The latter was down three times in round six, but recovered well.

Returning after a period of inactivity, Eddie Glencross, 115, drew with Jimmy Carson, Belfast, 112, over six.

John Sharkey, Glasgow, 127¾, kept his unbeaten record by defeating Steve Pollard, 126, the bout being stopped in round five when the latter was cut after a clash of heads.

Gordon Haigh, Hull, 120, narrowly outscored Stuart Nicol, Cambuslang, 119, by 59½-59 over six in an excellent crowd-pleaser.
(03-30-81)

▲ **LONDON—National Sporting Club**—Roy Varden, Nuneaton, 149, confirmed a previous victory by taking a controversial points decision over Welsh welter champ Horace Mckenzie, Cardiff, 150, scoreline 79-78½ over eight.

Booing greeted the verdict, but McKenzie was frequently warned for infringments, and just as frequently took no notice of the censures.

In a scrappy contest Varden did most of the clean work, McKenzie providing plenty of aggression.

Archie Salmon, Glasgow, 155½, was another narrow winner, outpointing Winston Burnett, Cardiff, 157, by 79-78½ over eight. A good fight, nothing in it at any stage, with Salmon maybe just the more accurate.

Vince Gainy, Stafford, 155½, easily outpointed Steve Henty, Brighton, over six, not losing a round in a 60-57½ scoreline. Henty was decked in the opening session, and Gainy was cut on the right eyelid in round two.

Peter Eubanks, Brighton, 129, gained a narrow points win over Robert Hepburn, Norwich, 124¼, scoreline 59½-59 after six entertaining rounds.
(03-30-81)

▲ **NEWCASTLE—Gosforth Park Hotel**—Jerry Golden, Manchester, 170½, kayoed Brian Graham, Middlesbrough, 167, in 1:15 of the opening round.

Graham was returning to the ring after sustaining a fractured cheekbone in a bout six months earlier. Sadly, the cheekbone was again broken by a right hand from Golden, and Graham's future is uncertain.

Conceding seven pounds, John Lindo, Bradford, 142, beat Steve Forster, Manchester, 149, the referee intervening in the opening round after Forster had been decked by a two-handed attack.

Billy Bryce, Sunderland, 153, didn't lose a round in outscoring Charlie Douglas, Larkhall, 150, by 60-58½ over six. Douglas was down in the opening session, and cut by the left eye in round three.

Eddie Glass, Hartlepool, 134, drew with Chris McCallum, Glasgow, 136, over six. Full of honest endeavour, and rewarded by an ovation for both men.
(03-26-81)

▲ **DONCASTER—Rotters Nite Spot**—Robert Armstrong, Doncaster, 148½, comfortably outpointed Steve Davies, 150, over eight by 78½-77. Davies was down five times, but, in spite of an injured right eye, fought on gamely until the final bell.

Steve Gee, Birmingham, 200, didn't lose a round outscoring Ian Scotting, Doncaster, 204, over eight by 80-76½.

Mark Tobin, Doncaster, 150, drew with Dave Dunn, Rosendale, 149, over four.

Martin Tobin, Mark's twin brother, 142, avenged a previous defeat by outpointing Peter Phillips, Dinnington, 141, over four.

Pat Smythe, Gainsborough, 152½, outscored Phil Gibson, West Hartlepool, 150, over eight by the narrow margin of 78-77½. A close one, but Gibson was down in round five.
(03-25-81)

▲ **EBBW VALE—Leisure Centre**—At the age of 32, Jamaican-born Neville Meade, now resident in Swansea, 225½, qualified for a crack at the British heavyweight title by beating Terry Mintus, Leeds, 203, the bout being stopped in round three with Mintus taking punches without retaliation.

This was a final eliminator for the title recently won by Gordon Ferris.

Meade was cut on the left eyebrow in round three, but once he brought his heavy rights to the head in play, the writing was on the wall for Mintus.

Terry started confidently, using his left jabs to good effect, but made the mistake of trying to punch it out—and suffered accordingly.

Steve Reilly, Newport, 117¼, outscored Tony Manson, Giansborough, 118, over six by 59½-58. Manson's nose bled from round two.

Billy Vivian, Tredegar, 136, outscored substitute Ray Price, Swansea, 140, over eight by 79-78. A lively contest. Not everyone agreed with the verdict, but Vivian's cleaner punching probably was the deciding factor.

Jimmy Wood, Wakefield, 142, didn't lose a round outpointing Philip Morris, Tredegar, 141, over six by 60-58. Morris was down in round five from a right.

Paul Kelly, Doncaster, 151, outscored Dill Collins, Llantwit Major, 150½, over six by 59½-58½.
(03-28-81)

▲ **CLEETHORPES—Winter Gardens**—Steve Fenton, Leicester, confirmed previous victory by beating Joe Frater, 177, the referee intervening in round one after Frater had been decked twice.

Kirk Davies, Derby, 152, outscored Pat Smythe, Gainsborough, 164, over six.

Winston Davies, Rugby, 162, also confirmed a previous win by outscoring Harry Watson, St. Ives, 160, over six.

Peter Stockdale, Grimsby, 146, beat debutant Tommy Turner, Derby, 145, the bout being stopped in round two after Turner had been down twice.
(03-30-81)

▲ **MIDDLESBROUGH—Gaskins Plus One**—Graeme Ahmed, South Shields, 152, made it six in a row by beating Jeff Lee, Millwall, 150, the bout being stopped in round six after the latter had been decked three times.

George Sutton, Cardiff, 126, narrowly outpointed Mick Mason, Craghead, 130, over eight by 79-78½. An excellent contest, with Mason losing his unbeaten record, yet it was a pity that there had to be a loser.

Ian Murray, Manchester, 128, drew with Ray Plant, South Shields, 122, over eight. Murray could have won if he had not received warnings for not closing his glove.

Ken Foreman, 133, didn't lose a round outscoring Selvin Bell, Manchester, 131, by 60-59 over six.

Debutant Dale Henderson, Middlesborough, 152, impressed outpointing Dave Dunn, Rossendale, 153, over six by 59½-58.
(04-02-81)

▲ **WINDSOR—Blazers Nite Spot**—Pat McCann, Harrow, 178, comfortably outpointed Vernon Scott, St. Pancras, 174, by 79-77 over eight.

After being twice warned for hitting with the inside of the glove, then for clowning, McCann settled to some good boxing, and had no difficulty in avoiding Scott's leads.

Bob Hennessey, Staines, 220, defeated Martin Nee, Paddington, 207¾, the referee intervening in round two when Nee's right eye was almost shut.

Gordon Stacey, Battersea, 169¾, stopped John Joseph, Hayes, again on the referee intervention, in rounds two after Joseph had been on the canvas.

Rocky Bantleman, Hayes, 128, beat Robert Hepburn, Norwich, 124, the bout being halted in round five when Hepburn had been cut over the right eye after a clash of heads.
(04-06-81)

▲ **BRADFORD—Yorkshire Executive Sporting Club**—Dave George, Swansea, 113½, outpointed George Bailey, Bradford, 114, over eight by 80-77, not losing a round.

John Linds, Bradford, 139, beat Kevin Sheehan, Nottingham, 147, the bout being stopped in round five. Sheehan had been down in the opening session.

Peter Phillips, Dinnington, 138, outscored Mike Bromby, Hull, 140, by the narrow margin of 59-58½ over six.

In a battle of debutants, Steve Coleman, Manchester, 158, beat Steve Sinclair, Blackpool, 161, the referee intervening in

round two after Sinclair has been down.
(04-06-81)

▲ **NEWPORT—Tiffanys—**Gary Pearce, Newport, 150, won the vacant Welsh light middleweight title by beating Terry Matthews, Swansea, 154, the bout being stopped in round nine with the latter taking punishment.

Matthews was 1¾ pounds over the limit at the weigh-in, which he had to take off. Whether this had anything to do with his defeat is difficult to state, but certainly he tried as round succeeded round, and his nose bled.

Alan Burrows, Cardiff, 145½, drew with Frank McCord, Swansea, over six. Burrows was decked just before the final bell, but many thought that he deserved the verdict.

In spite of injuring a hand, Mervyn Bennett, 130½, kept his unbeaten record by narrowly outpointing Philip Morris, Ystrad Mynach, 135, over six by 59-58½.

Ray Price, Swansea, 140¾, convincingly outscored Tyrell Wilson, Newport, 140, by 59-58 over six.
(04-07-81)

▲ **LONDON—National Sporting Club—**Ricky Beaumont, Hull, 136, beat Eric Woff, Doncaster, 137, the bout being stopped in round three with the latter still upright but taking punishment.

On the canvas in round two, Lee McKenzie, Croydon, 142, got up to outscore Bobby Welburn, Hull, 142½, over eight by 80-76½. McKenzie didn't lose a round, not even the one in which he was floored but rose without a count.

Craig Walsh, Bradford, 136, comfortably outpointed Delroy Pearce, Tottenham, 138, by 59½-58 over six.

Jimmy Woods, Doncaster, 142, outscored Paul Clemit, Bournemouth, 142, over six by 60-57½, not losing a round.
(04-09-81)

▲ **WOLVERHAMPTON—Civic Hall—**Down in round seven, and helped by the bell ringing a few seconds after he rose, Paul Chance, Wednesbury, 137, outpointed Scottish champion Peter Harrison, 137, over eight by 79½-77.

Chance said he would in future box as a light welterweight.

Tommy Taylor, Hednesford, 177, drew with Chris Lawson, the Welsh title holder, eight. Taylor was down from a left to the body in the final round, and many thought Lawson deserved the verdict.

Taylor was cut on the right eyebrow, and Lawson was marked by the left eye.

Micky Baker, Worcester, 137, beat Duncan Hamilton, Cambusland, 135, the bout being stopped in the eighth and final round "to save Hamilton further punishment." In fact, Hamilton had broken his collarbone. He was down twice, obviously in great pain.

Cordwell Hylton, Walsall, 173, defeated Rupert Christie, Birmingham, 177, the referee intervening in round five after Christie had been down from a left hook.

Richard Wilson, Nuneaton, 147, outpointed John Wiggins, Nottingham, 147, over six by 59½-58½, the former's fourth win in a row.

Joe Jackson, Coventry, 160, drew with John Humphreys, Wembley, 162, over six.
(04-13-81)

▲ **MANCHESTER—Anglo-American Sporting Club—**Johnny Francis, Manchester, 148, easily outscored Stan Atherton, Liverpool, over eight by 79½-77.

Kevin Durkin, Bradford, 152, outpointed Gary Petty, Hull, 149, over six by 59½-58. Durkin was down in round four, and Petty was slightly cut by the right eye.

Peter Phillips, Donnington, 137, beat Mike Bromby, Hull, 139, the referee stopping the bout in round five when Bromby was cut by the left eye.

Dave Turner, Warrington, 176, outpointed Gerry Golden, Manchester, 170, over six by 59½-58. Turner rallied well after being decked in the opening session.
(04-13-81)

▲ **EVESHAM—Sporting Club—**Paul Murray, Birmingham, 147, drew with Nigel Thomas, Swansea, 148, over eight. Thomas opened well, but Murray evened matters in the last few rounds. The fans loved it, and threw in nobbins.

Gary Buckle, Wednesbury, 150, outscored Errol Dennis, Wolverhampton, 146, over six by the narrow margin of 59-58½.

Another narrow winner was Russell Humphreys, 161, who outpointed Mickey Kidd, Wolverhampton, 160, by 59-58½ over six.

Gerry Beards, Nottingham, 141, outscored Johnny Gwilliam, Birmingham, 140, over four by 40-39, not losing a round. Gwilliam had been inactive for three years, and it showed.
(04-15-81)

▲ **LONDON—Elephant & Castle Recreation Center—**John Feeney, Hartlepool, leading contender for the British and European bantam titles, claims Mohammed Younis, Walsall, as his own property after beating him for the third time. Younis was retired by his corner at the end of round four, suffering from an injured back, sustained when he went through the ropes.

By then, Feeney was well on top. Younis was sent through the ropes and onto the press tables just before the bell ended the fourth, and signified that his back was too painful for him to continue.

Both were inside the stipulated 119.

Billy Waith, Cardiff, 149½, came in as a substitute and was unusually aggressive outscoring Sylvester Gordon, Peckham, 146¼, over eight by 79-78½. Billy was cut on the mouth, but the points margin looked wider.

Billy O'Grady, Deptford, 135¼, easily outpointed Ray Heaney, Lurgan, 138¼, over eight by 80-76, not losing a round. Heaney was down in round three. Mick Chmilowski, Dagenham, 198, beat Joe Christie, Dublin, 207, the bout being stopped in round five after Christie had been down twice.

Jimmy Cable, Orpington, 156, boxed beautifully to outscore Tony Britton, Lewisham, 155, over six by 60-58, not losing a round.

Dave Finigan, Balham, 146, beat Gerry Maguire, Belfast, 146, who was retired at the end of round three by his corner. Finigan's skill and speed just proved too much for him.
(04-13-81)

▲ **GLASGOW—St. Andrews Sporting Club—**The form book didn't exactly work out when Ricky Beaumont, Hull, contender for the British lightweight title, was held to an eight-round draw by Willie Boothe, Airdrie, 138.

Booth is currently rated number 20, and looked as if he had done enough to get the verdict. In fairness ot Beaumont, he came in as a late substitute when his stablemate, Colin Wake, injured his ankle, and had boxed in London only four days before.

P.T. Grant, Newcastle, 190, rated 38th among 39 heavyweights in Britain, avenged a previous defeat by beating John Rafferty, Glasgow, 188, the referee intervening just 30 seconds before the end of their eight-rounder after Rafferty had been decked for the eighth time.

In a sparkling six-rounder, Stuart Nicol, Glasgow, 121¼, outpointed Gordon Haigh, Hull, by 59½,-58, a scoreline that didn't do justice to Haigh, who won their previous encounter on points.

Ian McLeod, Edingburgh, 129¼, outscored Bill Smith, Newcastle, by 60-57½, not losing one of the six rounds.
(04-13-81)

▲ **LONDON—National Sporting Club—**Sylvester Gordon, Peckham, 148, outpointed Hugh Smith, Chapel Hall, 147½, over eight, with Smith handicapped by a cut over the left eye in round seven. The referee inspected the injury, but allowed the bout to continue. Gordon concentrated on the body, but was warned for an alleged low punch.

Gordon himself was marked by the left eye in the final session, but it didn't stop him giving punch-for-punch.

Ian McLeod, Edinburgh, 130, didn't lose a round outscoring Steve Pollard, Hull 129, by 80-76½ over eight. The latter was cut over the right eye in the opening session, and McLeod simply punched too fast.

Paul Kelly, Doncaster, 148, beat Errol Dennis, Wolverhampton, 147, the referee intervening in round three after Dennis had been down three times.

Gordon Haigh, Hull, 120, defeated Robby Carson, Cambuslang, 121, the bout being stopped halfway through the opening round when Carson was cut on the left eyebrow. The injury required four stitches.
(04-27-81)

▲ **NOTTINGHAM—Great International Sporting Club—**Jim Burns, Rugeley, 203, beat Ian Scotting, Doncaster, 209, the bout being halted in round four after the latter had been down.

Harry Watson, St. Ives, 162, drew with Mickey Kidd, Nuneaton, 160, over six. A popular result.

Steve Brannan, Nuneaton, 147, didn't lose a round outpointing Steve Ward, Nottingham, also 147, over six by 60-58.

Sean Fitzgerald, Nuneaton, 121, outscored Tony Manson, Gainsborough, 118, by 59½-58½ over six.

Gerry Beards, Nottingham, 139, outpointed debutant Wayne Kleine, Coventry, 143, not losing one of the four rounds in a 40-38½ scoreline.
(04-27-81)

▲ **BRIGHTON—Corn Exchange—**Substitute Peter Eubanks, Brighton, 131½, narrowly outscored Tony Davis, St. Mary Cray, 133½, by 78½-78 over eight. Cut over the right eye in round three, Eubanks decided to "have a go" and his aggression just saw him home.

Steve Henty, Brighton, 152, was also the narrowest of winners, outpointing Johnny Pincham, Crawley, 150½, by 78½-78, also over eight.

Pincham was decked just before the bell ended round four.

Nobbins were thrown in by enthusiastic fans after Richie Foster, a 19-year-old from Dublin, 130, extended his undefeated run by outpointing Steve Henderson, Aylesbury, 129, over six, scoreline 59-58½. Henderson was marked around both eyes.

Debutant Robbie Turner, Lewes, 159, may have been slightly behind as his four-rounder with Ian Baker, Brighton, 155, was drawing to a close, but a right hook put Baker on the canvas, and, when he rose, the referee intervened.

Paul Newman, Bognor, 173, convincingly outscored Glenroy Taylor, Chiswick, 174, not losing a round in his 60-57½ points win over six.
(04-27-81)

▲ **NEWCASTLE—Gosforth Park Hotel—**Phil Duckworth, Leeds, 150, was fully extended before outpointing Billy Brtce, Sunderland, 150½, over eight by 79-78½. Bryce was having only his third pro fight, and showed up well.

Neil Fannan, Hartlepool, 156½, beat Kirk Davis, Derby, 155½, the referee intervening in round three after Davis had been on the canvas.

After five years inactivity, Steve Heavisides, Stockton, 154, made an unsuccessful comeback, being stopped in round three by Dale Henderson, Middlesborough, 154, the referee intervening with Steve under pressure.
(04-27-81)

RON OLVER

BRITISH COMMONWEALTH RATINGS

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Championship
Vacant
1. John L. Gardner (England)
2. Trevor Berbick (Canada)
3. Gordon Ferris (No. Ireland)
4. Neville Meade (England)
5. Billy Aird (England)
6. Conroy Nelson (Canada)
7. Steve Aczel (Australia)
8. Maile Haumona (Tonga)
9. Gord Racette (Canada)
10. Stan McDermott (England)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Lotte Mwale (Zambia)
1. Mustapha Wasajja (Uganda)
2. Murray Sutherland (Canada)
3. Chisanda Mutti (Zambia)
4. Bunny Johnson (England)
5. Gary Summerhays (Canada)
6. Tony Mundine (Australia)
7. Stan Bogovic (Australia)
8. Monty Betham (New Zealand)
9. John Odehiamba (Uganda)
10. Dennis Andries (Guyana)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Tony Sibson (England)
1. Alan Minter (England)
2. Ralph Hollett (Canada)
3. Roy Gumbs (St. Kitts)
4. Eddie Melo (Canada)
5. Wayne Caplette (Canada)
6. Wally Carr (Australia)
7. Fernand Marcotte (Canada)
8. Eddie Burke (Scotland)
9. Chris Clarke (Canada)
10. Eddie Smith (England)

LIGHT MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Kenny Bristol (Guyana)
1. Maurice Hope (England)
2. Rocky Mattioli (Australia)
3. Ayub Kalule (Uganda)
4. Herol Graham (England)
5. Pat Thomas (St. Kitts)
6. Jimmy Batten (England)
7. Dave (Boy) Green (England)
8. Steve Dennis (Australia)
9. Elisha Obed (Bahamas)
10. Steve Hopkin (England)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Colin Jones (Wales)
1. Kirkland Laing (England)
2. Frank Ropis (Australia)
3. Josef Nsubuga (Uganda)
4. Mark Harris (Guyana)
5. Sakarai Ve (Fiji)
6. Fitzroy Giuseppe (Belize)
7. Lloyd Hibbert (England)
8. Lachie Austin (Australia)
9. Dave Barago (Australia)
10. Reggie Ford (Guyana)

LIGHT WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Obisia Nwankpa (Nigeria)
1. Lennox Blackmoore (Guyana)
2. Clinton McKenzie (England)
3. Steve Early (England)
4. Des Morrison (England)
5. Sylvester Mittee (St. Lucia)
6. Mike Parsons (Trinidad)
7. Ken Buchanan (Scotland)
8. Peter Berrigan (Australia)
9. Chris Sanigar (England)
10. Sid Smith (England)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Langton Tinago (Zimbabwe)
1. Jim Watt (Scotland)
2. Charlie Nash (No. Ireland)
3. Hogan Jimoh (Nigeria)
4. Claude Noel (Trinidad)
5. Gaetan Hart (Canada)
6. Ray Cattouse (England)
7. John Summerhays (Canada)
8. Nick Furlano (Canada)
9. Dave McCabe (Scotland)
10. George Feeney (England)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Patrick Ford (Guyana)
1. Pat Cowdell (England)
2. Jimmy Flint (England)
3. Charm Chiteule (Zambia)
4. Brian Roberts (Australia)
5. Jey Nardo (Zimbabwe)
6. Thomas Gourley (Canada)
7. Leonard Pinnock (Canada)
8. Vernon Penprase (England)
9. Azumah Nelson (Nigeria)
10. Tiger Mann (Papua)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Championship
Vacant
1. Paul Ferreri (Australia)
2. John Feeney (England)
3. Dave Smith (England)
4. Mike Irungu (Kenya)
5. Davy Larmour (No. Ireland)
6. Gary Nickels (England)
7. Stix Macloud (Zimbabwe)
8. Young Ali (Nigeria)
9. Wayne Mulholland (Australia)
10. Charlie Brown (Australia)

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Stephen Muchoki (Kenya)
1. Charlie Magri (England)
2. Steve Bell (Australia)
3. Ray Amoo (Nigeria)
4. Pedro Solo (Australia)
5. John Hipwell (Australia)
6. Kelvin Smart (Wales)
7. Dave George (Wales)
8. Junior Thompson (Australia)
9. Sam Eme (Nigeria)
10. Attah Yeboah (Ghana)

John Aba (Papua, New Guinea) is the junior lightweight champion. Contenders: Cornelius Boza-Edwards (Uganda), Kazeem Armah (Nigeria), Willi Tarika (Fiji), Big Jim West (Australia).

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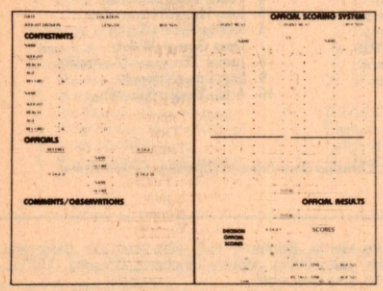

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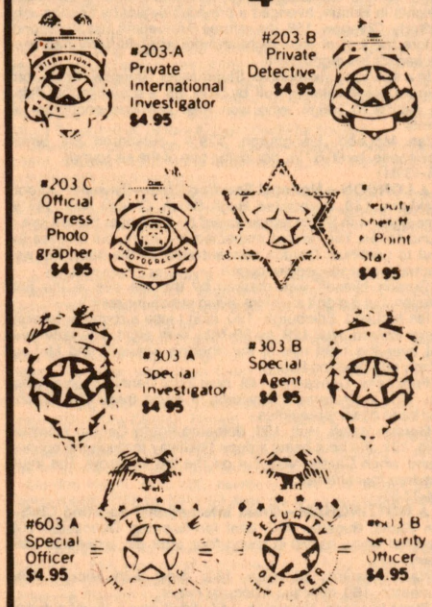

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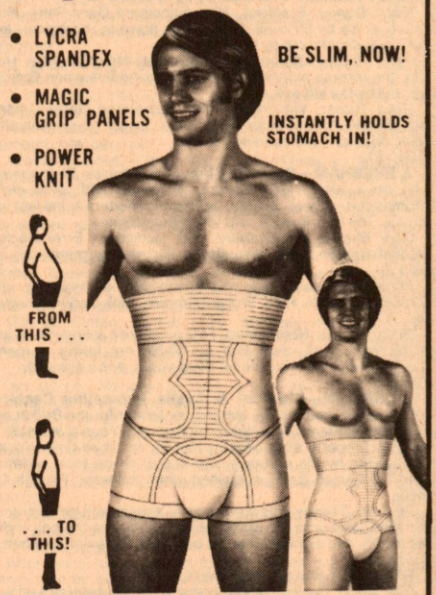

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Mange had Nkosinkulu hanging on with solid shots to the body, and knocked him down with a hard right to the head near the end of the fifth round.
(05-21-81)

ORANGE FREE STATE

▲ **WELKOM—Joekies Ice Rink**—With his left eye closed and blood oozing from a gash over his right, Mike Koranicki stuck to his guns to outbox Argentinian heavyweight Domingo D'Elia over 10 hard fought rounds.

D'Elia was the first to suffer facial damage when a cut opened on his forehead in the first round. Koranicki opened another cut over his left eye in the third, but D'Elia completely closed the American's left eye by the start of the fifth and then ripped open a gash over his right eye in the eighth.

Koranicki did most of the damage with straight left and rights, and was awarded a unanimous decision.
(05-22-81)

TRANSVAAL

▲ **JOHANNESBURG—Portuguese Hall**—Gerty Steyn had a harder fight making the junior middleweight limit at the mid-day weigh-in than he did with Morris Mohloai in the ring when he put his South African title on the line against Mohloai in a 12-round bout.

Steyn won via unanimous decision and, though he lacked the sharpness he displayed in his previous contest, against Bushy Bester, he did more than enough to prove his worth as a champion.

Mohloai never stopped trying, but was seldom able to match Steyn either in finesse or firepower. Steyn landed his best punch in round two, a solid right to the head and shook the challenger, but was unable to take advantage of the situation.
(05-23-81)
BERT BLEWETT

ORIENT

JAPAN

▲ **TOKYO—Korakuen Hall**—Akio Kameda, 145, won a unanimous decision over Dynamite Matsuo, 146½, 10, to retain his national Japanese welterweight title. It was the 24-year-old Kameda's seventh defense.

The 5'11" Kameda floored Matsuo with a left hand in the second, and was in complete command throughout the contest. Scoring: referee Ken Morita, 100-91; judge Takeshi Shimakawa, 100-94; judge Shoji Nakamori, 100-93.

Kameda, a southpaw, is now 16-0 with 14 kayoes. Matsuo is 17-8-4 with 15 knockouts.

Unbeaten Tomoharu Yamamoto, 125½, knocked Joe Hayato, 126, down three times in the 10th and final round to win via a kayo at 2:14 of the session. Official scores before the stoppage: referee Hiroyuki Tezaki, 90-82; judge Tadanobu Asao, 90-82; judge Shoji Nakamori, 90-83—all in favor of Yamamoto. Tomoharu, 20, is now 7-0 with six knockouts.

Four-rounders: Mitsuru Sugiya, 126½ (younger brother of former national junior welterweight champ Minoru Sugiya), halted Tadaharu Takahashi, also 126½, at 1:57 of the first round. Hayato Ishige, 124½, polished off southpaw Satoru Gushiken, 125½, in 1:20 of the second. (Gushiken, no relation to former WBA junior flyweight champion Yoko, suffered his first setback.) Tetsumi Takeshita, 112, halted Hiroyasu Kato, also 112, at 1:51 of the second. George Nogi, 106½, outscored Kazutaka Ito, 107. Hiroshi Kanamori, 138½, out-pointed Takenori Kojima, 138. Yu Shimizu, 120¾, stopped Katsutoshi Ishii, 120½, at 1:34 of the first round.

Kanehira's Kyoei Promotions.

Attendance—1,300.
(04-21-81)

▲ **TOKYO—Korakuen Hall**—Shuichi Isogami, 117¾, halted Hiroshi Ohashi, 119, at 2:17 of the eighth session in a scheduled 10-round bout.

The 5'5" Isogami is now 24-3-3 with 18 kayoes. Ohashi, the Japanese Boxing Commission's second ranked junior bantam, is 9-5-1 with four knockouts. Both are 25 years old.

Official scoring after seven: referee Hiroyuki Tezaki, 70-67; judge Yusaku Yoshida, 70-66; judge Shoichi Uchida, 70-65—all for Isogami.

Lanky southpaw Koji Kobayashi, 115½, knocked out Nobuo Horigome, 114½, in 3:08 of the fourth round in the semi-windup 10. The referee was Ken Morita.

The 5'7¼" Kobayashi is now 12-1-2 with eight knockouts. Horigome, 30, is 10-10 with three kayoes.

Japanese featherweight champ Spider Nemoto boxed two one-round exhibitions—one session apiece with Hiroyasu Kato and Masaharu Owada. Nemoto is 5'1" —one of the shortest feathers in the business.

Six-rounders: Kazuhiro Ikeda, 108, halted Isao Kimura, 106½, at 2:54 of the first session. Masao Ohara, 112, and Noritetsu Kato, also 112, split draw. Ohara, 36, is now 7-4-1 with one knockout.

Four-rounders: Kenji Ono, 107½, demolished Senkei Unten, 105½ at 2:28 of the third canto. Kazuo Katsuma, 114¾, stopped Kenji Fuse, 114, at 2:32 of the fourth. Hiroshi Kizato, 114¾, halted Bikaku Koo, 114, at 0:50 of the third round in the curtain raiser.

Shinto Promotions.

Attendance—1,500.
(04-07-81)

JAPANESE RATINGS BY THE JAPANESE BOXING COMMISSION (AS OF MAY 19, 1981)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
James Callaghan
1. Caesar Sasaki
2. Kenji Shibata
3. Gensui Murakami

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Michihiro Horihata
1. Masahide Kitamura
2. Mamoru Taira
3. Kazuhiko Yasuda

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Akio Kameda
1. Dynamite Matsuo
2. Yohi Arai
3. Mitsuo Kushikino
4. Katsuhiro Sawada
5. Kazuni Nakao
6. Ikuya Toshinai

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Eiichi Fukumoto
1. Minoru Sugiya
2. Noboru Hatakeyama
3. Kazunori Shiratori
4. Kirk Fujimoto
5. Tadashi Suginaga
6. Tatsuya Moriyasu
7. Nobutaka Kuwata
8. Fire Kaneda
9. Hidekazu Akai
10. Ryutaro Otsuki

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Battle Hawk Kazama
1. Hayao Shiba
2. Jyoken Narita
3. Tsunehiro Fuchiwaki
4. Tadao Ishido
5. Katsuhiro Okubo
6. Kaneatsu Yamamoto
7. Norio Maruuchi
8. Gen Akutsu
9. Keizo Kurebayashi
10. Takashi Sugimoto

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Hikaru Tomonari
1. Masa Ito
2. Ryu Fukida
3. Yoshimitsu Azato
4. Takeshi Hamada
5. Freddy Mensah
6. Katsuji Sano
7. Yoshitaka Ikehara
8. Blazer Okubo
9. Ken Sogo
10. Taijiro Niyama

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Spider Nemoto
1. Koichi Matsushima
2. Tomio Nakamura
3. Johnny Fujimoto
4. Fusao Imai
5. Gen Tosa
6. Yasuhide Takahashi
7. Kosei Kawaguchi
8. Kuniyoshi Kuwabara
9. Tomoharu Yamamoto
10. Keiichi Yamamoto

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Hiroyuki Iwamoto
1. Bunji Ando
2. Yu Kasahara
3. Kenichi Ito
4. Sanji Ito
5. Kiyoshi Nagashima
6. Naoki Kobayashi
7. Dragon Hayakawa
8. Jyo Tatsuki
9. Hirokazu Fukui
10. Keiji Kawamura

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Hurricane Teru
1. Hitoshi Ishigaki
2. Yuji Oka
3. Takashi Uezu
4. Tsuguyuki Toma
5. Ryu Takeshi
6. Katsuyuki Ohashi
7. Masaru Yamamoto
8. Toshiyuki Tanaka
9. Kenzo Takasugi
10. Masayuki Kirisaki

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Jackal Maruyama
1. Jiro Watanabe
2. Satoru Koguchi
3. Hiroyuki Kobayashi
4. Hitoshi Ohashi
5. Takeshisa Nakajima
6. Kazumi Sato
7. Tsutomu Itokazu
8. Yasuo Azato
9. Osami Kazuo
10. Kazuhiko Kawahira

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Kazumasa Tamaki
1. Koichi Maki
2. Nobuyuki Watanabe
3. Koji Kobayashi
4. Ken Kasugai
5. Shinji Suga
6. Toshihiro Okumoto
7. Masaru Fuji
8. Yoshiyuki Uchikoshi
9. Shinji Takagi
10. No Listing

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Masaharu Inami
1. Katsuo Tokashiki
2. Tadashi Tomonari
3. Hiroyuki Tada
4. Phoenix Taniguchi
5. Puma Koya
6. Kazuyoshi Funaki
7. Yoshiaki Kanda
8. Yoshiaki Nojima
9. Keisuke Yuguchi
10. Road Mitsuo

Former world flyweight champion: Shoji Oguma.

Japanese boxers holding OPBF titles: Tadashi Mihara (junior middleweight), Royal Kobayashi (featherweight), Eijiro Murata (bantamweight).

Other Japanese boxers rated by world boxing organizations: Yasutsune Uehara (#3 WBA junior lightweight; #8 WBC) Tenyu Maruki (#9 WBA featherweight), Hiroshi Gonohe (#7 WBA junior featherweight), Syuichi Isogami (#7 WBA bantamweight), Shigeo Nakajima (#8 WBA flyweight), Koki Ishii (#7 WBA flyweight), Syuichi Hozumi (#6 WBA junior flyweight), Yoko Gushiken (#4 WBA junior flyweight; #2 WBC).

▲ **TOKYO—Korakuen Hall**—Former Japanese national bantamweight champion Hitoshi Ishigaki, 122¾, flattened Sanji Ito, also 122¾, in 1:41 of round four in the scheduled 10-round main event.

Ishigaki, who represented Japan in the 1976 Olympics, is now 10-2, with seven kayoes, as a pro. Ito is 10-6 with six knockouts. Official scoring after three: referee Takeshi Shimakawa, 30-28; judge Shoji Nakamori, 30-28; judge Shoichi Uchida, 30-29.

Hiroyuki Kobayashi, 115, halted Yoshihiko Kawahira, 114½, at 1:41 of the eighth canto in the semi-final 10. The winner is now 10-1 with nine kayoes. The loser is 8-7-1 with seven knockouts.

Former WBC junior flyweight champion Shigeo Nakajima boxed a two-round exhibition with rookie Ikki Higa.

Four-rounders: Shinroku Koita, 108, won unanimous decision over Takahiro Masaki 107¼. Isamu Hirabayashi, 117¼, and Shinjun Irei, 117½, draw. Kazusaku Tsubouchi, 115, won a majority (40-39, 39-38, 39-39) decision over Msahiro Sasaki, also 115. Masami Inatomi, 129¼, and Masakazu Tanioka, also 129¼, majority (39-39, 39-39, 40-38, Inatomi) draw. Akihiko Watanabe, 109¾, halted Hiroyuki Sato, 111¾, at 2:17 of the second in the opener.

Yonekura Promotions.

Attendance—1,700.
(04-19-81)

▲ **HACHINOHE—City Gymnasium**—Former national amateur champion Hiroshi Gonohe, 124, floored Yu Kasahara twice in the sixth round and then knocked him out in 0:50 of the seventh in the scheduled 10-round main bout.

Official scoring after six: referee Yusaku Yoshida, 60-55; judge Takeo Ugo, 60-55; judge Takeaki Kanaya, 60-56—all for Gonohe. He's now 4-0 with three kayoes. Kasahara is 16-6 with 10 knockouts.

Mutsuo Watanabe, 110¼, halted Masao Sugawara, 110, at 0:25 of the third round in the eight-round semi-final.

Six-rounders: Masayuki Fukushima, 124¼, outscored Masahide Ikehara, also 124¼. Rikuo Watanabe, 111¼, knocked out Yuichi Uchida, 112, in 0:50 of the third.

Teiken Promotions.

Attendance—4,000.
(04-19-81)

▲ **TOKYO—Korakuen Hall**—Hard hitting Eiichi Fukumoto, 140, regained the Japanese junior welterweight crown with a unanimous decision over Noboru Hatakeyama, also 140, 10.

Referee Hiroyuki Tezaki and judge Yusaku Yoshida both scored 99-97, while judge Takeo Ugo carded 98-97. The 5'8" Fukumoto is now 15-4 with 10 knockouts. Hatakeyama, one inch shorter, is 19-7-1 with six kayoes. Both are 27 years of age.

Former national junior flyweight champion Tadashi Tomori, 111, knocked out Ryuji Ichinomiya, also 111, in 1:02 of the fourth; round in the semi-final 10. Ichinomiya was down five times.

Tomori, 21, is piloted by former Oriental flyweight champ Hitoshi Misako. He's now 16-4 with five knockouts, with two of his losses coming on close decisions of Shuichi Hozumi and Masaharu Inami. Ichinomiya is 6-5 with three kayoes.

Masaaki Miyata, 130, a hard hitter, kayoed Takashi Otsuka, also 130, in 1:35 of the first round in a scheduled eight-round affair.

Four-rounders: Southpaw Kentoku Nakama, 108, made a successful pro debut by winning a shutout unanimous verdict over Kimiaki Kamata, also 108. Nakama is 18 years old. Moriaki Arazaki, 108, won a unanimous decision over Tomonori Takahashi, also 108. Yasuo Kouchi, 118, eked out a majority decision over Tomitomo Iizuka, also 118. Yasunobu Imakita, 118, won a majority decision over Toshio Matsuda, also 118. Daisuke Sakai, 130, demolished Dandy Minakami, also 130, in 2:33 of the first round. Kenichi Saito, 115, outscored Ryuji Tanimura, also 115, in the opener.

SB Ishimaru Promotions.

Attendance—1,200.
(04-30-81)

▲ **NOTES**—Yoko Gushiken was married to Kazumi Takida in Tokyo on March 22. The new couple then left Japan for a honeymoon in the United States.

Gushiken has not made up his mind about retiring. He's been complaining of dimmed eyesight, and will probably undergo close examination and a series of eye treatments. These

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will take a month or so.

Many fans want to see Gushiken fight again. Others think that he should hang 'em up for good, as he's already gained sufficient fame and fortune.

JOE Y. KOIZUMI

KOREA

▲ **PUSAN—Kudok Gymnasium—**Former WBC junior welterweight champ Sang-Hyun Kim won the vacant OPBF 140-pound title by outscoring Korean national champion Kyung-Hwan Chae, 12. The title had been stripped from Indonesian Thomas Americo for his failure to defend on time.

Kim, in fact, was OPBF junior welter champ until he won the WBC crown from Saensak Muangsurin on December 30, 1978. Strictly speaking, then, Sang-Hyun has regained his old title.
(04-26-81)

▲ **SEOUL—Munhwa Gymnasium—**Chong Pal Park, 158¾, retained his OPBF middle crown by knocking out taller Caesar Sasaki, 159¼, in 2:23 of the sixth round in a scheduled 12-frame title bout.

The 21-year-old Korean is now 19-1 with 18 knockouts. Sasaki is 14-1 with eight kayoes.

Park's proposed world title shot at Marvin Hagler, however, may have fallen by the wayside.
(04-05-81)

▲ **PUSAN—Kudok Gymnasium—**Kwang-Min Kim, 134¾, won the OPBF lightweight crown with a unanimous decision over defending champion Young-Ho Oh, also 134¾, 12.

It was a hard fought contest, with Kim using straight right hands and solid uppercuts to pile up the points. Oh rallied hard in rounds three, seven, and 11, but his blows lacked real snap.

Referee Pyo-Up Kim scored the contest 119-115, while judges Kyu-Sun Kang and Pan-Yun Lee carded 119-117 and 118-115, respectively—all in favor of Kim.
(04-10-81)

▲ **SEOUL—Munhwa Gymnasium—**Former WBA flyweight champion Tae-Shik Kim, 112½, kayoed Henry Balina, also 112½, Philippines, in 1:21 of round two in a scheduled 10-rounder. Kim is now 15-2 with 12 knockouts.
(04-12-81)

▲ **CHUNCHON—Chunchon Gymnasium—**Yong-Hyun Kim, 108, retained his OPBF junior flyweight crown with a unanimous decision over southpaw Hiroyuki Tada, 107, Japan, 12.

The only knockdown came in the 11th, when Kim landed a beautiful straight right to the button that floored Tada for an eight-count.

Sung-Nam Kim, 111¼, the WBA's eighth ranked junior flyweight, won a lopsided unanimous decision over Puma Koya, 110, Japan, in the semi-final 10.

Saeki Promotions.
(04-02-80)

▲ **WONJU CITY—Wonju Gymnasium—**Up-and-coming Soon-Chun Kwon, 115¾, knocked out southpaw Tsuguyuki Toma, 116½, in 1:02 of the second in a scheduled 10-rounder. A wicked left hook did the trick.

Kyung-Sok Park, 134, kayoed Keizo Kurebayashi, 133, Japan, in 2:48 of the fourth canto in a companion 10.

Sangwon Promotions.
(04-04-81)

▲ **PUSAN—Kudok Gymnasium—**Promising ex-amateur star Chul-Soon Hwang, 119, won a close but unanimous decision over Kiyoshi Nagashima, also 119, 10. Referee Hwan carded 100-98, with the judges scoring 99-97 and 98-96.

The 5'7" Hwang is now 4-0 as a professional. He was born on September 13, 1957, and compiled a 159-7 record in the amateur ranks.

Sang-Jun Cha, 128, halted Rudy Hernandez, 132¼, in the ninth round in another scheduled 10-round bout.

Tae-Hoon Park, 141½, the Korean Commission's top ranked junior welterweight contender, knocked out Frank Armada, 140¾, in the ninth round of the program's first 10-round affair.

Hanjin Promotions.
(03-29-81)

▲ **SEOUL—Munhwa Gymnasium—**Soon-Yuh Mah, 108, retained his Korean junior flyweight crown with a unanimous decision over Chul-Yong Park, also 108, 10.

This was the semi-final to the Min-Keun Oh vs. Cesar Ligan contest, reported in the last issue.

Dong-A Promotions.
(03-15-81)

▲ **SEOUL—Munhwa Gymnasium—**Hyung-Il Chun, 132½, halted Blazer Okubo, also 132½, Japan in the fifth round of a scheduled 10.

Saeki Promotions.
(03-08-81)

▲ **SEOUL—Jamsil Gymnasium—**Kap-Chul Shin, 111½, won a unanimous decision over Yun-Hee Kim, 111¼, 10, retaining his Korean flyweight title.

Hallelujah Promotions.
(03-07-81)

▲ **SEOUL—Munhwa Gymnasium—**Kang-San Lee, 117½, won the Korean bantamweight title via unanimous decision over Kyung-Ju Ha, 118, 10.

The upset was the semi-final to the Hwang-Swada OPBF welterweight title contest.

Kangpo Promotions.
(03-01-81)

▲ **SEOUL—Munhwa Gymnasium—**Korean fighters won five out of six bouts in the fourth annual Korea-Japan Novice King tournament.

FLYWEIGHT: Yoshiyuki Uchikoshi, 111½, Japan, won by disqualification over Soon-Chun Kwon, also 111½, Korea, at the end of the first round in their scheduled six.

Kwon dropped Uchikoshi with a straight left at the beginning of the round. He furiously followed up, and had the crowd on its feet, cheering. Unfortunately, Kwon did not hear the bell ending the canto, and he landed a strong one-two to kayo Uchikoshi after the gong. Uchikoshi, unable to continue, was declared the winner.

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHT: Bong-Ho Lee, 114½, Korea, outscored Mitsuo Imazato, 113½, six.

BANTAMWEIGHT: Dong-Yung Kim, 117½, Korea, utilized his longer reach and won via unanimous decision over Kazuhiro Satoyama, 116¾, Japan, six.

FEATHERWEIGHT: Il-Bok Lee, 126, Korea, won a unanimous decision over Koki Higashi, also 126, Japan, in a six-round total war.

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHT: Sang-Ho Lee, Korea, 140, halted Nobuyuki Chisaka, 136¾, Japan, with a straight right at 2:28 of the first round in their sixer. Lee, a promising puncher, is now 14-0 with 11 kayoes. He's ranked second among junior welters by the KBC.

MIDDLEWEIGHT: Aggressive In-Chul Baek, 157¼, Korea, ran his record to 9-0 by halting Hiroshi Izumiya, 158½, Japan, at 1:44 of the third round in their scheduled six. All of Baek's wins have been by kayo. He's the KBC's top ranked junior middle contende..
(04-19-81)

JOE Y. KOIZUMI

PHILIPPINES

▲ **MANILA—Rizal Memorial Coliseum—**OPBF junior featherweight king Willlie Lucas, 123, won a split decision over Thai bantamweight champion Sakda Saksuree, 121, in a 10-round non-title contest.

Geron Porras, 129, won unanimous decision over Tomas Bernales, also 129, 10.

Danilo Limpahan, 145, TKO'd Joe Almano, 144, in the sixth round of the program's first 10-rounder.

Paciencia Hitosis, promoter.
(03-20-81)

▲ **CEBU CITY—**Juanito Ablaca, 108, won unanimous verdict over Nardo Calugay, 109, 10. Ablaca, the GAB's top ranked junior flyweight, proved too strong and ringwise for Calugay.

Former Filipino featherweight champion Dommy Marolena, 127¼, TKO'd Sandy Noora, 126, in the seventh round of their scheduled 10.

Lorenzo Sy, promoter.
(03-29-81)

▲ **BULACAN—**Fel Salvador, 131, won unanimous decision over Mario Odias, 130, 10.

Felizardo Mendoza, promoter.
(03-28-81)

▲ **LAGUNA—**Romeo Olivetti, 137, TKO'd Romeo Obliesca, 136, in the eighth frame of their scheduled 10.

Oscar Reyes, promoter.
(03-28-81)

▲ **CAG. DE ORO CITY—**Jong Jong Pacquing, 126, won unanimous decision over Divino Inocian, 125¼, 10.

Leo Khaki, 118, TKO'd Robinson Abato, also 118, in the sixth round of the semi-final 10.

Antonio Almirante, promoter.
(03-28-81)

▲ **GEN. BAUTISTA—**Melching Makilan, 132, won unanimous verdict over Young Fely, also 132. 10. Makilan is normally a featherweight.

Ben Sun, promoter.
(03-22-81)

▲ **BAGUIO CITY—**Jimmy Boy, 115, and Little Aguilar, also 115, drew, 10.

Antero Velandria, Jr., promoter.
(03-22-81)

▲ **BENGUET—**Little Balsigan, 124½, TKO'd Duguang, Jr., 124, in the fifth round of their scheduled 10-rounder. Balsigan entered the GAB's top 10 junior feathers with this stoppage.

Antonio Velandria, Jr., promoter.
(03-21-81)

▲ **CAG. DE ORO CITY—**Flash Jagdon, 110½, eked out a majority decision over former national champion Billy Abato, 112, 10. Jagdon usually comes in at about 115.

Ver Libradilla, 112, was held to a split draw by less experienced Jun Garcia, also 112, 10.

Florentino Uba, promoter.
(03-14-81)

▲ **SOUTH COTABATO—**Jun Escalera, 135, halted Young Bords, 133, in the ninth frame of their scheduled 10-rounder.

Carmelo Buenaflor, promoter.
(03-07-81)

▲ **DAVAO CITY—**Jun Resma, 115½, edged out a majority verdict over Ric Barimbad, 116½, 10.

Oscar Dasalia, promoter.
(03-07-81)

▲ **SAN JOSE—**Joe Francisco, 124, won unanimous decision over Gener Cruz, 127, 10.

Leo Casino, 140, won an upset unanimous decision over Al

ORIENTAL & PACIFIC RATINGS
BY THE ORIENTAL & PACIFIC BOXING FEDERATION
(AS OF JUNE 6, 1981)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Chong-Pal Park (Korea)
1. Wally Carr (Australia)
2. Byung-Rae Yuh (Korea)
3. Richie Roberts (Australia)
4. Kenji Shibata (Japan)
5. Soo-Hang Lee (Korea)
6. Joe Willisco (Philippines)
7. James Callaghan (Japan)
8. Mana Prenchai (Thailand)
9. Peter Piamonte (Philippines)
10. Caesar Sasaki (Japan)

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Tadashi Mihara (Japan)
1. Sang-Ho Lee (Korea)
2. Aquiliano Nicolas, Jr. (Philippines)
3. Michihiro Horihata (Japan)
4. Alex Temelkov (Australia)
5. In-Chul Baek (Korea)
6. Steve Dennis (Australia)
7. Masahide Kitamura (Japan)
8. Ramon Dionisio (Philippines)
9. Suh Sok (Korea)
10. Armando Boniquit (Philippines)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Chung-Jae Hwang (Korea)
1. Akio Kameda (Japan)
2. Mike de Guzman (Philippines)
3. Satanfa S. Pratip (Thailand)
4. Joon-Sok Hwang (Korea)
5. Frank Ropis (Australia)
6. Fred Paster (Philippines)
7. Dynamite Matsuo (Japan)
8. Danilo Limpahan (Philippines)
9. Seung-Soon Lee (Korea)
10. Kwang-Yul Oh (Korea)

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Sang-Hyun Kim (Korea)
1. Willie Makitoki (Philippines)
2. Kongrug Vocharernrat (Thailand)
3. Sang-Hyun Baek (Korea)
4. Peter Berrigan (Australia)
5. Mohamad Solikin (Indonesia)
6. Minoru Sugiya (Japan)
7. Noburo Hatakeyama (Japan)
8. Petchayarn Petcharern (Thailand)
9. Kyung-Hwan Chae (Korea)
10. Graham Bell (Australia)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Kwang-Min Kim (Korea)
1. Jenrub Muangsurin (Thailand)
2. Deuk-Koo Kim (Korea)
3. Barry Michael (Australia)
4. Nardito Adrayan (Philippines)
5. Battle Hawk Kazama (Japan)
6. Somdej Sakdiphipus (Thailand)
7. Young-Ho Oh (Korea)
8. Max (Boy) Toyogon (Philippines)
9. Heung-Sok Yuh (Korea)
10. Lito Pena (Korea)

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Young-Sae Oh (Korea)
1. Tae-Jin Moon (Korea)
2. Francis Camatagan (Philippines)
3. Paul Ferreri (Australia)
4. Masa Ito (Japan)
5. Dorn Sornsakdisith (Thailand)
6. Geren Porra (Philippines)
7. Ryu Fukida (Japan)
8. Phadedsuk Pisnurachun (Thailand)
9. Chong-Pyo Kim (Korea)
10. Yoshitaka Ikehara (Japan)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Royal Kobayashi (Japan)
1. Hwan-Kil Yuh (Korea)
2. Kid Hassan (Indonesia)
3. Caesar Ligan (Philippines)
4. Spider Nemoto (Japan)
5. Ahn Hyun (Korea)
6. Nugprachun Kiatkumchai (Thailand)
7. Lulu Villaverdo (Philippines)
8. Arcadez Singjomthong (Thailand)
9. Dae-Hwan Lee (Korea)
10. Koichi Matsushima (Japan)

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Willie Lucas (Philippines)
1. Hiroyuki Iwamoto (Japan)
2. Dejvarin Hollywood (Thailand)
3. Rey Naduma, Jr. (Philippines)
4. Brian Roberts (Australia)
5. Ki-Yung Chung (Korea)
6. Bunji Ando (Japan)
7. Fivino Inocian (Philippines)
8. Min-Keun Oh (Korea)
9. Kenichi Ito (Japan)
10. Bong-Ho Yang (Korea)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Eijiro Murata (Japan)
1. Sakda Saksuree (Thailand)
2. Kang-San Lee (Korea)
3. Bobby Berna (Philippines)
4. Paul Ferreri (Australia)
5. Sang-Bong Lee (Korea)
6. Charnok U. Yuthnakarn (Thailand)
7. Hitoshi Ishikaki (Japan)
8. Chul-Soon Hwang (Korea)
9. Danielo Inocian (Philippines)
10. Leo Kaki (Philippines)

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
William Develos (Philippines)
1. Phaktai Lipovitan D. (Thailand)
2. Moon-Kyun Joo (Korea)
3. Ric Diamale (Philippines)
4. Jiro Watanabe (Japan)
5. Pablo Pepito (Philippines)
6. Satoru Koguchi (Japan)
7. Yung-Shik Kim (Korea)
8. Suban Muangsurin (Thailand)
9. Hitoshi Ohashi (Japan)
10. Si-Ho Yuh (Korea)

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Hong-Soo Yang (Korea)
1. Kap-Chul Shin (Korea)
2. Frank Cedeno (Philippines)
3. Kazumasa Tamaki (Japan)
4. Dan Pisalchai (Thailand)
5. Steve Bell (Australia)
6. In-Wan Hwang (Korea)
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9. Koichi Maki (Japan)
10. Yun-Hee Kim (Korea)

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Young-Hyun Kim (Korea)
1. Siony Carupo (Philippines)
2. Soon-Yun Mah (Korea)
3. Masaharu Inami (Japan)
4. Junior Thompson (Australia)
5. Srithuncha Sithsanae (Thailand)
6. Katsuo Tokashiki (Japan)
7. Jung-Koo Chang (Korea)
8. Tadashi Tomori (Japan)
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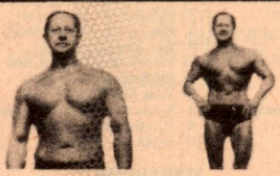

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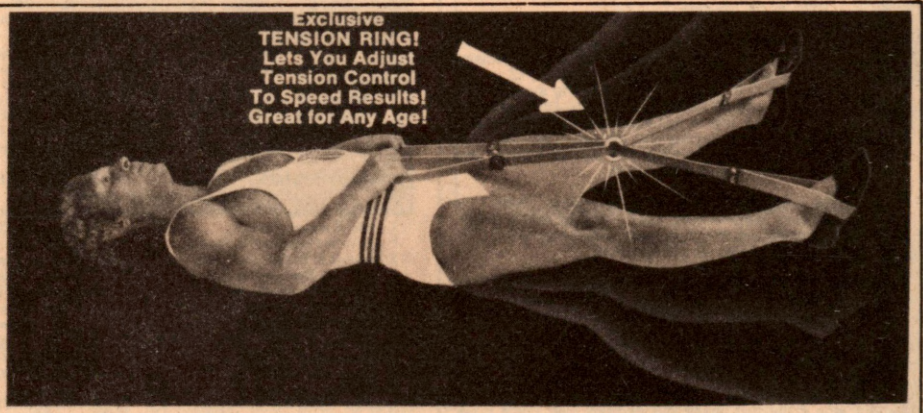

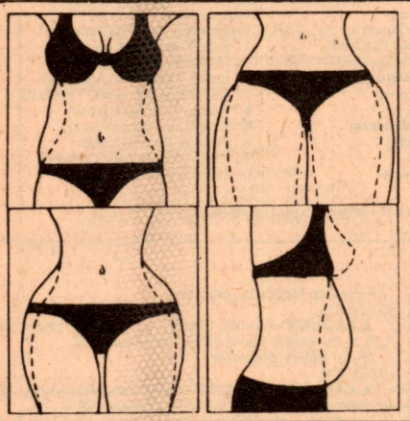

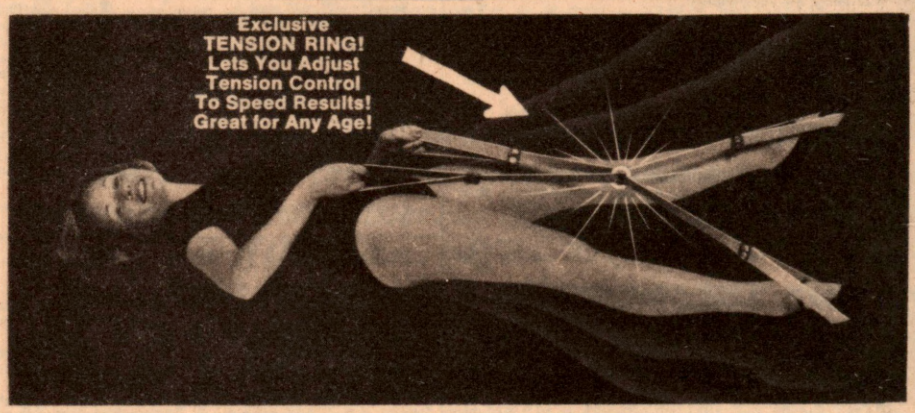

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Rodrigo, also 140, in the 10-round semi.

Francisco was named Boxer of the Month by the Games and Amusements Board, with Casino getting Honorable Mention.

JOE Y. KOIZUMI

THAILAND

▲ **ROI-ET PROVINCE**—Chung-Jae Hwang, 145, Korea, successfully defended his OPBF welterweight crown with a close but unanimous decision over former WBC junior welter champion Saensak Muangsurin, 12.

Scoring: referee Takeshi Shimakawa (Japan), 118-115; judge Chul-Hee Han (Korea), 118-114; judge Pol Maj Sakda Songsaeng (Thailand), 115-114.

The 22-year-old Korean dropped Muangsurin with a smashing left in round three. Hwang moved fast throughout the contest, and averted the Thai southpaw's slower combinations.

Saensak took the middle rounds, but Chung-Jae was back in command from the 10th frame on. It was a good, give-and-take see-saw affair.

Kunpean Noipan.

Attendance—30,000

(04-05-81)

▲ **BANGKOK—Lumpinee Stadium**—Brabtorani Luklumpakchee, 120, won unanimous decision over Sakdisamai Chorsirirat, 122, six.

(03-31-81)

▲ **BANGKOK—Lumpinee Stadium**—Nongthom Singthanongsak, 126, outscored hard hitting Salatan Tarphoothai, 124, six.

(03-28-81)

▲ **BANGKOK—Rajadamnern Stadium**—Phichitsuk Kor-u-sayarm, 117, won a unanimous decision over Mongkol Kiatjongrak, 118, six.

(03-26-81)

▲ **BANGKOK—Rajadamnern Stadium**—Srithuncha Sithsanae, 110, knocked out Moragot Yontrakit, also 110, in the fifth round of a scheduled six-rounder.

(03-23-81)

▲ **BANGKOK—TV Channel 7**—Thai super flyweight champ Phaktae Lipovitan-D won a unanimous decision over Renaldo Busayong, Philippines, 10.

(03-22-81)

JOE Y. KOIZUMI

THAI RATINGS BY THE THAI BOXING COMMISSION (AS OF MAY 6, 1981)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Satanfa S. Pratip
1. Tongta Kiatvayupak
2. Sansakdi Muangsurin
3. Thaminthong Singsamang
4. Kiatsayarm Jokker
5. Burirum Suenmisakavan
6. Mana Premchai
7. Jong Sathiragym
8. Kunphol Sakornphitak

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Kongrug Petcharern
1. Petchsayarm Petcharern
2. Thom Singthanongsakdi

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Jenrub Muangsurin
1. Somdej Sakdiphipus
2. Keovanoi Kiatsingnoi
3. Suradej Klongphajorn
4. Nunthabureng Leadbankye
5. Chokchai Kiatsingnoi
6. Chainarong Chutinavy
7. Sakad Pornthavee
8. Rakchart Kiatvayuphak
9. Downthong Chuvatana

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Championship
Vacant
1. Dorn Sornsakdisith
2. Phadedsuk Pisnurachun
3. Vechayun Senaphitak
4. Sonsakdi Sithlakmuang
5. Ngoohuoleg Lukakadyotin
6. Kongkiat Sithmanun
7. Prichar Nabanmee
8. Monkorndem Muangsurin
9. Dejnarong Vorcharernrat
10. Usopnoi Lukakadyotin

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Nugpra chun Kiatkumchai
1. Arcadej Singjomthong
2. Dedkad Kiatbunyong
3. Sangthong Chanjeelar
4. Kolnyuth P. Punyuth
5. Santhi Donjadee
6. Manus Lo-ngerng
7. Kunphollek Sokornphitak
8. Nongthom Singthanongsak
9. Salatan Tarphoothai
10. Veerachainoi Dejavatal

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Dejvarin Hollywood
1. Ponpun Sorphayathai
2. Ekaluk Singnakornlong
3. Morkasakdi Muangsurin
4. Thanupetch Petch-u-bol
5. Pisvong Sithbungerd
6. Dungprasert Sorsombutr

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Sakda Saksuree
1. Charnok U. Yuthanakarn
2. Venice Borkorsor
3. Surija Pratumvadee
4. Sakdisamai Chorsirirat
5. Duen-e-san Luklongjun
6. Kaosai Vungchomphoo
7. Prasong Sithkempetch
8. Kom Chartsurat
9. Mongkol Kiatjongrug
10. Numraman Sithmuhamad

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Phaktai Lipovitan D
1. Suban Muangsurin
2. Brabtorani Luklumpakchee
3. Ali Baba Luklongtan
4. Tani Singchuevung
5. Saipha Sorphayathai
6. Sombutr Chuvatana
7. Nasai Charlermchaigym
8. Archen Sukothai
9. Num Sorphayathai
10. Seeson Muangsurin

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Dan Pisalchai
1. Phichitsuk Kor-u-sayarm
2. Chutmongkol Thairungriang
3. Monsayarm H. Mahachai
4. Wonchai Sorpenpis
5. Jimmy Sithphaidang
6. Sakolnakorn Kiatmuangtung
7. Glar Permchai
8. Den Chuvatana
9. Chandang Singchuevung
10. Santhichai Luklumphee

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Srithuncha Sithsanae
1. Ratanachai Punvit
2. Komleg Sorthanikul
3. Suriya Pratumvadee
4. Umnaj Sor. S.S. Chan
5. Graravag Petcharern
6. Borvonmongkol Singchuevung
7. Phuthai Lukminburi

Thai boxers rated by world boxing organizations: Vichit Muangroi-et (#2 WBA junior featherweight), Netrnoi Sor Vorasingh (#5 WBA junior flyweight; #3 WBC).

PAN PACIFIC

AUSTRALIA

NEW SOUTH WALES

▲ **SMITHFIELD—R.S.L. Club**—Australia flyweight champion Steve Bell, 112½, halted Sharkey Hughes, 115¾, Queensland, in round six of a scheduled 10.

Hughes held his own early, but, in round four, the champ opened up and decked him with a solid punch to the body. In the sixth frame, Bell swarmed over Hughes, and referee Billy Males stepped in as he was baled in a corner.

Six-rounders: Mick Thompson, 151, outpointed Sam Parsons, 152. Roy Hughes, 128, outscored Lloyd Hanna, also 128.

Four-rounders: Glenn Baker, 150, halted Charles Caine, 152, in the first round. Peter Lewis, 118, stopped Chris Jones, 116, in the first.

Frank Axisa, promoter.

(05-01-81)

▲ **WOLLONGONG—Beaton Park Leisure Centre**—Australian junior middleweight champion Alex Temelkov, 159, outpointed Jim Gillon, 159½, 10. Gillon was down thrice—in rounds two, four, and eight.

Scoring: referee Ray Mitchell, 97-93; judge Les Gibbons, 98-94; judge Billy Males, 97-95—all in favor of Temelkov.

(05-02-81)

▲ **GOSFORD—Central Coast Leagues Club**—NSW State junior middleweight champion Phil (Spider) Davies, coming in surprisingly light at 148¼, retained his title with a draw against Ken Sailsbury, 153¼, 10. That's how referee Dal Conway saw it, and he was the only official.

Bernie Hall, the club matchmaker (who also makes the matches for the South Sydney Junior Leagues Club, the Manly-Warringah Leagues Club, and the Sutherland United Services Club), sacked Conway from his refereeing position in Hall promotions following the verdict. This correspondent did not see the bout, and cannot offer an opinion, but Hall believed that Salisbury won the contest clearly.

Six-rounders: Lucky Campbell, 135, outscored Lou Williams, also 135. Warren Jenner, 160, halted Col Bourne, 155, in the second.

Tony Dries, 152, outpointed Mark Apollo Smith, 142, four.

(04-29-81)

▲ **KINGSFORD—South Sydney Junior Leagues Club**—Roger Henry, 134, won a split decision over Lloyd Hanna, 135, eight. Paul Moore refereed, in place of Dal Conway. Bernie Hall had a disagreement with the club after the bout and resigned as matchmaker. He had held the position for more than eleven years.

Six-rounders: Vesi Taoi, 150, outpointed Sam Parsons, 154. Clint Brown, 166, outscored Hamid Mouche, 186.

David Garland, 138, outpointed Bobby James, 140, four.

(05-05-81)

▲ **BROOKVALE—Manly-Warringah Leagues Club**—Sparrow Freeman, 126, outpointed Roy Hughes, 129, eight.

Six-rounders: Clint Brown, 166, outpointed Hamid Mouche, 186. Cracker Butcher, 139, outscored Glen Norman, 143.

(05-06-81)

▲ **AUBURN—R.S.L. Club**—Kirk Blair, 128, won a unanimous decision over Wayne Wallace, also 128, 10. Billy Males, referee; Les Gibbons and Ray Mitchell, judges.

Wallace held the lead until he was cut in round six. Blair then sped up his attack, and Wallace could not hold him off. It was a fast paced action contest, and drew a good shower from ringsiders.

Six-rounders: Speedo Duke, 142, and Willie Leslie, 137, drew. Steve Assang, 137, outpointed Rod Connors, 143.

Four-rounders: Alan Cotterill, 155, stopped Sam Parsons, 150, in the first round. Drew McNally, 153, outpointed Tony Dries, 151.

Trevor Singleton, promoter.

(05-08-81)

▲ **CANLEY VALE—Cabravale Diggers Club**—Con O'Connor, 155, halted Lou Cruz, 149½, in the second frame of their 10-rounder via a cut by the eye.

John Cotterill, 124, outpointed Wayne Wallace, 127, six.

Mark Vallance, 140, outscored Andy Adcock, 144, four.

Jack Gibbons, 143, and Charles Caine, 146, drew, three.

Trevor Singleton, promoter.

(04-10-81)

▲ **CESSNOCK—Rugby League Supporters Club**—This venue opened its doors to pro boxing for the first time on April 13, with Wal Bentley as promoter and matchmaker.

Andy Mann, 140, outpointed Manuel Trickillis, 144, in a good 10-round main event. The decision was unanimous, with referee Kim McCain and judge Clive Greedy giving Mann a two point edge. Judge Graham Dennis had him winning by just one point.

Wayne O'Donnell, 127, outscored Rocky Warren, 125, six.

Four-rounders: Warren Jenner, 160, outpointed Ray Kelly, 153. Tony Dries, 156, stopped Jack Gibbons, 146, in the second. Mark Apollo Smith, 142, outscored Darryl Graham, 154.

(04-13-81)

▲ **CRONULLA—Workingmen's Club**—Chris Bennett, 130, decked Bimbo Morris, 127, thrice in round four for an automatic stoppage. It was scheduled for eight.

Roy Hughes, 129, outpointed Patrick Young, 130, in another action packed eight-rounder.

Steve Prentice, 182, stopped Marcus Steele, also 182, in the fourth round of their scheduled sixer.

Col Bourne, 160, halted Tom Martinovic, 161, in the first round of a scheduled four.

(04-13-81)

▲ **MT. PRITCHARD—Community Club**—Jim Bowen, 120½, outpointed Wayne Mulholland, 116½, in a fast and entertaining 10-round main event.

Mulholland got away to a good lead with faster punching, but Bowen speeded up in the later rounds and referee Trevor Christian, the sole arbiter, gave the verdict to Bowen by one point. The bout drew a good shower of coins and notes from ringsiders.

Six-rounders: Sparrow Freeman, 124, outpointed Roy Hughes, 128. Young Stone, 171, stopped Joe Burruni, 168, in one. Mark Vallance, 142, outscored Lloyd Hanna, 138.

Gary Fuller, 203, stopped Tilit Mau, 227, Tonga, in the third round of a scheduled four.

(04-15-81)

▲ **KINGSFORD—South Sydney Junior Leagues Club**—Blackeney Matthew, 141, halted Dave Sarago, 142, at the end of seven rounds on cuts around the eyes. Matthews, who was having his first bout in 26 months, was too smart for Sarago and was well in charge throughout.

Sparrow Freeman, 122, outpointed Bimbo Morris, 123, six.

Lucky Campbell, 131, outscored Lou Williams, 128, five.

Charles Caine, 148, and Glen Baker, 146, drew, four.

(04-21-81)

▲ **WAGGA WAGGA—LEAGUES CLUB**—Reno Zurik, 185, outpointed Terry Nelson, 178, in the eight-round main event.

Six-rounders: Joe Todaro, 138, outpointed Wayne Meredith, 142. Lindsay Goode, 156, stopped Mick Stillinato, 150, in the fourth.

Four-rounders: Cyclone Tracy, 122, outpointed Jay Crowe, 125. Lance Williams, 140, halted Brian Dempsey, 146, in three.

(05-03-81)

QUEENSLAND

▲ **BRISBANE—Festival Hall**—Former Australian welterweight champion Steve Dennis, 152, now the leading contender for the national junior middle title, stopped former North American champ Greg Stephens, also 152, in round seven of a scheduled 10.

It was the best win of Dennis' corner.

Steve dominated after an even first round. He did not allow Stephens in the fight at any time, and he outboxed and outfought the visitor. Stephens was dropped in rounds five and seven, and was gone when referee Alan Moore rescued him.

Six-rounders: Robert Cross, 146, outpointed Lou Hirst, 152. Guy Parker, 145, halted Ted Hopkins, 147, in the fourth.

(04-13-81)

▲ **NOTES**—Joey Gibilisco's kayo of defending champion Charlie Nash for the European lightweight title received much applause here in Australia. Joey, who was born in Italy, spent 15 years here, became naturalized, and began his boxing career in Australia. He began punching for pay in Melbourne in 1974, and challenged for the Australian lightweight title in October, 1977. Billy Mulholland outpointed him in that bout, with this correspondent as the referee.

Joey, a really nice kid and a clean fighter, returned to Italy in 1978 and put himself in the hands of Umberto Branchini. Joey, just turned 27, now has a big title.

Congratulations, Joey Gibilisco.

VICTORIA

▲ **MELBOURNE—Festival Hall**—Australian lightweight champion Barry Michael, 135, won the British Commonwealth title with a unanimous decision over Langton (Schoolboy) Tinago, 132½, Zimbabwe, 15.

The Commonwealth Championship Committee had originally

WORLDWIDE FIGHT RESULTS

HEAVYWEIGHT

Larry Holmes stopped Leon Spinks, 4
(Retained WBC heavyweight title)
Michael Dokes iced John L. Gardner, 4
Greg Page kayoed Alfredo Evangelista, 2
Bernardo Mercado TKO'd Gilberto Acuna, 1
Renaldo Snipes outpointed Eddie Mustafa Muhammad, 10
Clyde Mudgett knocked out Randy Stephens, 1
Tom Trimm kayoed Teddy Lopez, 4
George Coates stopped Jim Johnson, 1
Jim McNally outpointed Curtis Whitner, 8
Don Halpin kayoed Andy Russell, 3
Guy Casale whipped Calvin Langston, 1
Chris McDonald iced Rollie Searcy, 1
Ali Haakim decisioned Young Louis, 10
Gordon Ferris TKO'd Dwain Bonds, 4
Louis Acosta knocked out Joe Bailey, 1
Rick Enis stopped Tony James, 2
Dino Dennis decisioned Don Halpin, 10
(Retained New England heavyweight title.)
Mark Lee defeated Robert Echols, 8
Jeff Podgurski knocked out Leonard Santana, 2
Sam N'Gata outpointed Reno Zurik, 10
Graham Gray kayoed Bob Jarvis, 3
Ali Haakim decisioned James Dixon, 10
Kallie Knoetze outpointed John Baca, 10
Tony Perea outpointed Vernon Johnston, 8
Randall Cobb KO over Harry Terrell, 5

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT

Jerry Martin knocked out Leon McDonald, 7
Marcus Jackson TKO'd Donnie Addison, 2
(Wins New England title)
Dwight Braxton knocked out Mike Rossman, 7
Eddie Davis kayoed Chris Wells, 5
Rick Jester stopped Bobby Lloyd, 3
Wilbert Johnson knocked out Darnell Hayes, 3
Willie Shannon TKO'd Lee Burkey, 8
Tony Mundine stopped Bunny Johnson, 10
Joseph Sgudla kayoed Welcome Manda, 1
Alex Sua halted Wally Carr, 8
Lance Revill TKO'd Sam N'Gata, 10
Rick Jester iced Akbar Muhammad, 2
Abalerado Ramos outscored Bernard McClean, 8

MIDDLEWEIGHT

Marvin Hagler TKO'd Vito Antuofermo, 5
(Retained world middleweight title)
Mustafa Hamsho defeated Alan Minter, 10
Ken Styles decisioned Carlton Swift, 6
Bobby Czyz knocked out Oscar Alvarado,
Mike Sacchetti kayoed Kevin Straughter, 1
Frank Fletcher stopped Ray Phillips, 2
Alex Ramos outscored Danny Long, 8
Dom DiMarzo drew with Miguel Sanchez, 8
Norman Orosco kayoed Edward Lynch, 4
Caveman Lee knocked out Jerry Holly, 4
Frank "The Animal" Fletcher defeated Norberto Sabater, 10
(For USBA middleweight title)
Gary Guiden knocked out Lester Groves, 1
Bill Bradley stopped Garland Tipton, 3
Ralph Hollett defeated Fernand Marcotte, 8
(Retains Canadian middleweight title)
Mike Baker outpointed Tony Chiaverini, 10
Robbie Simms TKO'd Dom Dimarzo, 2
(For New England title)
Jim Kinchen kayoed Eddie Casper, 2
Robby Epps just defeated Ted Sanders, 10
Henry Walker TKO'd Randy McGrady, 5
Eddie Smith stopped Rafael Zamora, 3
Clint Brown iced Mac Foster, 3
Eric Briggs defeated Ali Taulealea, 10
Monty Betham outscored Richie Roberts, 12
(Retained Australian title)

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHT

Wilfred Benitez knocked out Maurice Hope, 12
(Won WBC junior Middleweight title)
Tony Ayala stopped Pat Hallacy, 4
John Mugabe iced Pedro Guerro, 2
Dave Green TKO'd Danny Long, 4
Nino la Rocca defeated Pete Seward, 8
Mario Maldonado stopped Leo Saenze, 2
Billy Harrison knocked out Peter Lambert, 2
Neil Pattel KO over Torkano Marcos, 7
Billy Harrison and Vinnie Edwards drew, 8
Greg Crowe stopped Russell Nunn, 1
Lindsay Goode knocked out Greg McGrath, 2
Clement Zhsinza finished off Rocky Mattioli, 9
Gert Steyn outpointed Morris Mohloai, 12
(Retained South African junior middleweight title)

WELTERWEIGHT

Bruce Finch kayoed Pepe Dominguez, 2
(Retained NABF welterweight title)
Bobby Joe Young kayoed Greg Harper, 4
Davey Moore knocked out Josef Nsubuga, 1
Mike Picciotti outpointed Mike Herron, 10
Raymundo Torres iced Ruben Nuncio, 2
Curtis Ramsey stopped German Cuello, 7
Pedro Vilella outpointed Ted White, 6
Fitzroy Giusuippi was defeated by Carlton Bowers, 10
Patrizio Oliva defeated George Burton, 6
Roger Stafford out fought Kevin Howard, 10
Butch Hensley knocked out Simmy Black, 3
James Sudberry kayoed Kenny Payton, 1
Fernando Fernandez outscored Ed Campbell, 8
Joe Todaro stopped Santo Rech, 2
Johan Ronzuest TKO'd Arthur Ntanzi, 2

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHT

Saoul Mamby outpointed Jo Kimpuani, 15
(Retained WBC title)
Johnny Bumphus kayoed Arseneo Green, 7
Mark Ibanez iced Carlos Villacana, 4
Darrell Chambers outscored Sam Grevins, 6
DuJuan Johnson stopped Benjamin Stiff, 2
Jimmy Paul whipped Antonio Rutledge, 2
Frank Davis TKO'd Max Cervantes, 4
Lloyd Barrow knocked out Mark Valance, 3
Jeff Malcolm outpointed Dave Sarago, 12
Peter Batty kayoed Pat Young, 4
Arthur Mayisela halted Sydney Tshabalala, 1
Lanny Edmond decisioned Ralph Twinning, 10
Dujuan Johnson knocked out Augestin Cabalero, 4
Alan Lamb stopped Patrizio Burini, 3
Gonzalo Montellano outscored Pat Duran, 10
Rudy Hernandez outpointed Basilio Onate, 8
Roberto Elizondo kayoed Manny Lopez, 7

LIGHTWEIGHT

Ray "Boom Boom" Mancini TKO'd Jorge Morales, 9
(Won NABF lightweight title)
John Verdersosa outpointed Enrique Solis, 12
(Retained U.S.B.A. lightweight title)
Tony Tamez outpointed Victor Gordillo, 10
Juan Venegas kayoed Jose Luis Flores, 2
Brian Tinker stopped Jose Lopes, 2
Jose Luis Ramirez outpointed Ezequiel Sanchez, 10
Joey Gibillsco kayoed Charlie Nash, 6
(Won European lightweight title)
Angel Cruz defeated Sammy Goss, 8
Richard Lord TKO'd Felix Favela, 6
James Busceme stopped Daniel Felizardo, 4
Pete Padilla decisioned Manuel Deja Rosa, 10
Livingston Bramble bombed Ken Bogner, 7
Rufus Turner TKO'd Kevin Renshaw, 2
Rodolfo "Gato" Gonzalez defeated Andy Ganigan, 10
Roberto Garcia defeated Roosevelt Rico, 10
Mick Barber knocked out Sam Carabone, 5
Billy Moeller stopped Lindsay Roberts, 3
Gary Rosen outpointed Robert Namana, 10
Rex Cannon defeated Match Poppins, 10
Tony Tamez outscored Victor Gordillo, 10
Willi Tarika defeated Jim West, 10
Jay Crowe knocked out Col Ford, 3
Davey Lee Armstrong halted Felix Favella, 1
Forrest Winchester iced C.B. Brown, 6
Ken Foreman kayoed Paul Wake, 5
Lorenzo Garcia outscored Juan Zuniga, 15
(Argentinian lightweight title)
John Montes stopped Pat Duran, 7
Frank Baltazar knocked out Ricardo Jimenez, 6
Gonzalo Montellano outpointed Pat Duran, 10

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHT

Cornelius Boza-Edwards stopped Bobby Chacon, 13
(Retained WBC superfeatherweight title)
Rolando Navarrete defeated Johnny Sato, 12
(For NABF Title)
Hector "Macho" Camacho TKO'd Kato Ali, 7
Jorge Vasquez outscored Edwin Rivera, 6
Margarito Marquez kayoed Jorge Zuniga, 6
Tony Santana stopped Terry Kemp, 8
Rocky Garcia knocked out Tony Sanchez, 3
Louie Loy iced Leon Smith, 6
Juan "Kid" Mesa outpointed James Martinez, 10
Blaine Dickson stopped Dennis Quimayousie, 3
Santo Rech kayoed Jay Crowe, 1
Gary Williams stopped Dennis Talbot, 2
John Cotterill knocked out Roger Henry, 2
Wayne O'Donnell decked Rocky Warren, 3
Eric Bonilla outpointed Jose Ortega, 8
Mark Davis defeated Fili Ramirez, 10

FEATHERWEIGHT

Rocky Lockridge knocked out Sergio Reyes, 3
Jimmy Flint kayoed Alvin Fowler, 3
Johnny Carter TKO'd Edwin Rivera, 6
Bashew Sibaca stopped Joshua Nhlapo, 8
(Retained South Africa featherweight title)
Jeff Smith stopped Steve Assang, 8
Jackie Beard TKO'd Gilbert Favella, 2

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHT

Mike Ayala decisioned Sergio Castro, 10
Carmelo Negron knocked out Isaac Vega, 1
Ernie Chavez stopped Ronnie Furlow, 1
Ricardo Varela KO over Tony Styles, 5
Freddy Gonzalez knocked out Saul Fernandez, 1
Jaime Garza kayoed Alex Garcia, 2

BANTAMWEIGHT

Angel Marrero outpointed Tim Daniels, 8
Mario Nava outscored Gaby Canizales, 10
Gaby Canizales decisioned Calvin Shepard, 10
Ben Carino knocked out Caesar Zulueta, 2
Pae Sok-Chol defeated Rafael Pedroza, 12
Jose Torres outscored Armando Ugalde, 10
Junior Thompson defeated Sparrow Freeman, 8
Chul Ho Kim defeated Jiro Watanabe, 15
(For WBC super flyweight title)

FLYWEIGHT

Luis Ibarra decisioned Santos Lacier, 15
(Retained WBA flyweight title)
Gustavo Ballas stopped Ryoatsu, 11
Carlos Gomez kayoed Javier de la Cerda, 6
Roberto Rubaldino knocked out Bart Robinson, 4
Myron Taylor halted Sylvester Price, 2

rejected promoter John Brown's request for a title sanction. Appeals brought results three days before the bout took place, however, and the distance was upped from 10 to 15 rounds.

Tinago came here with a reputation as a classy boxer, but Michael beat him easily. He did everything but kayo the defending champ.

Andy Broome, 138, outpointed Richard Rova, 140, a gym mate of Tinago, in the 10-round main support. Broome was billed as the "Australian light welter champion." He is not. The Australian champ for that division (junior welter) is Peter Berrigan.

Four-rounders: Mike Lillis, 168, outpointed Peter Bryant, 164. Kid Preston, 133¼, outscored Sam Grasso, also 133¼.

Three-rounders: Peter Hewitt, 172½, stopped Arnold O'Farrell, 173¼, in the first round. Lance Williams, 147, halted George Tsock, 162, in the second. (05-06-81)

▲ **MYRTLEFORD—Basketball Stadium**—Comebacking Brain Schofield, 140, halted Gil McGrath, 147, in the seventh round of a scheduled eight.

Don Rossella, 154, stopped Bob Finnerty, 152, in the first round of a scheduled six.

Four-rounders: Ron Keilor, 142, and Peter Ryan, 147, drew. Sam Casabene, 127, halted Steve Finlayson, 129, in the second.

Three-rounders: Billy Waite, 142, outpointed Kenny Holt, 140. Gary Waite, 150, outscored Davey Brown, 147. Basil Crowe, 141, outpointed Eddie Graham, 135. (04-10-81)

Amateur Ratings

SUPER HEAVYWEIGHT
1-Tyrone Biggs, Philadelphia
2-Joe Thomas, Montgomery County, Pa.
3-Johnny Keys, San Francisco
4-Kevin Sheeley, Proctor, Minn.
5-Warren Thompson, Baltimore
6-Andrew Stokes, Lafayette, Ind.
7-Tony Robitaille, Glen Falls, N.Y.
8-Craig Payne, Detroit
9-Robert LaVarry, Shreveport, La.
10-Parris Flowers, San Diego
Anthony Burton, Air Force

HEAVYWEIGHT
1-Michael Arms, Milwaukee
2-Carl Williams, New York City
3-Woody Clark, Army
4-Mark Mahone, Navy
5-Benny Heard, Augusta, Ga.
6-Joe Fitzpatrick, Portland
7-Greg Stallings, Trenton, Tenn.
8-Charles Simmons, Phoenix
9-Dary Sampy, Carnecro, La.
10-Charles Dread, Washington, D.C.

178 LBS.
1-Alex DeLucia, Portland, Ore.
2-David Sears, New York City
3-Jerry Goff, Saucier, Miss.
4-Johnny Williams, Chicago
5-Calvin Jackson, Marines
6-Jose Ribalta, Miami
7-Lonnie Epps, Los Angeles
8-Clifford May, Council Grove, Kans.
9-Bernard Gordon, Jackson, Tenn.
10-Jesse Shelby, Honolulu
Kelvin Beatty, Knoxville, Tenn.

165 LBS.
1-Emilio Amantine, Army
2-Randy Smith, Chicago
3-Andy May, Clarksville, Ark.
4-Pedro Van Raamsdonk, Los Angeles
5-Dennis Milton, New York City
6-William Trendley, St. Louis
7-Rodney Green, Detroit
8-Andy Schott, New Paltz, N.Y.
9-Jewerl Bragg, Los Angeles
10-Duane Davis, Missoula, Mont.
Dawud Shaw, Philadelphia

156 LBS.
1-Alfred Mayes, St. Louis
2-James Rayford, Navy
3-John Jackson, Seattle
4-Brian Matthews, Chicago
5-Bobby McCorvey, Army
6-Steve Johnson, Hutchinson, Kans.
7-Derrick Drane, Honolulu
8-Charles Campbell, Knoxville
9-Percy Harris, Baltimore
10-Jack Padia, Penngrove, Calif.
Eric Ferguson, Chester, Pa.

147 LBS.
1-Lewis Howard, St. Louis
2-Darryl Robinson, Houston
3-Sean Pruitt, Columbus, Ga.
4-Darnell Knox, Detroit
5-Darryl Anthony, St. Louis
6-Mark Breland, New York City
7-Darrell Stubblefield, Snohomish, Wash.
8-Capers D'Antignac, Marines
9-Al Long, Los Angeles
10-Roman George, Lafayette, La.
Tim Christensen, Marines

139 LBS.
1-James Mitchell, Army
2-Cedric Rose, Dallas
3-Henry Hughes, Cleveland
4-Vincent Webb, St. Louis
5-Vincent Releford, Fort Worth
6-Arnold Wells, Davison, Mich.
7-Jeffrey Geter, Navy
8-David Perry, Montrose, Colo.
9-David Collet, Metairie, La.
10-Jerry Page, Columbus, Ohio

132 LBS.
1-Joe Manley, Army
2-Timothy Brown, Army
3-Timmy Rabon, Broussard, La.
4-Kenny Taylor, Cleveland
5-Alex Fernandez, Navy
6-Brett Summers, Marysville, Wash.
7-Michael Dominguez, New York City
8-Dwight Flores, Roswell, N.M.
9-Vincent Pazienza, Cranston, R.I.
10-Steve Cline, Rogers, Ark.

125 LBS.
1-Guadalupe Suarez, Corpus Christi, Tex.
2-Rodney Watts, Cleveland, Ohio
3-James Cooper, St. Louis
4-Joe Johnson, Detroit
5-Shelton LeBlanc, Carencro, La.
6-Benji Marquez, Denver
7-Dino Ramirez, Los Angeles, Calif.
8-Clifford Gray, Boynton Beach, Fla.
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Boxing's First Triple Champ: "Ruby" Robert Fitzsimmons —A Fighting Machine On Stilts.

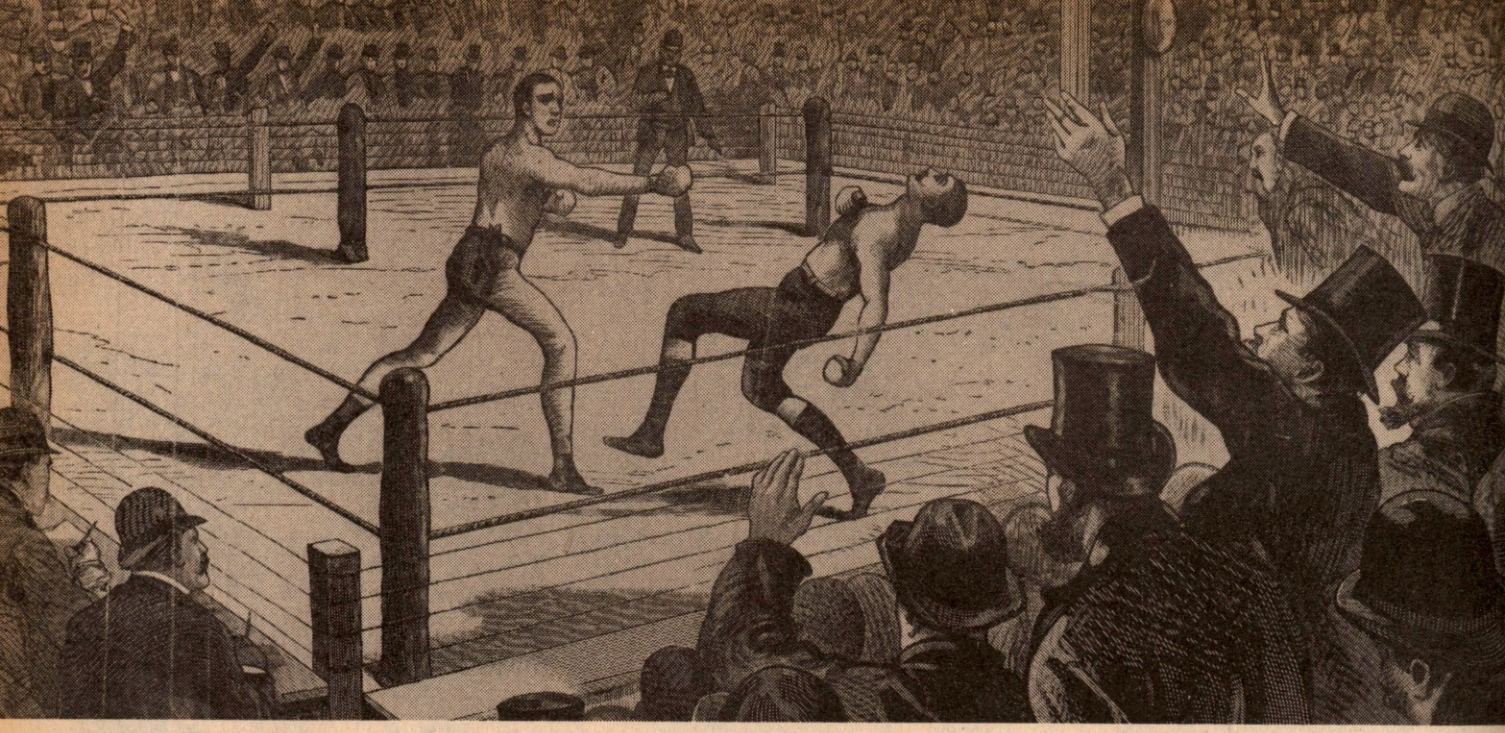
BY REX LARDNER

AFTER WINNING THE CHAMPIONSHIP, Corbett reveled in it in a quiet way, resented by some for dethroning America's hero, and not too eager, in the fashion of boxing champions, to risk losing his title. Sullivan's conqueror starred in *Gentleman Jack* in cities all over the country, and the money rolled in. He was a poised actor, tall and dark, with Gaelic good looks and a sonorous voice. These qualities, combined with the aura that surrounded him as the most destructive man with his fists in America, made many a lady theatregoer's heart flutter.

Meanwhile, hungry hounds were constantly yapping at the heels of Sullivan's thespian conqueror. Those making the most to-do in the press and wherever their sporting friends gathered were Frank "Paddy" Slavin, Peter Maher, Charlie Mitchell and Bob Fitzsimmons.

Fitzsimmons had been the most direct. After Corbett had sparred with the great John L. at a Sullivan testimonial held in Madison Square Garden—a magnanimous gesture that put twenty thousand dollars in the destitute ex-champion's pockets—Fitzsimmons dropped into Corbett's dressing room unannounced. "Corbett, I can lick you" he asserted, "and you've got to give me the first chance!" Corbett shouted at the Cornishman to get out. He did not like Fitzsimmons, perhaps because the Cornishman had beaten (nearly to a pulp) Corbett's good friend Jack Dempsey for the middleweight championship. None of the challengers, oddly enough, was an American. Conceivably Corbett felt that by not fighting any of them he was making sure (as a true patriot) that the title stayed in America.

But after a year of preoccupation with other pursuits. Corbett finally consented to fight Mitchell—possibly because he wanted to kill the Englishman. Mitchell had first aroused Corbett's ire before the Sullivan fight in New Orleans. Because of his eminence in America at the time, Corbett had been accorded a sparring spot at Miner's Bowery Theatre in New York, pre-empting a scheduled exhibition between Mitchell and Slavin. Brooding over their joint grievance at the celebrated Hoffman House bar opposite Madison Square, they decided to pester Corbett. The pair accosted him in the lobby of the theatre, where Mitchell, noted for his waspish tongue and command of Billingsgate, insulted Corbett and his relatives until the latter's face grew mottled with rage. As his peroration, Mitchell challenged Corbett to fight him then and there, but the prudent Corbett refused. Mitchell advanced toward him, and Corbett might have had to throw out his left to defend himself had not Mr. Miner himself intervened. The newspapers dutifully reported that Mitchell had given Corbett a dressing down and had challenged him on the spot,



Above: Fitzsimmons mauls Maher with the "blow that won it!" Below: Corbett aimed high, but still lost to "Fitz"

but that Corbett had "turned yellow."

Returning to England, where he was recognized as the top heavyweight even though Jem Smith held the title, Mitchell pressed his challenge through the newspapers. His manager dispatched a formal challenge to Corbett. The side bet was to be ten thousand dollars, and the winner could claim whatever purse was forthcoming.

The Duval Athletic Club in Jacksonville, Florida, made the best offer for the bout—a purse of twenty thousand dollars—which was duly accepted. While an arena was being constructed in the city, Mitchell pitched camp at St. Augustine and Corbett at Mayport. Corbett trained hard for the fight and relaxed by playing croquet with Jack Dempsey, who was still a little woozy from his fight with Fitzsimmons. The hiring of Dempsey as a companion and sparring partner seemed like an act of charity on Corbett's part, but it was Dempsey who would save his title for him.

Because the governor of Florida disapproved of the bout, the city of Jacksonville took the case to court. Thereupon the governor called out the state militia and deployed his troops around the newly built arena. The night before the bout, the Supreme Court of Florida declared that the governor had no legal right to stop it. But the legal squabbling and the martial moves had discouraged fans from the North from making what might be a fruitless trip. Attendance was relatively sparse, and many seats were occupied by Florida militiamen who sat with their guns on their laps. They did not buy tickets. Bat Masterson and a gunfighter named Converse sat in Mitchell's corner to make sure that the Englishman was not given a raw deal. The referee was a former baseball umpire named "Honest John" Kelly, who brought a fresh mind to refereeing—a lucky thing, as it turned out, for the champion.

Corbett—leaving the psychologizing to Mitchell—entered the ring first. Mitchell did not appear for an hour as Corbett, wearing a light robe, alternately stewed and shivered in the chill wind. When Mitchell appeared, Corbett was in far from his best humor. Wearing a clown hat and totally unconcerned, Mitchell smiled and winked at him, then laughed and whistled and waved at the crowd. When Honest John summoned them for their instructions, Mitchell took the opportunity to invoke his choicest pejoratives in a loud voice, and Corbett grew so angry that he saw Mitchell through a red haze. The instructions finally given, Corbett snarled to the referee, "No shaking hands!" As the gong sounded, Corbett—in complete accord with Mitchell's plans—tore across the ring and swung with both hands as Mitchell backed away and carefully covered up. Then, spotting an opening, the Englishman let fly a hard left hand the homed in on Corbett's lip—first blood, with all that entailed, for Mitchell. The fact that he had been lured into playing the other man's game, the dull pain in the lower part of his face and the fact that he was continually being insulted as the Englishman milled on the retreat enraged Corbett still further. The first round was Mitchell's.

Corbett did not decrease his pace in the second, and his greater size and ability to place his punches began to tell. He landed a right to the body, the effect of which all Mitchell's ring generalship could not hide. It hurt. The Englishman began backing away, still hurling vituperation, and went down near the end of the round. While on his knees, waiting for "Nine," Mitchell kept the flow of invective coming. "Count faster!" Corbett shouted at Honest John. The insults got to be too much for the champion, and, shoving the referee aside, he smacked Mitchell in the head while the challenger was on his knees. Immediately the gunmen in Mitchell's corner sprang to the ring apron, flourishing their weapons, and the crowd stood on their seats and howled in confusion. The Nonpareil and Brady leapt into the ring. Dempsey got between Mitchell and Corbett, slapped the champion in the face to restore him to a semblance of sanity and pushed him toward his corner. Kelly was so confused he did not think to award Mitchell the fight on a foul. He chased Brady and the Nonpareil out of the ring and beckoned the fighters to continue where they had left off. The round ended a moment later, and Corbett walked to his corner. But Mitchell pursued him and struck Corbett a savage blow behind the ear. Corbett fought back, and the two brawled for a few seconds before their handlers pulled them apart.

In the third round Corbett continued his assault and, caring not a jot for the damage to his hands, launched a hard right at the point of Mitchell's jaw—probably the hardest he ever threw. Mitchell grew stiff, then toppled forward on his face. Without waiting for the count to finish, Corbett strolled to his corner and had his handlers unlace his gloves, confident that Mitchell would be a long time coming around.

In his dressing room after the fight, Mitchell talked to Bat Masterson about the battle. "You sure got him mad, Charlie." Bat said by way of comfort.

"I got him mad, all right," Mitchell said ruefully, with a shake of his aching head. "But I didn't care to get the bloke *that* bloody mad." Whereupon Mitchell turned all gracious for the press and called Corbett "the greatest fighter who ever stood in a ring." "I don't care who goes against him," he asserted. "If he keeps his health he will never be beaten." The *Police Gazette* proclaimed Corbett the greatest modern fighter, and the press in foreign lands accepted him as the first heavyweight champion of the world.

If Corbett abominated Mitchell, he detested (for reasons he could not quite explain) Fitzsimmons. Yet pressures grew stronger on him week by week to accept the Cornishman's presistent challenges. Newspapers demanded that Fitz be given a title shot. Whenever Fitz could assemble a group of sportsmen around him, he asserted that Corbett was afraid to fight him. When Corbett performed in his new play, *The Naval Cadet,* members of the audience were apt to heckle him with, "Why don't you fight Fitzsimmons?" Sullivan's admirers—who remained legion even with the passage of time—wanted to see Corbett get his block knocked off. There has always been something distasteful to the fight fan about the champion who continually avoids his most eligible challenger, and sportswriters are always willing to take up the cudgel for that challenger.

Sensitive to the signs of the fans' dissatisfaction and seeing box-office receipts falling off, Corbett's manager William A. Brady, in the great tradition, told Fitzsimmons to get a reputation. The procedure was to be this: Fitzsimmons was to fight an Australian named Steve O'Donnell, in whom Brady had a financial interest. If he beat O'Donnell, he would fight Corbett. To build up O'Donnell, Brady arranged a match for him with Jake Kilrain. Unfortunately for Brady, Kilrain, though old and shaky, beat the tar out of O'Donnell. In this he was helped spiritually by John L. Sullivan. Screaming insults and threats at O'Donnell from Kilrain's corner, the ex-champion so upset the Australian's concentration that he became an easy mark for some of Kilrain's elephantine swings.

Resigning themselves to the caprices of whatever muses run prizefighting, Corbett and Brady finally accepted Fitzsimmons's challenge. Articles were signed on October 11, 1894, at the New York *Herald* Building for a side bet of ten thousand dollars and the largest purse that any club might offer, the winner to get it all. Fitzsimmons and his manager, Martin Julian, were present, as was Brady. But Corbett refused to come. At the meeting. Fitzsimmons began to rail at the absent Corbett. Brady threatened, quite daringly, to throw him out the window if he didn't shut up. Brady reported the incident to Corbett, and Corbett fumed. There was no dissimulation in the notices given to the public that this was a grudge fight. Curiously enough, it was nearly two and a half years before the two fighters were to meet inside the ring.

Few prizefighters have been so jeered at as Bob Fitzsimmons. His appearance was the chief cause for merriment. He was gangly, knock-kneed and walked with a shambling gait. He was frecklefaced, bald except for a fringe of pale reddish hair that circled his small head like a tonsure and had whitish skin that looked as though it had been decorated by a pointillist. After being in the sun his skin became one huge freckle. His spindly legs thrust him to a height of six feet; with his barrel of a chest he looked top-heavy in the ring. His weight was a problem; he was fighting professional heavyweights when he weighed as little as 150 pounds. He was known by a dozen nicknames, few of them flattering. One was "Ruby Robert," because of the general impression of reddish ocher that his hair, brows and freckles gave. "Lanky, freckled freak" and "knock-kneed

crane" were epithets accorded him in the newspapers; "a fighting machine on stilts" was John L. Sullivan's thoughtful description of him; "bald-headed kangaroo" was the way a few rival fighters referred to him. When he stepped into the ring, some fans seeing him for the first time laughed; others started worrying about the wagers they had risked on him.

Fitz had several attributes working for him, however. While nowhere near the boxer Corbett was, nor close to Jack Johnson as a defensive fighter, and while sometimes given to wild, ineffective swings, he was rugged, determined and, above all, crafty in the ring. He had enormous shoulder, back and arm development. And he could hit. How he could hit! He could punch effectively with either hand from long range or short and while off balance. Jack Johnson, who defeated Fitz in their only bout (when Fitz was forty-five years old), rated the Cornishman over Jeffries and Sam Langford as a puncher. He recalled one left-hand blow—which he narrowly got out of the way of—that "hummed past like a swarm of bees." For his weight Fitz was probably the hardest puncher who ever lived.

Guarding his chin with his raised left shoulder, he was willing to accept punishment patiently for rounds on end if eventually he could find an opening for one of his paralyzing blows. When the climax of a bout came, with both fighters tired and hurt, he found in himself a drive to hit harder and last longer than his opponent. Like the great Tom Cribb, he was gifted with tremendous powers of recuperation; after absorbing a thorough battering, he would return to battle refreshed from his single minute's respite. Sometimes he would lure a foe into becoming careless by pretending to be hurt and then lash out with a stiff right or left which would change the course of the fight.

Gene Tunney tells the story of an unusual training technique that Fitzsimmons made use of. He would go off alone somewhere and, concentrating his utmost, would close his eyes and imagine himself to be drowning in the ocean. At the moment when in his mind's eye he was about to perish, he would quickly thrust out an arm and pretend he was being saved by seizing a plank on the surface. Desperation gave his thrust great power, and he attributed his ability to punch hard, from every position, to his constantly practicing his escape from death.

Fitzsimmons was basically a good-natured, nonviolent, home-loving, animal-fancying individual. A man of enormous appetite when he was knocking over heavyweights, he ate well even while in strict training for a fight. Often supper would be half a chicken, some toast, a cup of coffee and a bowl of stewed fruit. His favorite food was calf's-foot jelly, which was prepared for him by his wife, Rose—a training-camp habitué—and which he devoured by the pound.

Ruby Robert was born on June 4, 1864, in Elston, a town in Cornwall in southwest England. When he was nine his family migrated to Lyttleton, on the east coast of New Zealand's South Island. At the local school Fitz showed himself to be a star sprinter and soccer player. Occasionally poked fun at because of his frail appearance, he had informal sparring matches with his schoolmates and began to feel that his vocation, when he grew up, might lie in this direction. At an early age he was apprenticed to a blacksmith and earned his muscles by pounding a sledge on an anvil to shape sizzling sections of iron.

When Fitz was eighteen, Jem Mace visited New Zealand to supervise an amateur boxing tournament. In a bout a short while before, Ftiz, weighing 140 pounds, had shocked his neighbors by knocking out Tom Baines, a blacksmith known as "the Timaru Terror." Now he informed Mace that he wanted to enter the tournament as a heavyweight. Mace told him he should enter as a lightweight, but young Fitzsimmons stubbornly refused. Mace let him have his way, certain that he would suffer at the hands of the first brawny competitor he met. But Fitz knocked out four large opponents with ease and became amateur heavyweight champion of New Zealand. The next year Mace brought Herbert A. Slade, "the Maori," to Fitz's island and made the mistake of letting him enter the ring with the local hero. Fitz attacked him so viciously that in the second round Mace scrambled through the ropes to stop the fight before his man lost his memory.

Turning professional, Fitz beat three local fighters and then looked about for greener pastures. Having no money for frivolities, he stowed away on a two-masted schooner and landed in Sydney. There he got a job as a blacksmith and spent his spare time trying to locate opponents. He found two, beating one and losing to the other in a four-round knockout. (The latter was Jem Hall. Fitz later claimed—such is the pride of champion boxers—that he had thrown the fight at the request of gamblers.) He had enough money now to book passage for San Francisco and even greener pastures—specifically, the California Athletic Club. There his request to officials to be given a fight met with nothing but polite chuckles. Insistent, he was matched in an informal bout with a hard-hitting middleweight named Frank Allen, highly respected in the locality.

Fitzsimmons, eager to please, stepped onto the gym floor and jabbed Allen into a state of confusion for a few moments, then threw a short right that sent him rolling across the gym floor. Not only was Allen knocked out, but his wrist was broken when he landed, and the blow had shattered to bits a dental bridge he wore. Allen was an early attester to the power of Fitz's punch. An official fight was promptly arranged for Fitz at the C.A.C.

His first formal victim in America was an Australian named Billy McCarthy, considered the second-best middleweight in America (after Dempsey). McCarthy made the mistake of poking fun at Fitz and found himself reeling around in the ring under a fusillade of short, savage punches. Repeatedly knocked down, he lasted nine rounds before being counted out. Fitz's five round demolition of Arthur Upham at the Audubon Club in New Orleans on June 28, 1980, so impressed the sports of Louisiana that he was matched with Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil—one of the greatest middleweights of all time, holder of the championship for seven years and conqueror of many much heavier battles—for the middleweight championship. The purse was twelve thousand dollars, the highest ever offered for a fight up to that time—and very tempting to Dempsey. Fitzsimmons would have fought for nothing.

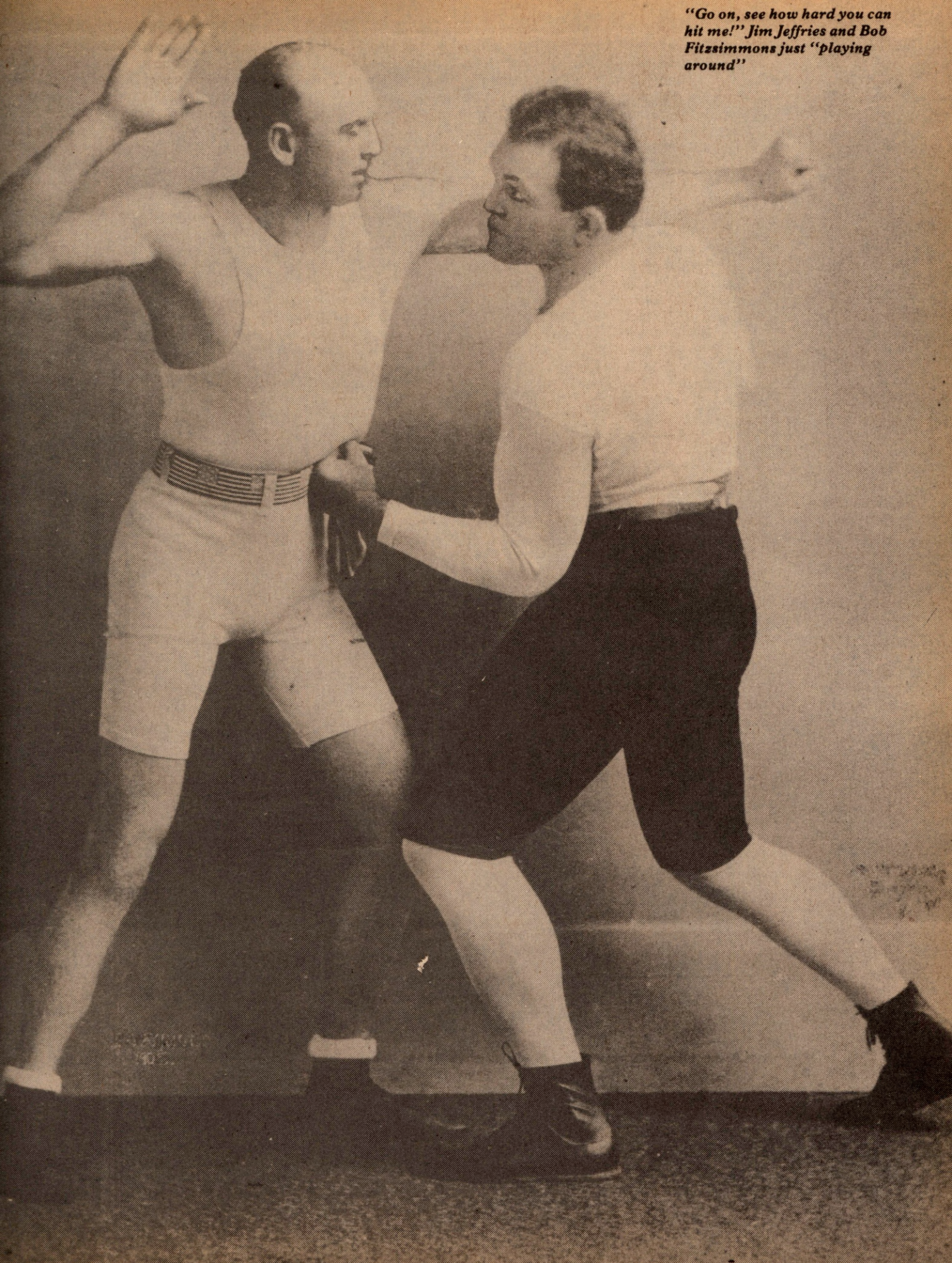
Courageous, popular, tricky, Dempsey was somewhat overconfident for the Fitzsimmons bout and did not train as hard as he usually did. He wished he had when he saw what faced him at the weighing-in—a perfectly conditioned fighter, wasp-waisted and all sinew, with the legs of a welterweight and the upper body of a heavyweight. Fitz was three pounds heavier than Dempsey, at 150½, and a few inches taller. More of a boxer than a slugger at the time, Fitz toyed with Dempsey for twelve rounds. Dempsey was badly cut and nearly out on his feet. Had Fitz wanted to end the bout earlier, he could have. When he was informed by his handlers that Dempsey's men were about to throw in the sponge, he saved them the trouble by dashing out for the thirteenth, driving the Nonpareil into a corner and slamming a right to the chin that knocked him out.

As middleweight champion Fitzsimmons found pickings so slim and purses so small that he cast a longing eye on the heavyweight title, though he knew the road would be rocky and full of detours. The Cornishman's first impressive heavyweight victory was over the Irishman Peter Maher, on March 2, 1892, at the Olympic Club in New Orleans. Maher had been born in Galway in 1869, won the Irish heavyweight title in 1889 and came to America in 1891. In knocking out some of this country's second-raters, Maher, who was six feet tall and weighed 190 pounds, showed a splendid right-hand punch and a fair ability to box. His trouble was that he was inconsistent as a fighter, sometimes a whirlwind and sometimes a placid striking bag.

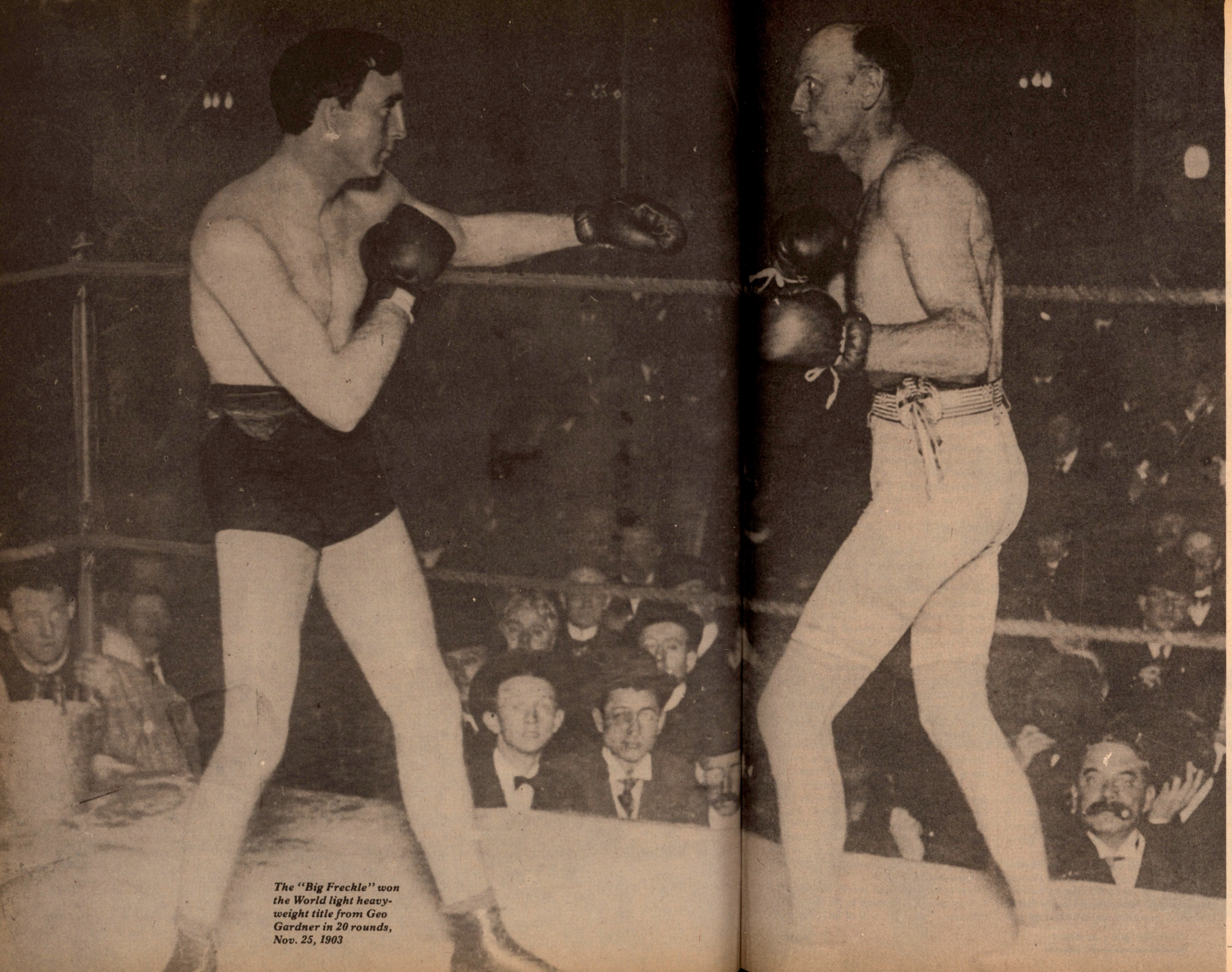
Fitzsimmons, though outweighed by thirty pounds, chose to slug with Maher—a tactic which the Irishman at first welcomed, since he did not wish to chase Fitzsimmons around the ring. But it soon became apparent to the crowd—and to Maher—that Fitzsimmons was landing the heavier blows and with finer marksmanship. In the twelfth he cornered Maher and knocked him out with a left hook to the jaw and a straight right to the body.

Fitz's ability to flatten a man quickly was demonstrated in his bout with George Godfrey, whom he put away in one round.

The Cornishman next took on hard-hitting Joe Choynski in Boston on June 17, 1894, the



"Go on, see how hard you can hit me!" Jim Jeffries and Bob Fitzsimmons just "playing around"



The "Big Freckle" won the World light heavyweight title from Geo Gardner in 20 rounds, Nov. 25, 1903

same year that squat, muscular Tom Sharkey, discharged from the Navy, began his cumbrous fighting in San Francisco. According to the best sources, Fitz and Choynski had made an agreement beforehand to box six fast rounds but not to do significant damage to one another—a discreet move, since both had reputations for punching power. The match was friendly until the third round, when Choynski espied an opening and uncorked a terrific right to the point of Fitz's chin. Fitzsimmons fell down in a heap, a look of surprise on his face, and barely got up before being counted out. His powers of recuperation and ability to clinch were all that allowed him to finish the round. In the fourth he charged at Choynski, forgetting the agreement, and launched a barrage of blows that soon had the Californian reeling. Fitz was getting set for the knockout in the fifth when the police leapt into the ring. The fight was declared a draw.

The site chosen for the long-awaited Corbett-Fitzsimmons battle was Dallas. The promoter was Dan Stuart, a gambler, and business associate of Diamond Jim Brady's. He exuded confidence and seemed to have plenty of money. He had obtained Governor Culberson's permission to build an arena and stage the fight, offering a purse of forty thousand dollars, plus five thousand dollars extra for each champ for training expenses. Corbett blithely started training in San Antonio and Fitzsimmons in Corpus Chirsti. Interest in the fight was growing daily. Then bad news came. The governor reversed his position and declared the fight could not be held in Texas. Stuart, Brady and the newspapers all argued that Texas did not have an antiboxing law, therefore the fight could not be stopped. The governor obliged by calling a special session of the legislature and jamming through a bill that prohibited boxing.

The fight was put off for eight months—for all the principals knew, forever. During this time Corbett, rather disenchanted with the boxing game, acted in his play and fought an out-of-shape four-round brawl with Tom Sharkey, which was declared a draw. Fitzsimmons was more active. He had a rematch with Maher—the preparations for which resembled those for the siege of Sevastopol—and an extremely strange fight with Sharkey.

Corbett showed his distaste for Fitzsimmons in a peculiar way. On November 11, 1895, Maher fought Steve O'Donnell, who was highly regarded by the champion and often used by him as a sparring partner. After Maher, enjoying one of his very good days, hammered O'Donnell into unconsciousness in one round, Corbett leapt into the ring and publicly announced his retirement—no doubt influenced by the fiasco in Texas. Since that left a kind of vacuum in heavyweight ranks, he declared that he was awarding the title to Peter Maher. The proffering of titles is something a champion has no right to do, but some of them make the gesture.

Fitzsimmons thereupon challenged Maher, and canny Dan Stuart, recovered from his legal wounds, signed the

two to fight "in or near" El Paso, Texas. Governor Culberson averred that he would not permit the fight, but Stuart paid no heed. Fitzsimmons trained in Ciudad Juarez, just across the border from El Paso, and Maher trained at Las Cruces in New Mexico. There was immense activity, not all of it military, on the American side of the border. The shrewd Stuart became very interested in films and arranged, after some experiments, to have motion pictures of the fight taken. Gambling establishments and saloons proliferated as visitors from far-off places arrived in droves. The attorney general of Texas moved in with a dozen stalwart Rangers. The governor of New Mexico arrayed troops at the Texas-New Mexico border to prevent the fight from taking place in New Mexico. Bat Masterson, a loyal friend of Stuart's, swept into El Paso with his personal army, a small one, all of whom were bound by oath to aid Stuart in whatever enterprise he engaged. Stuart kept selling tickets for the fight in his office in El Paso. Scheduled for February 15, the fight was postponed to the twenty-first because Maher developed an eye infection from alkali dust. But on what planet would it be held?

Then, on February 20, the resourceful promoter posted a notice outside his office announcing that anyone who wanted to see Maher versus Fitzsimmons was to report that night either at his office or at the railroad depot. The destination was a secret; the entire package was twelve dollars. Hundreds boarded the train Stuart had chartered, including Rangers and Masterson's army. During the all-night trip, the passengers amused themselves by drinking, speculating on the outcome of the fight and playing cards and shooting dice. The next day the train arrived at Langtry, Texas, 350 miles to the southeast of El Paso and close to the Mexican border.

Stuart ordered the passengers to detrain, and then he and Judge Roy Bean—"the law west of the Pecos," as he liked to be known, who held court in the back of his saloon—had a talk with the U.S. marshals and other officials who had been instructed to keep the peace and prevent the fight. Bean convinced them that the passengers were merely "tourists" and should be allowed to cross the Rio Grande. Finally the officials acceded, and Stuart led the tourists across a pontoon bridge into Mexico. The Rangers had no jurisdiction on Mexican soil, and the Mexican federales were too far away to make their presence felt. The ring was pitched on a flat area between two hills, with the spectators scrambling up the slopes to find the best view. The kinetoscopic cameraman set up his machine and signaled he was ready.

Referee George Siler tossed two pairs of five-ounce gloves to the contestants, gave them their instructions and the fight started. Fitzsimmons, his eyes ominously narrowed, moved to the center of the ring and accepted a right thrown by the Irishman. Clinching, he took another right, and Siler warned Maher about hitting in the clinches. On the break, Fitz snaked out a left that jarred Maher and followed it with a right and left to the body. Maher struck back with his right and once more they clinched. Fitz broke and backed off. Advancing, Maher swung a long left at Fitzsimmons's head. Fitz moved out of the way, pawed with his left and slammed a right to Maher's jaw. Maher toppled over onto his back, and Siler counted him out. The round had lasted a minute and a half. The kinetograph operator shrugged and started to disassemble his camera.

Elated at the quick result, Fitz's manager, Martin Julian, stepped into the ring and pompously announced that Fitzsimmons, as the new champion of the world, was ready to defend his title against any and all challengers. The oration was interrupted by the frantic annoucement that the bridge over the Rio Grande was being swept away by the torrential current. The crowd rushed down the slopes and to the riverbank and safely scrambled back across to Langtry and the judge's saloon.

Fitzsimmons was realistic about the status of his world title, however. He realized that he was champion only of Peter Maher, and that to gain glory, the money coming to him and personal satisfaction he must get Corbett into the ring. An incident that occurred in Philadelphia sharpened his resolve.

Shortly after the Maher bout, Corbett happened to be staying at the Green Hotel in Philadelphia with his brother Joe when Joe pointed out Fitzsimmons talking to the room clerk at the desk. Corbett, putting on his boldest front for reasons of psychology, strode over to Fitz, slapped him on the back and said in a scathing way, "Here, you! You can't register just by making your mark." As Fitzsimmons looked up, startled, Corbett turned to Joe. "Joe," he ordered, "you take the pen and write Mr. Fitzsimmons's name for him. He doesn't know how to."

Fitzsimmons grew extremely upset at this, but whatever he might have replied was cut short by Corbett's next speech In *Roar of the Crowd,* Corbett relates that he cannot recall his exact words, but they were something like this: "When you come down here, under the circumstances, you show you're inviting trouble. There's been a lot of talk in the paper about punching faces and pulling noses and all that; and it's time someone had his nose pulled at least." And so saying, Corbett reached over, seized Fitzsimmons's nose between two fingers and gave it a monstrous tweak. A riot followed, with Corbett's friends holding him back and Joe wrestling with Fitz to keep him from attacking his brother. Fitz broke away and, darting into the dining room, hurled a caster full of bottled condiments at Joe. Joe ducked and it splattered against the wall. The manager then appeared and quieted everybody down. Fitzsimmons did not stay at the Green Hotel.

Fitzsimmons's fight with Tom Sharkey on December 2, 1896, in San Francisco, as they say in the lexicon, smelled. Before the battle Julian claimed loudly that he had heard on reputable authority that the outcome had already been arranged by local gamblers: Sharkey was to win, however possible. It as significant that members of the press were not seated at ringside but farther back. Wyatt Earp, the hero of Dodge City and a man who stood for no nonsense, was the referee.

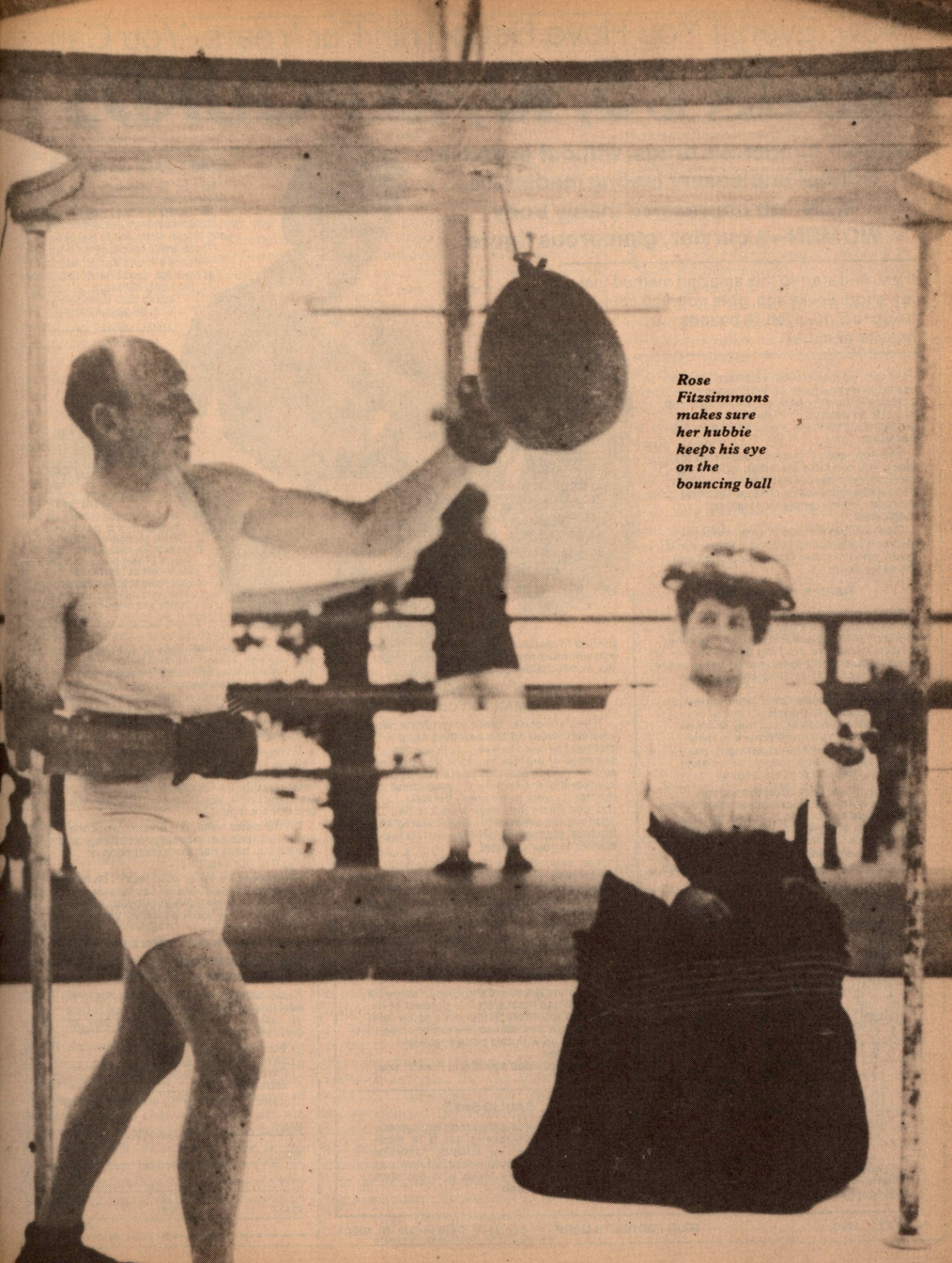
Fitz easily outboxed the clumsy ex-sailor for several rounds, though he could not knock him out. In the eighth round he drove home a powerful body punch that sent Sharkey to the floor. Sharkey writhed and Earp promptly disqualified Fitzsimmons, asserting that the blow had been low. Fitzsimmons went for Earp, who wisely drew a revolver, and that was the end of protesting from Fitzsimmons's side. All witnesses not involved in the fix maintained the blow was not a foul, and evidence supports the contention that Earp had been bribed to end the fight in this manner if Sharkey found himself in trouble. It was a blot on Fitzsimmons's escutcheon but a worse one on Sharkey's.

The Corbett-Fitzsimmons bout has been called the battle of the century, and in many respects it was. It was characterized by many firsts. No fight in history had the advance publicity of this one, nor was coverage of any previous fight so massive. Both Corbett and Fitz were hired—by the New York *World* and the Hearst papers, respectively—to write their own daily reports of training procedures, stratagems and so on. (Presumably, like later athletes so engaged, they had help.) George Siler, the referee, doubled as chief correspondent for the Chicago *Tribune.* It was the first fight of which motion pictures were taken for showing by projectors on screens. It marked the first time a woman (Ruby Robert's wife, Rose) shouted advice to a principal from that principal's corner. It was the first time an outdoor arena was completely erected especially for a prizefight.

This time the site chosen by promoter Dan Stuart was Carson City, Nevada (named after the famous Kit), overlooked by the majestic, snow-capped Sierras. The purse was fifteen thousand dollars, winner take all, and the side bet was twenty-five hundred dollars. Constantly reassuring the fighters' managers that the bout would take place (Governor Sadler proved to be extremely cooperative), Stuart constructed the arena in the middle of a racetrack about a third of a mile from the city.

Inevitably the excitement attracted hoboes, grifters, loafers and small-time con men, most of whom were rounded up and jailed as a favor to the respectable fight fans who flocked into town. No restraint was put on opportunities to gamble or carouse in other ways, however. Special trains from the country's major cities began arriving a week before the fight. Fitzsimmons's supporters included copper and tin miners, late of Cornwall, who bet their combined resources on their countryman. The best odds they could get were 4 to 5, with Fitzsimmons the slight underdog. But he had started at 6 to 10.

It is possible that rumors of friction in the Corbett camp were a factor in the dropping of the odds. There was a feud going between



Rose Fitzsimmons makes sure her hubbie keeps his eye on the bouncing ball

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FROM *THE LEGENDARY CHAMPION*, © 1972 BY REX LARDNER PUBLISHED BY AMERICAN HERITAGE PRESS, A DIVISION OF McGRAW-HILL BOOK COMPANY.

Charlie White, a trainer whom Brady had brought to camp with him, and Billy Delaney, Corbett's regular trainer. White had trained Fitz in two of his fights, and Brady thought his knowledge of Fitz's style and temperament might be useful. Corbett wasted a good deal of energy trying to appease both men. There was also a feud between Corbett's regular dog, a mongrel, and a fine collie Jim's brother Frank had sent him to keep him company while training.

About a week before the fight Corbett went for a stroll with Brady and Delaney to have a look at the arena, a huge structure built to hold twenty-five thousand people. Delaney spotted a cloud of dust, which it turned out was being raised by Fitzsimmons and his retinue, who were jogging toward the Corbett party. Fitz's great dane, Yarum, accompanied them. When Fitz reached Corbett, he clapped him on the shoulder, smiled and offered to shake hands. Ever the tactician before a battle, Corbett growled, "I'll shake hands when I meet you in the ring." Fitz looked nonplussed. Corbett added, indicating the dog, "You'd better bring along that fellow, too. You'll need him!" Fitz quietly turned his heel and walked away. When his party had jogged off, Corbett told his friends with some satisfaction that he was sure that Fitzsimmons, thus intimidated, did not think he, could win the championship. It is conceivable, however, that there is such a thing as a psychological backfire.

On fight day, March 17, 1897, Bat Masterson and his deputies, who had been engaged by Stuart, relieved spectators of their guns and other weapons in orderly fashion, giving out receipts. Regarding corners, Corbett had his usual luck. Delaney won the toss, which meant that Fitzsimmons would be boxing while facing the sun until he could maneuver his way out of it. John L. Sullivan and Governor Sadler were introduced from the ring to large ovations. Through his manager, Billy Madden, Tom Sharkey issued a challenge to the winner. Fitzsimmons, wearing a Japanese bathrobe, chewed gum to calm his nerves. Corbett, wearing a gray robe, showed the poise of a champion by calmly waving to his friends and family members at ringside. His father and brothers Harry, Joe and Frank were on hand to lend their vocal support. The weights were announced as 183 pounds for Corbett and 167 for Fitz. After the fighters received instructions from Siler in the center of the ring, Corbett extended his hand. Fitzsimmons, remembering past slights, ignored it.

At the bell, both fighters moved forward cautiously, Corbett aware that he was pitted against a crafty foe who was never more dangerous than when hurt, and Fitzsimmons knowing that he was fighting the most scientific boxer in the history of the sport. Corbett shot out a light left jab, then transformed another jab into his favorite left hook, which Fitzsimmons took in the stomach. Corbett drifted backward to avoid Fitz's counter. Corbett kept jabbing at Fitz's face, keeping him off-balance and maneuvering easily out of the way when Fitz sought to retaliate. At long range, Corbett was clearly Fitz's master. The Cornishman's face began to grow red from cuts, and his swings became wilder as Corbett jabbed, hooked, neatly avoided punches by slight movements of his head and shoulders of quickly stepped backward out of reach.

The pattern continued for five rounds, with Fitz accepting the punishment in a kind of stolid, flat-footed way. Corbett seemed to sense the precise moment when Fitz was about to launch one of his blows. Committed, Fitz would throw it, but Corbett, wraithlike, would be just out of reach. In the sixth round, Corbett saw an inviting opening and slammed a hard left hook at Fitzsimmons's chin and knocked him down. Bleeding from the nose and mouth, dazed and nearing exhaustion, Fitzsimmons clutched Corbett's legs with his arms for support. Corbett tore himself away and Siler began the count. Rose Fitzsimmons, a rather Brunhildean figure leaned over the ropes and loudly pleaded for her husband to get up. "You're counting too slow!" Corbett

said angrily to Siler, (Both Corbett and Brady later claimed that Fitz had been down at least thirteen seconds before he got up.) At Siler's toll of nine, Fitzsimmons struggled to his feet and went into a peculiar defensive stance, wrapping his arms around his head. Corbett tried to finish him before the bell but could not land the vital blow. The odds, as Fitz sat panting and in a semistupor in his corner, rose to 10 to 4 on Corbett.

Recuperation in a hurry was the Cornishman's stock-in-trade, however, and he came out nearly whole as the seventh round started. He aimed a series of right-hand swings at Corbett's head. They missed, but they were not expected to land; it was part of Fitz's stratagem. Corbett, becoming weary himself, began to raise his guard to block these blows. It was then that Fitz hurled his potent left into the pit of Corbett's stomach. Hurt, losing some control over his reflexes, Corbett tried to disguise the effects of the punch by some rapid footwork and jabs, but the knowledgeable members of the audience were aware of the damage inflicted. In his front-row seat, Brady borrowed a bottle of whiskey from a patron and attacked it in frantic gulps, but the alcohol did not elevate his spirits any.

In the following rounds the change in Corbett was apparent. He was moving more slowly and with less éclat, even though he had transformed Fitzsimmons's face into a scarlet mask and was keeping Fitz from getting close with his precise hitting. Fitz continued to swing for Corbett's head, stoical about the blows he took and the blood he shed. Then, in the fourteenth round, with Corbett's guard once more raised to ward off a high blow, Fitz landed a left hook with immense force behind it to Corbett's stomach. This was the famous "solar plexus punch." Corbett collapsed to the ring floor, conscious but unable to control his lower limbs.

Corbett heard Siler count up to eight, growing frantic over his inability to rise from the floor. He groped for the middle rope to try to haul himself to his feet, missed it and fell on his face. Again he reached for the rope—but too late. "Ten!" cried Siler, signaling the knockout as the gong repeatedly clanged the message. Fitzsimmons's backers tossed their hats in the air and yelped and pounded one another's backs in exultation. The Cornish miners were happiest of all, save for Rose Fitzsimmons and Martin Julian, and Fitz himself. Corbett struggled to his feet, wild with rage. He rushed over to Fitzsimmons, who was surrounded by his handlers and friends, and would have continued the battle had he not been restrained. Corbett shouted wrathfully over the tumult, "That was a lucky punch! You'll have to fight me again!"

"I'll never fight you again," Fitzsimmons said.

"You'll have to fight me," Corbett shouted. "Or I'll lick you every time I meet you on the street!"

"If you ever hit me again," Fitzsimmons said, "I'll shoot you!"

In the locker room, Fitz told Governor Sadler, "He outboxed me completely those first seven rounds. His speed was incredible. I never believed any man could hit me as often as Corbett did." In his locker room, Corbett (like Sullivan before him) could not understand how he had lost. "It was a lucky punch," he kept telling himself, his voice somewhat choked. Mourning bitterly over his defeat, Corbett left for his hotel before the governor could visit him. But the two met later. "It was a fluke punch that beat me," Corbett told the governor. "I know I can beat him if I can just get him in the ring with me again." The governor promised that as long as he was in office, Nevada would welcome a return bout between the two.

A San Francisco physician named John W. Gardner was the man who described the debilitating blow as a solar plexus punch—one that struck the large network of nerves behind the stomach that controlled all the abdominal viscera and affected muscular movement and breathing. Newspaper writers seized on the scientific term and gave the blow a mystic quality. But many experts believe there was nothing new about it; Jack Broughton had found the spot in 1730, calling a punch to that area "the projectile," and it was known to other British bareknucklers as "the mark."

RED ALL OVER

By Red Smith

THE LIFE OF TRIPLE-CROWN WINNER BARNEY ROSS: ONE BIG BATTLE

BARNEY ROSS NEEDED SOME NEW threads and was impatient when his friend Ira Colitz said, "I want to get some things, too. Wait till I can go with you."

"The Man's going to tap me on the shoulder any day," Barney said. "How can I wait?"

The tap came January 17, 1967 in Chicago and those closest to Barney at the end—Ira Colitz and Barney's wife, Cathy, and Sam Pian and Art Winch, the pair who managed him when he was lightweight, junior welterweight, and welterweight champion of the world—could not truly mourn. At 58, Barney David Rasofsky had suffered more than any man should.

Barney was a week less than 14 years old when his father was murdered by a pair of punks trying to rob Isidore Rosofsky's little grocery in Chicago's Jefferson St. ghetto and from that day on the boy's life was a battle.

He fought men like Billy Petrolle and Jimmy McLarnin, Ceferino Garcia and Henry Armstrong in the ring. He fought the Japs in a Guadalcanal jungle and came out loaded with shrapnel and mad with malaria. He fought the narcotics habit in the Public Health Service Hospital in Lexington, Ky., and he fought cancer to the end.

Barney was a lightweight giving away close to 10 pounds when he challenged McLarnin for the welterweight title and punched his baby face off. A few months later they met again and McLarnin got a split decision. In their third match Barney broke his left thumb in the sixth round. For nine rounds he couldn't use the hand without blinding pain, but he punched out a unanimous decision.

After McLarnin came Ceferino Garcia, who would later knock out Fred Apostoli for the middleweight championship. In their first match, Garcia's bolo punch caught him in the first round. Next thing Barney knew he was in his corner and Art Winch was shaking him.

"What round is it?" Winch asked.

"End of the first," Barney said.

It was the end of the fifth.

Barney woke up in time to win the decision in 10 rounds and spent the rest of the night in a Turkish bath trying to cook out the pain.

He whipped Garcia in another 10-rounder, then signed for a third bout at 15 rounds in New York. It was one of four title matches on Mike Jacob's Carnival of Champions card.

Three days before that fight, Barney broke his left hand on a sparring partner's skull. Pian and Winch wanted to call if off but Barney told them he wasn't going to spoil Mike's big show.

The truth was he had earned half a million dollars in the ring and blown it all on the races. One afternoon he went for $18,000 at Washington Park in Chicago. It wasn't only his hand that was broken.

Because he couldn't afford not to, he went in and fought Garcia with his right hand, trying to use his left only for defense. There were times when he was forced to punch with it, though, and then he almost fainted.

Garcia was a good fighter, as tough as anybody in his time, but as the saying goes, he couldn't lick one side of Ross. Barney won 10 of the 15 rounds.

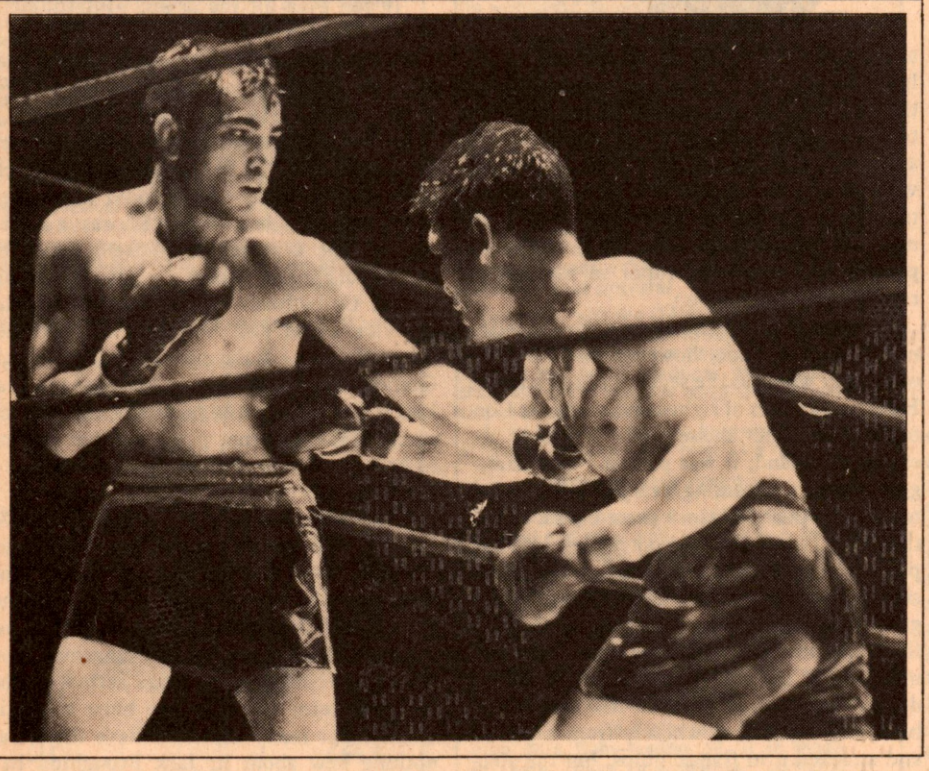
On May 31, 1938, Barney was only 29 years old, but he had been boxing more than 12 years as an amateur and professional and had been through 81 pro fights, most of them small wars. Still, he was sure he could take little Henry Armstrong, the featherweight champion moving up two divisions.

Barney was right for five rounds. Then the legs quit on him. After the 10th round Pian told him he was through, but Barney screamed at him and answered the bell. After the 11th Arthur Donovan, the referee, said, "Sorry, champ, I've got to stop it."

"Let me finish," Barney pleaded. "It's the last favor I'll ever ask of you. I'll never fight again."

He was still on his feet at the last bell. "A champion," he said, "has the right to choose how he goes out."

"It is an honor to know him," said Franklin Delano Roosevelt.



Left to defense, right on attack. Barney vs. Garcia in Mike Jacob's Carnival of Champions, Sept. 23, 1937.

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